# A Paraphrase UPON THE DIVINE POEMS.

BY

*GEORGE SANDYS.*

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TO THE

# BEST of MEN,

AND

MOST EXCELLENT

OF

# Princes,

# CHARLES,

BY THE

GRACE of GOD, KING

of *Great-Britain*, *France*,

and *Ireland*;

LORD of the Four Seas; of *VIRGINIA*,

the Vast Territories adjoining, and Dispersed Islands of the *Western Ocean*;

The Zealous DEFENDOR of the *Christian Faith*.

*GEORGE SANDYS*,

The Humblest of His Servants, Presents and Consecrates these his PARAPRHASES upon the DIVINE POEMS, to receive their Life and Estimation from his Favour.

*THE Muse, who from your Influence took her Birth,*
*First wandred through the many-peopled Earth;*
*Next sung the Change of Things; disclos'd th' Unknown.*
*Then to a nobler Shape transform'd her Own;*
*Fetch'd from* Engaddi, *Spice; from* Jury, *Balm;*
*And bound her brows with* Idumæan *Palm:*
*Now Old, hath her last Voyage made; and brought*
*To Royal Harbor this her Sacred Fraught:*
*Who to her King bequeaths the Wealth of Kings;*
*And dying, her own Epicedium sings.*

# TO THE QUEEN.

*A Night-piece most affects the Eye;*
*Sad Words and Notes charm powerfully:*
*The pleasing Sorrow they impart,*
*Slides sweetly to the melting Heart.*
*Since no sincere Delight we taste,*
*Our best of Daies with Clouds ore-cast;*
*Wise Nature giddy Mirth disdains,*
*And tunes our Souls to Mournful Strains:*
*As* Æthiops, *who fair colours lack,*
*Place Beauty in the deepest Black.*
*And we are counsel'd to be Guests,*
*Rather at Death's, than* Hymen's *Feasts.*
*This was that well-limn'd Face of Woe,*
*Whereof we but a Copy show:*
*To you addrest, whose chearful Ray*
*Can turn the saddest Night to Day:*
*Not to infect, or make it less;*
*But to set-off your Happiness.*
*Nor are we all of Black compos'd,*
*Our setting Sun serenely clos'd.*
*And, as in* Job, *all Storms dispel'd,*
*His Evening far his Morn excell'd;*
*So* Juda, *in her wandring Race,*
*At length shall rise to greater Grace.*
*Our Vows ascend, that you may taste,*
*Of these, the only First, and Last.*

TO

# TO THE
# PRINCE.

*SInce none but Princes durſt aſpire*
*To ſing unto the Hebrew Lyre;*
*Sweet Prince, who than your Self more fit*
*To read, what ſacred Princes Writ?*
*Though yet your Roſe breath in the Bud:*
*They who partake of your high Blood,*
*Grow ſoon in Underſtanding old;*
*Nor ſhould their Age by Years be told:*
*Whoſe Souls, more ſwift than Motion, clime;*
*And check the tardy Flight of Time.*
*Far off, I ſee that dawning Gray;*
*The Enſign of a glorious Day:*
*Yet ere this gild the World, I muſt*
*Reſolve into neglected Duſt.*
*If then reſtored by your Breath,*
*Not all of me ſhall ſleep in Death.*

## To my noble Friend Mr *Sandys*, upon his *Job*, *Ecclesiastes*, and the *Lamentations*, clearly, learnedly, and eloquently *Paraphrased*.

*WHO would inform his Soul, or Feast his Sense,*
*And seeks or Piety, or Eloquence;*
*What might with Knowledge, Vertue join'd, inspire*
*And imitate the Heat and Light of Fire:*
*He, Those in These by Thee, may find embrac't,*
*Or as a Poet, or a Paraphrast.*
*Such Raies of the Divinity are shed*
*Throughout these Works, and every Line o're-spread;*
*That by the Streams the Spring is clearly shown,*
*And the Translation makes the Author known.*
*Nor He being known, remains his Sense conceal'd;*
*But so by thy Illustrious Pen reveal'd,*
*We see not plainer, That which gives us Sight,*
*Than we see that, assisted by Thy Light.*
*All seems transparent now, which seem'd perplext,*
*The inmost meaning of the darkest Text:*
*So that the Simplest may their Souls assure*
*What places mean, whose Comments are obscure.*
*Thy Pen next, having clear'd thy Makers will,*
*Supples our Hearts to Love, and to fulfill:*
*And moves such Piety, that her Power layes*
*That Envy, which thy Eloquence doth raise.*
*Even I (no yielding matter) who till then*
*Am chief of Sinners, and the worst of Men,*
*(Though it be hard a Souls Health to procure*
*Unless the Patient do assist the Cure:)*
*Suffer a Rape by Vertue, whil'st thy Lines*
*Destroy my Old, and build me new Designs:*

She

*She by a Power, which conquers all controul,*
*Doth without my consent possess my Soul.*
*Those Mists are scatter'd which my Passion bred;*
*And for that short Time all my Vice is dead.*
*Those looser Poets whose Lascivious Pen*
*Ascribing Crimes to gods, taught them to Men,*
*Who bent their most ingenious Industry*
*To honour Vice, and gild Impiety;*
*Whose Labours have not only not imploy'd*
*Their Talents, but with them their Souls destroy'd;*
*Though of the much remov'd and distant Time*
*Whose less enlightned Age takes from their Crime,*
*Will no defence, with all their Arts, devise,*
*When Thou against them shalt in Judgment rise:*
*When thou a Servant, such whose like are rare,*
*Fill'd with a useful and a watchful Care*
*How to provide against thy Lord do come,*
*With great advantage the intrusted Sum:*
*And thy large Stock even to his wish imploy,*
*Shalt be invited to thy Masters Joy.*
*The Wise, the Good, applaud, exult to see*
*Th' Apollinarii surpass'd by thee:* Socrates. Scholasticus.
*No doubt, their Works had found in every Time*
*An equal Glory, had they equal'd thine;*
*How they expect thy Art should Health assure*
*To the sick World by a delicious Cure,*
*Granting like thee no leech their Hope deserves,*
*Who purgest not with Rhubarb but Preserves.*
*What numerous Legions of Infernal Sprights,*
*Thy Splendor dazles and thy Musick frights!*
*For what to us is Balm, to them is Wounds;*
*Whom Grief strikes, Fear distracts, & Shame confounds,*
*To find at once their Magick Counter-charm'd,*
*Their Arts discovered, and their Strength disarm'd:*
*To see thy Writings tempt to Vertue more,*

*Than they, by theirs assisted, could before*
*To Vice or Vanity; to see Delight*
*Become their Foe, which was their Satellite.*
*And that the chief Confounder of their State*
*Which had been long their most prevailing bait;*
*To see their Empire such a loss indure,*
*As the revolt even of the* Epicure.

The Cause of *Castalio's* Translation.

*Those Polite-Pagan-Christians who do fear*
*Truth in her Voice, God in his Word to hear;*
*(For such alas there are) doubting the while*
*To harm their Phrase, and to corrupt their Stile;*
*Considering th' Eloquence which flows from hence,*
*Had no Excuse, but now have no Pretence:*
*These, both to Pens and Minds Direction, give,*
*And teach to Write, as well as teach to Live.*
*Those famous Herbs which did pretend to Man*
*To give new Youth; Chymicks, who brag they can*
*A Flower to Ashes turn, by their Arts power*
*Return those Ashes back into a Flower;*
*May gain Belief, when now thy* Job *we see,*
*So Soil'd by Some, so Purifi'd by Thee.*
*Such was his change, when from his Sordid Fate*
*He re-ascended to his wonted State.*
*So see we yearly a fresh Spring restore*
*Those Beauties, Winter had deflour'd before:*
*So are we taught, the Resurrection must*
*Render us Flesh, and Blood, from Dirt and Dust.*
*To* Jobs *dejected First, and then rais'd Mind,*
*Is* Solomon *in all his Glory join'd.*
*Less specious seem'd his Person when he shone*
*In Purple Garments, on his Golden Throne.*
*This Eloquence call'd from the farthest South*
*To learn deep Knowledge, from his Sacred Mouth*
*One weak, and Great; a Woman and a Queen:*
*Which (his Conceptions in thy Language seen)*

So

*So likely seems, that this no wonder draws,*
*When with the great Effect, we match the Cause:*
*Nor had we wondred, had the Story told*
*His Fame drew more, than all his Realms could hold.*
*For no less Multitudes do I expect*
*To hear (whilst on these Lines their Thoughts reflect)*
*To have in this clear Glass their Follies known:* Ecclesiastes.
*Nor will those sewer prove, who in their own*
*From these thy Tears shall learn to wash their Crimes;* The Lamentations.
*And owe Salvation to thy heavenly Rimes.*

## Another.

*SUch is the Verse thou Writ'st, that who reads Thine*
*Can never be content to suffer Mine:*
*Such is the Verse I Write, that reading Mine,*
*I hardly can believe I have read Thine:*
*And wonder, that their Excellence once known,*
*I nor correct, nor yet conceal mine own.*
*Yet though I Danger fear, than Censure less;*
*Nor apprehend a Breach, like to a Press:*
*Thy Merits, now the second time, inflame*
*To sacrifice the Remnant of my Shame.*
*Nor yet (as first) Alone, but join'd with Those*
*Who make the loftiest Verse, seem humblest Prose.*
*Thus did our Master, to his Praise, desire*
*That Babes should with Philosophers conspire:*
*And Infants their* Hosanna's *should unite*
*With the so Famous* Areopagite.
*Perhaps my Stile too, is for Praise most fit;*
*Those shew their Judgment least, who shew their wit:*
*And are suspected, lest their subtiller Aim*
*Be rather to attain, than to give Fame.*

*Perhaps*

*Perhaps whilst I my Earth do interpose*
*Betwixt thy Sun and Them, I may aid those*
*Who have but feebler Eyes and weaker Sight,*
*To bear thy Beams, and to support thy Light.*
*So thy Eclipse, by neighbouring Darkness made,*
*Were no injurious, but a useful Shade:*
*How e're I finish here, my Muse her Daies*
*Ends in expressing thy deserved Praise:*
*Whose fate in this seems fortunately cast,*
*To have so just an Action for her Last.*
*And since there are, who have been taught, that Death*
*Inspireth Prophecie, expelling Breath;*
*I hope, when these foretel, what happy Gains*
*Posterity shall reap from these thy Pains:*
*Nor yet from these alone, but how thy Pen,*
*Earth-like, shall yearly give new Gifts to Men:*
*And Thou fresh Praise, and we fresh Good receive*
*(For he who Thus can write can never Leave)*
*How Time in them shall never force a Breach;*
*But they shall always Live and always Teach:*
*That the sole likelihood which these present,*
*Will from the more rais'd Souls command Assent;*
*And the so taught, will not Belief refuse,*
*To the last Accents of a Dying Muse.*

Falkland.

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## To my much honoured Friend Mr *George Sandys.*

*IT is, Sir, a Confest Intrusion here,*
*That I before your Labours do appear:*
*Which no loud Herald need, that may proclaim,*
*Or seek acceptance, but the Authors fame.*

*Much*

*Much less that should This Happy Work commend,*
*Whose Subject is its Licence, and doth send*
*It to the World to be Receiv'd and Read,*
*Far as the glorious Beams of Truth are spread.*
*Nor let it be imagin'd, that I look*
*Only with Customs Eye upon your Book;*
*Or in this service that 'twas my intent*
*T'exclude your Person from your Argument.*
*I shall profess, much of the Love I owe*
*Doth from the Root of our Extraction grow.*
*To which though I can little contribute;*
*Yet with a Natural joy, I must impute*
*To our Tribes honour, what by You is done,*
*Worthy the Title of a Prelates Son.*
*And scarcely have Two Brothers farther born*
*A Fathers Name, or with more Value worn*
*Their Own, than Two of you: whose Pens, and Feet*
*Have made the distant Points of Heav'n to meet:*
*He by exact discoveries of the West,*
*Your Self by painful Travels in the East.*
*Some more like you would powerfully Confute*
*Th'Opposers of Priests Marriage by the Fruit.*
*And (since 'tis known, for all their Strait-vow'd life,*
*They like the Sex in any stile but Wife)*
*Cause them to change their Cloister for that State,*
*Which keeps men Chast by Vows legitimate.*
*Nor shame to Father their Relations,*
*Or under Nephews Names disguise their Sons.*
*This Child of yours, born without spurious blot,*
*And fairly Midwiv'd as it was begot,*
*Doth so much of the Parents goodness wear,*
*You may be prov'd to own it for your Heir.*
*Whose Choice acquits you from the Common Sin*
*Of such, who finish worse, than they begin.*
*You mend upon your self, and your Last Strain*

Sir *Edwin Sandys* view of Religion in the Western parts.

*Does*

*Does of your First the start in judgment gain.*
*Since, what in Curious Travel was begun,*
*You here conclude in a Devotion.*
*Where in delightful Raptures we descry,*
*As in a Map,* Sions *Chorography:*
*Lay'd out in so direct, and Smooth a Line,*
*Men need not go about through* Palestine.
*Who seek Christ here, will the Straight Rode prefer,*
*As nearer much than by the Sepulchre.*
*For not a Limb grows here, but is a Path*
*Which in Gods City the blest Centre hath,*
*And doth so sweetly on each Passion strike,*
*The most phantastick taste will somewhat like.*
*To the Unquiet Soul* Job *still from hence*
*Speaks in th' Example of his Patience.*
*The Mortifi'd may hear the Wise King Preach,*
*When his Repentance made Him fit to Teach:*
*Here are choice Hymns and Carolls for the Glad;*
*And melancholy Dirges for the sad.*
*Last,* David *(as he could his Art transfer)*
*Speaks like Himself by an Interpreter.*
*Your Muse, rekindled hath the Prophets Fire,*
*And Tun'd the Strings of his neglected Lyre;*
*Making the Note and Ditty so agree,*
*They now become a perfect Harmony.*
*I must confess, I have long wisht to see*
*The Psalms reduc'd to this Conformitie:*
*Grieving the Songs of* Sion *should be sung*
*In Phrase not diff'ring from a Barbarous Tongue.*
*As if, by Custom warranted, we may*
*Sing that to God, we would be loth to Say.*
*Far be it from my purpose to upbraid*
*Their honest meaning, who first offer made*
*That Book in Meter to compile, which you*
*Have mended in the Form, and Built anew.*

*And*

*And it was well, considering the Time*
*Which scarcely could distinguish Verse and Rhime.*
*But now the Language, like the Church, hath won*
*More Luster since the Reformation;*
*None can condemn the Wish, or Labour spent*
*Good Matter in Good Words to represent.*
*Yet in this jealous Age some such there be*
*So (without cause) afraid of Noveltie;*
*They would by no means (had they power to chose)*
*An Old Ill Custom, for a Better lose.*
*Men who a Rustick Plainess so affect,*
*They think God served best by their neglect:*
*Holding the Cause would be Prophan'd by it,*
*Were they at Charge of Learning or of Wit.*
*And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they bring*
*Course and ill-study'd Stuff for Offering;*
*Which, like th'Old Tabernacles Covering, are*
*Made up of Badgers skins and of Goats heir.*
*But These are Paradoxes they must use*
*Their Sloth and bolder Ignorance to excuse.*
*Who would not laugh at one will Naked go,*
*'Cause in Old hangings Truth is pictur'd so?*
*Though Plainness be reputed Honours note,*
*They Mantles add to beautifie the Coat.*
*So that a Curious (unaffected) dress*
*Adds much unto the Bodies comelines:*
*And wheresoe're the Subject's Best, the Sense*
*Is better'd by the Speakers Eloquence.*
*But Sir, to you I will no Trophie raise*
*From other Mens detraction or dispraise.*
*That Jewel never had inherent worth,*
*Which ask't such Foils as these to set it forth.*
*If any quarrel your Attempt or Stile,*
*Forgive them: their own Folly they revile.*
*Since 'gainst Themselves their factious Envy shall*

*Confess*

*Confess this Work of Yours Canonical.*
*Nor may you fear the Poets common Lot,*
*Read, and Commended, and then quite forgot.*
*The Brazen Mines and Marble Rocks shall wast,*
*When your Foundation will unshaken last.*
*'Tis Fames best pay, that You your Labours see*
*By their Immortal Subject crowned be.*
*For ne're was Author inOblivion hid,*
*Who Firm'd his Name on such a Pyramid.*

Henry King

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## To my very much honoured Friend Mr *George Sandys*, upon his Paraphrase on the Poetical Parts of the Bible.

*THese pure immortal Streams, these holy Strains,*
*To flow in which, th'Eternal Wisdom daigns,*
*Had first their sacred Spring, in* Juda's *Plains.*

*Born in the East, their Soul of heavenly Race,*
*They still preserve a more than Mortal Grace,*
*Though through the Mortal Pens of Men they pass.*

*For purest Organs ever were design'd*
*To this high Work, the most Etherial Mind*
*Was touch't, and did these holy Raptures find.*

*You Sir, who all these several Springs have known,*
*And have so large a Fountain of your own;*
*Seem Born and Bred for what you now have done.*

*Plac'd by just Thoughts, above all worldly Care,*
*Such as for Heaven it self a Room prepare,*
*Such as already more than Earthly are.*

*Next*

*Next you have known (besides all Arts) their Spring,*
*The happy East; and from* Judea *bring*
*Part of that Power, with which her Airs you Sing.*

*Lastly, what is above all Reach of Praise,*
*Above Reward, of any fading Bayes,*
*No Muse like Yours did ever Language raise.*

*Devotion, Knowledge, Numbers, from your Pen*
*Mixtly and sweetly flow; whilst listning Men*
*Suspend their Cares, inamour'd of your Theme.*

*They calm their Thoughts, and in their Bosoms own*
*Better Desires, to them perhaps unknown;*
*Till by your Musick to themselves brought Home.*

*Musick, (the universal Language) sways*
*In every Mind; the World this Power obeys,*
*And Natures Self is charm'd by well-tun'd Layes.*

*All disproportion'd, harsh, disorder'd Cares,*
*Unequal Thoughts, vain Hopes, and low Despairs;*
*Fly the soft Breath of these harmonious Airs.*

*Here is that Harp, whose Charms uncharm'd the brest*
*Of troubled* Saul, *and that unquiet Guest,*
*With which his Passions travel'd, dispossess'd.*

Job *moves Amazement,* David *moves our Tears;* Job.
*His Royal Son, a sad Apparel wears* Psalms.
*Of Language, and perswades to Pious Fears.* Ecclesiastes.

*The Passions of the First rise great and high,*
*But* Salomon *a less concerned Eye*
*Casting on all the World, flows equally.*

*Not*

Canticles not then Printed.

*Not in that ardent course, as where He wooes*
*The Sacred Spouse, and her chast Love pursues,*
*With brighter flames, and with a higher Muse.*

*This Work had been proportion'd to our Sight,*
*Had you but known with some allay to Write,*
*And not preserv'd your Authors Strength and Light.*

*But you so crush those Odors, so dispense*
*Those rich perfumes, you make them too intense*
*And such (alas) as too much please our Sense.*

*We fitter are for sorrows, than such Love;*
Lamentations. Josiah *falls, and by his fall doth move*
*Tears from the people, Mourning from above.*

Judah, *in her* Josiah's *Death, doth die;*
*All Springs of grief are opened to supply*
*Streams to the torrent of this Elegy.*

*Others break forth in everlasting Praise*
The several Hymns. *Having their wish, and wishing they might raise*
*Some monument of Thanks to after-Days.*

*These are the Pictures, which your happy Art*
*Gives us, and which so well you do impart,*
*As if these passions sprung in your own Heart.*

*Others translate, but you the Beams collect*
*Of your inspired Authors, and reflect*
*Those heavenly Ray's with new and strong effect.*

*Yet humane Language only can restore,*
*What humane Language had impair'd before,*
*And when that once is done, can give no more.*

*Sir, I forbear to add to what is said,*
*Left to your burnisht Gold I bring my Lead,*
*And with what is Immortal, mix the Dead.*

Sidney Godolphin.

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## To my worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys.*

*I Press not to the Quire, nor dare I greet*
*The holy Place with my unhallow'd feet:*
*My unwasht Muse pollutes not things Divine,*
*Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;*
*Here, humbly at the Porch, she listning stays,*
*And with glad ears sucks in thy Sacred Lays.*
*So, devout Penitents of old were wont,*
*Some without door, and some beneath the Font,*
*To stand and hear the Churches Liturgies,*
*Yet not assist the solemn Exercise.*
*Sufficeth her, that she a Lay-place gain,*
*To trim thy Vestments, or but bear thy train:*
*Though nor in Tune, nor Wing, She reach thy Lark,*
*Her Lyrick feet may dance before the Ark.*
*Who knows; but that Her wandring eyes, that run*
*Now hunting Glow-worms, may adore the Sun?*
*A pure Flame may, shot by Almighty Power*
*Into my breast, the earthy flame devour:*
*My Eyes, in Penitential dew may steep*
*That brine, which they for sensual love did weep:*
*So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quencht*
*With fire, and water be with water drencht.*
*Perhaps; my restless Soul, tyr'd with pursuit*
*Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit*
*Contentment there; which hath not, when enjoy'd,*
*Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfi'd, though cloy'd;*

*Weary of her vain search below, above*
*In the first Fair may find th'immortal Love.*
*Prompted by thy Example then, no more*
*In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;*
*But tear those Idols from my Heart, and Write*
*What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite.*
*Then, I no more shall court the Verdant Bay,*
*But the dry leaveless Trunk on* Golgotha:
*And rather strive to gain from thence one Thorn,*
*Than all the flourishing Wreaths by Laureats worn.*

Tho. Carew.

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## To my worthy Kinsman Mr *George Sandys*, on his Excellent Paraphrase upon *Job*.

*YOU teach us a new Pleasure, and have so*
*Pen'd the sad Story, we delight in Woe.*
*Tears have their Musick too; this mournful Dress*
*Doth so become* Job's *sorrows, and express*
*Affliction in so sweet a grace, that we*
*Find something to be lov'd in Misery.*
*Here Grief is witty, that the Reader might*
*Not suffer, in the patience you write.*
*Let others wanton it, while I admire*
*Thy warmth, which doth proceed from holy Fire.*
*'Tis Guilt, not Poetry, to be like those*
*Whose wit in Verse, is down-right Sin in Prose:*
*Whose Studies are Prophaness, as if then*
*They were good Poets only, when bad Men.*
*But these are purer Flames, nor shall thy Heat*
*Because 'tis good, be therefore thought not Great.*
*How vainly do they err, who think it fit*
*A sacred Subject should be void of Wit?*

*I boldly dare affirm, He never meant*
*We should be Dull, who bids, be Innocent.*
*'Tis no excuse, when you your charm reherse*
*So sweetly, not to hear, because 'tis Verse.*
*Religion is a Matron, whose grave Face*
*From Decent Vestures doth receive more Grace.*
*In holy duties fondly we affect*
*A mis-becoming Rudeness, and suspect*
*Clean Offerings; we think God likes the Heart*
*Where least appears of th'Understanding part.*
*As if Gods Messengers did but delude,*
*Unless what they deliver us, be rude.*
*Choice Language is the clothing of your Mind;*
*Your matter (like those Saints which are inshrin'd*
*In Gold, or like to Beauty, when the Lawn*
*With rosie cheeks bepurpled ore, is drawn*
*To boast the lovelinesse, it seems to hide,*
*And shew more cunningly the blushing Bride)*
*Hath hence a greater lustre; they not love*
*The Body less, who do the Cloths approve.*
*So we upon this Jewel do not set*
*Less price, because we praise the Cabinet.*

Dudley Digges.

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## To my honoured Kinsman Mr *George Sandys*, on his admirable Paraphrases.

*WHY com'st thou thus attended to the Press?*
*Thou wants no Suffrages, the Subject, less:*
*At first, in confidence of thy full Worth,*
*Single, unknown, Thou didst adventure forth:*
*Thy living Works since oft have past the Test,*
*And every last (to wonder) prov'd the best.*

*Thy Prose and Verse each other emulate,*
*From Rivals free, at home their Right debate:*
*Divide the Judgment, whether most t'admire*
*Robes loosely flowing, or fine shap't Attire.*
*Nor art thou to be blam'd, for having past*
Pernassus *Hill, and come to* Sion *last.*
*The Schools from Comments on the Stagyrite,*
*To heavenly Speculations rais'd their Flight:*
*The Progress fit, though of Philosophy,*
*'Tis justly fear'd, they took too deep a Dye.*
*God chiefly warm'd their Breasts with sacred Heat,*
*Who were in other Knowledges compleat:*
*Though all alike to him, but that he meant*
*To give some honour to the Instrument.*
*He who in other Structures merits praise,*
*May without diffidence a Temple raise.*
*And sure,* Bezaleel-*like, Heav'n did instill,*
*For this intended Frame, that Matchless Skill:*
*Till then thy restless Mind mov'd Circular,*
*Like the touch't Needle, till it find the Star.*
*Well did'st thou from the East thy entrance make,*
*From whence the light of Poetry first brake.*
*The Hand unknown, that God this Piece might own,*
*(Like the two Tables) for his Work alone.*
*The Mark of his immediate Work it bears,*
*Even at the Spring a boundless Sea appears.*
*For what his Hands, without a Second, make,*
*At once their Being and Perfection take.*
*His first Day* Adam *a full Man beheld;*
*And* Cana's *Water choicest Wine excell'd.*
*This first of Authors, first of Poets, flew*
*So high a Pitch, as almost out of View.*
*And this was not of* Jobs *reward the least,*
*That his rare Story such a Pen exprest.*
*What high expressions in such depth of Woe!*
*How sweet his sighs and grones in Numbers flow!*

*When*

*When God himself was pleased* Job *to cite,*
*Who could such Language worthy Him endite!*
*His just Reproofs so great a Terrour bear,*
*As if each Word a clap of Thunder were.*
*From hence in smaller Drills her course she keeps;*
*And scarce discern'd, along the Vallies creeps*
*Through* Moses *and the Judges; yet we may*
*In these discover her continued Way.*
*But when the State into a Kingdom grew,*
*When all did with their blessed King renew;*
*In the sweet Singer then again it flows,*
*Her bounds extends, and to a River grows.*
*His large-soul'd Son from Heaven full Light receives,*
*For every Path and Step direction gives.*
*Discovers to our long-seduced Eyes,*
*Her Fucus off, the Worlds deformities.*
*And by a Purer quenches sensual Fire,*
*The Object chang'd, preserves the Heat intire.*
*These two, who might with* Job *dispute their Right,*
*Rais'd Numbers to their Apogæan height.*
*Thence through the Prophets We her Current trace,*
*Whose graver Works Poetick gems inchace:*
*To shew how aptly both assume one Name,*
*Both Heaven-inspir'd, compos'd of Zeal and Flame:*
*Above the Rest, that Funeral Elegy,*
*Presents sad* Juda; *to th' admiring Eye*
*So lovely in her Sable Vail and Tears;*
*Scarce any Bride in all her Trim appears*
*Of such a winning sweetness: O what Heart*
*But must due Pitty to her Woes impart!*
*All these, for Prose had still mistaken been,*
*Their Native grace our Language never seen:*
*Had not thy speaking Picture shew'd to All*
*The wondrous beauty of th' Original;*
*Had lien like Stones uncut, and Oar untri'd,*
*Their Real Worth the same, though scarce espi'd,*

*But by the skilful Linguist; To the most*
*In the dark Sense, and hard Expressions lost.*
*Thy Art hath Polisht them to what they were,*
*Unvalued Jewels for the Breast, and Ear.*
*Here fix thy Pillars, what remains there higher,*
*But th'unknown Ditties of the heavenly Quire.*

Francis Wiatt.

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## To his worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys*, upon his Excellent Paraphrases.

*THY Lines I weigh not by th'Original;*
*Nor skan thy Words how evenly they fall:*
*I most applaud thy Pious Choice, who mak'st*
*The Sacred Writ thy Subject, and thence tak'st*
*Those Parts, wherein the most Perverse may see*
*Divinity and Poesie agree.*
*Afflicted* Job *a Veil of Sorrow shrouds;*
*But heavenly Beams dispel those envious Clouds.*
*The Royal Psalmist, born on Angels wings,*
*Now weeps in Verse, now Hallelujahs sings.*
*Converted* Salomon *to our eyes presents*
*Deluding Joys, and careless Discontents.*
*That good* Josiah's *Name may never die,*
*Thy Muse revives his Mournful Elegy.*
*With the same Zeal, doth to our Numbers fit*
*All the Poetick Parts of Holy Writ.*
*And thus Salvation thou maist bring to those*
*Who never would have sought for it in Prose.*

Henry Rainsford.

To

## To his Worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys*, on his Sacred Poems.

*HOW bold a Work attempts that Pen*
*Which would enrich our Vulgar tongue,*
*With the high Raptures of those Men*
*Who here with the same Spirit sung;*
*Wherewith they now assist the Quire*
*Of Angels, who their Songs admire?*

*Whatever those inspired Souls*
*Were urged to express, did shake*
*The Aged Deep, and both the Poles:*
*Their numerous Thunder could awake*
*Dull Earth, which doth with Heav'n consent*
*To all They wrought, and all They meant.*

*Say (Sacred Bard) what could bestow,*
*Courage on thee to soar so high?*
*Tell me (Brave Friend) what help'd thee so*
*To shake off all Mortality?*
*To Light this Torch thou hast climb'd higher*
*Than he who stole Cœlestial Fire.*

Edward Waller.

## To my worthy Friend Mr *George Sandys*.

*INspir'd by Thee, who art thy self a Muse,*
*Not crown'd with Ivy, or neglected Baies;*
*But with a sacred Light, which doth infuse*
*Into our Souls her intellectual Raies:*
*Among these Stars of the first Magnitude,*
*I, in affection, my dim Taper bring:*

*For though my Voice be hoarse, my Numbers rude,*
*On such a Theam who could forbear to sing?*
*Immortal* Sands *whose Nectar-dropping Pen*
*Delights, instructs; and with that holy Fire,*
*Which fell from Heaven, warms the cold breasts of men,*
*And in their Minds creates a new Desire.*
*For Truth in Poesie so sweetly strikes*
*Upon the Cords, and Fibers of the Heart;*
*That it all other Harmony dislikes,*
*And happily is Vanquisht by her Art.*
*These God-like Forms, inspir'd with Breath divine,*
*Blest in themselves, and making others Blest;*
*For us are by that curious hand of thine,*
*In English Habits elegantly drest.*
*May our great Master, to whose sacred Name*
*Thy Studious Hours such usual Gifts direct,*
*As* Cæsar *to his* Maro, *prove the Same;*
*And equal Beams upon thy Muse reflect.*

Wintoure Grant.

# A Paraphrase UPON JOB.

## CHAP. I.

IN *Hus*, a Land which near the Suns uprise,
And Northern Confines of *Sabæa* lies,
A great Example of Perfection reign'd:
HisName was *Job*; his Soul with gilt unstain'd.
None with more zeal the Deity ador'd;
Affected Vertue more, Vice more abhorr'd.
Three beauteous Daughters, and 7. hopeful Boys,
Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his Nuptial Joys.
Lord of much Riches, which the use renowns:
7000. broad-tail'd Sheep graz'd on his Downs;
Three thousand Camels his rank Pastures fed;
*Arabia*'s wandring Ships, for traffick bred:
His grateful Fields a thousand Oxen till'd;
They with their rich increase the hungry fill'd:
Five hundred Asses yearly took the Horse;
Producing Mules of greater speed and force:
The Master of a mighty Family;
Well ord'red, and directed by his Eye.

None

None was more opulent in all the East,
Of greater Power; yet such as still increast.
By daily turns the Brothers entertain
Each other: with the week begin again.
This constant custom held: Not to excite
And pamper the voluptuous Appetite;
But to preserve the Union of their Blood
With sober Banquets, and unpurchas'd Food.
Th'invited Sisters with their graces blest
Their festivals; and were themselves a Feast.
Their turns accomplisht, *Jobs* religious care
His Sons assembles; whose united Prayer
Like sweet perfumes from golden Censors rise:
Then with divine Lustrations sanctifies.
And when the Rosy-finger'd Morn arose;
From bleating Flocks unblemisht fatlings chose;
Proportion'd to their number: these he slew,
And bleeding on the flaming Altar threw.
Perhaps, said he, my Children in the heat
Of wine and mirth, their Maker may forget;
And give access to Sin. Thus they the Round
Of Concord Keep; by his Devotions crown'd.
*Jehova* from the summit of the skie,
Environ'd with his winged Hierarchie,
The world surveigh'd. When lo, the Prince of Hel
Who whilome from that envy'd Glory fell,
Like an infectious Exhalation
Shot through the Sphears, & stood before his Thro
False Spirit said, th'Almighty, that all shapes
Do'st counterfeit to perpetrate thy Rapes;
Whence com'st thou? He reply'd; I with the Su
Have circl'd the round World: much People wo
From thy strict Rule, to my indulgent Raign;
Taught that no pleasure can result from pain.
Hast thou, saith God, observ'd my servant *Job*?
Is their a Mortal treading on the Globe

O

Of Earth so perfect? can thy wicked Arts
Corrupt his goodness? all thy fiery Darts
The Armour of his fortitude repels;
In Justice he, as thou in fraud, excels:
Our power adores, with sacrifices feasts;
Loves what thou hat'st; and all thy works detests.
Hath *Job* serv'd God for nothing? Satan said:
Or unrewarded at thy Altar paid
His frequent vows? Hast thou not him, and all
which he calls his, inclosed with a wall
Of strength impregnable? his labours blest?
And almost with prosperity oppreſt?
Left nothing to desire? yet should'st thou lay
Thy hand upon him; or but take away
What thy Indulgence gave; in foul disgrace
He would blaspheme, and curse thee to thy face.
*Jehova* said; his Children, all he hath,
Are subject to the venom of thy wrath:
Alone his Person spare. The tempter then
Shrunk from his presence to th'aboads of Men.
As at their elder Brother's all the rest
Of that fair off-spring celebrate his feast
With liberal joy; and cool th'inflaming blood
Of generous grapes, with crystal of the flood:
A Messenger arriv'd, half out of breath,
Yet pale with horror of escaped Death,
And cry'd; Oh *Job*, as thy strong Oxen till'd
The stubborn fallows; while thy Asses fill'd
Themselves with Herbage; all became a prey
To arm'd *Sabæans*, who in ambush lay:
Thy Servants by their cursed fury slain;
And I the only Messenger remain.
Another entred, ere his tale was told,
With singed hair; and said; I must unfold
A dreadful Accident: At Noon, a Night
Of clouds arose, that Day depriv'd of Light:

Whose

Whose roaring conflicts from their breaches thre
Darts of inevitable flames, which slew
Thy Sheep and Shepheards: I, of all alone
Escap'd, to make the sad Disaster known.
This hardly said; a third, with blood imbrew'd,
Brake through the Press, and thus his grief pursu'd
The fierce *Chaldeans* in three Troops assail'd (hal'd
Our Guards; till they their Souls through wounds e
Then drave away thy Camels, only I
Thus wounded, live to tell thy loss, and Die.
As thronging Billows one another drive
To murmuring shores; so thick and fast arrive
These Messengers of Death: The fourth and las
With staring hair, wild looks, and breathless haste
Rusht in and said: Oh *Job!* prepare to hear
The saddest news that ever pierc'd an ear.
Loe, as thy Children on soft Couches lay,
And with discourses entertain'd the Day,
A sudden Tempest from the Desert flew
With horrid wings, and thundered as it blew.
Then whirling round, the Quoins together strook
And to the ground that lofty fabrick shook:
Thy Sons and Daughters buried in the fall;
Who, ah! deserv'd a nobler Funeral.
And I alone am living to relate
Their Tragedies, that was deni'd their Fate.
He, who th'assaults of Fortune, like a rock
So long withstood; could not sustain this shock
But rising, forthwith from his shoulders tare
His purple robe, and shav'd his dangling hair.
Then on the Earth his Body prostrate laid;
And thus with humble adoration, said:
Naked I was, at my first hour of Birth;
And naked must return unto the Earth.
God gives; God takes away: Oh be his Name
For ever blest! thus free from touch of blame

*Job* firmly ſtood: and with a patient mind
His Croſſes bare; nor at his God repin'd.

## *CHAP.* II.

AGain when all the radiant Sons of Light
Before his Throne appear'd, whoſe only ſight
Beatitude infus'd: Th'inveterate foe,
In fogs aſcending from the depth below,
Profan'd their bleſt Aſſembly: what pretence,
Said God, hath brought thee hither? & from whence?
I come, ſaid he, from compaſſing the Earth:
Their Travels ſeen who ſpring from humane birth.
Then God: haſt thou my Servant *Job* beheld?
Can his rare piety be parallel'd;
His Juſtice equal'd? can alluring vice,
With all her Sorceries, his Soul intice?
His daily Oriſons attract our Ears;
Who puniſhment, leſs than the treſpaſs, fears:
And ſtill his old Integrity retains
Through all his woes, inflicted by thy trains.
When he, whoſe labouring thoughts admit no reſt,
This anſwer threw out of his Stygian breſt:
*Job* to himſelf is next; who will not give
All that he hath, ſo his own Soul may live?
Stretch out thy hand; with aches pierce his bones,
His fleſh with laſhes; multiply his grones:
Then if he curſe thee not, let thy dire Curſe
Increaſe my torments, if they can be worſe.
To whom the Lord: Thou Inſtrument of ſtrife,
Enjoy thy cruel wiſh: but ſpare his Life.
The Soul of Envy, from his preſence went;
And through the burning Air, made his deſcent.
To execution falls: The blood within
His veins inflames, and poyſons his ſmooth skin.

Now

Now all was but one ſore: from foot to head
With burning Carbuncles, and Ulcers ſpread;
He on the Aſhes ſits, his fate deplores:
And with a pot-ſheard, ſcrapes the ſwelling Sores.
His frantick Wife, whoſe patience could not bear
Such weight of Miſeries, thus wounds his Ear:
Is this the purchaſe of thy Innocence?
O Fool, thy Piety is thy offence.
He whom thou ſerv'ſt, hath us of all bereft:
Our Children ſlain, and thee to torments left.
Go on; his Juſtice praiſe: O rather flie
To thy aſſur'd relief; Curſe God, and die.
Thou wretch thy Sexes folly; he reply'd:
Shall we who have ſo long his Bounty try'd,
And flouriſh'd in his favour, now not bear
Our harms with patience; but renounce his Fear?
Thus his great Mind his Miſeries tranſcends:
Nor the leaſt accent of his lips offends.
Now was his ruine by the breath of Fame
Divulg'd through all the Eaſt: when *Zophar* came
From pleaſant *Naamath*: wiſe *Eliphas*
From *Theman*, rich in Palms, but poor in graſs;
And *Bildad* from *Suitah*'s fruitful Soil;
Prais'd for the plenty of her Corn and Oyl.
Theſe meet from ſeveral Quarters to condole
With their old Friend, and comfort his ſad Soul.
Yet at the firſt, unknown: his Miſeries (cries
Had ſo transform'd him, known, they join'd their
Wept bitterly, their ſable Mantles tare,
Rais'd Clouds of Duſt, that fell upon their hair.
Seven Days they ſate beſides him on the ground;
As many Nights, in ſilent Sorrow drown'd.
For yet they knew the Torrent of his woe
Would by reſiſtance more outragious grow.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

HE, when excess of Sorrow, had given way
To the relief of words, thus curs'd his Day:
O perish may the Day, which first gave light
To me, most wretched! and the fatal Night
Of my Conception! let that Day be bound
In Clouds of Pitch, nor walk the Etherial Round.
Let God not write it in his Roll of Days:
Nor let the Sun restore it with his Rays.
Let Deaths dark Shades involve, no light appear
But dreadful Lightnings: its own horrors fear.
Be it the first of Miseries to all,
Or last of Life; defam'd with Funeral.
O be that dismal Night, for ever blind!
Lost in it self; nor to the Day rejoin'd!
Nor numbered in the swift Circumference
Of Months and Years; but vanish in offence.
O let it sad and solitary prove:
No sprightly Musick hear, nor Songs of Love.
Let wandring Apparitions then affright
The trembling Bride, and quench the Nuptial light.
O Let those hate it, who the Day-light hate: (weight.
Who mourn and grone beneath their sorrows
Let the Eclipsed Moon, her Throne resign,
Instead of Stars, let Blazing Meteors shine.
Let it not see the Dawning fleck the skies;
Nor the gray Morning from the Ocean rise:
Because the Door of Life it left unclos'd;
And me, a wretch, to cruel fates expos'd.
Oh why was I not strangled in the Womb!
Nor in that secret Prison found a Tomb!
Or since untimely born; why did not I
(The next of blessings) in that instant die?

Why

Why kneel'd the Midwife at my Mothers throes
With pain produc'd! and nurse for future woes!
Else had I an eternal Requium kept;
And in the arms of Peace for ever slept:
With Kings and Princes ranckt; who lofty frame
In Deserts rais'd, t'immortalize their Names:
Who made the wealth of Provinces their prey:
In death as mighty, and as rich, as they.
Then I, as an Abortive, had not been;
Nor with the hated Light, such Sorrows seen:
Slept, where none ere by violence oppreſt;
And where the weary from their Labors reſt:
No Prisoners there, inforc'd by torments, cry;
But fearless by their old Tormentors Lye:
The Mean, and Great, on equal Bases stand;
No Servants there obey, nor Lords command.
Why should afflicted Souls in anguish live!
And only have immunity to grieve?
Oh how they wish for Death, to close their eyes
But oh, in vain! since he the wretched flyes.
For whom they dig, as Pioners for Gold;
Which the dark entrails of the Earth unfold:
And having found him, as their Libertie,
With Joy encounter; and contented die.
Why should he live, from whom God hath the path
Of safety hid, incompast with his wrath?
In Storms of sighs I tast my bitter food:
My groans break from me, like a roaring flood.
The Ruin which I fear'd, and in my thought
So oft revolv'd, one fatal Hour hath brought.
Nor durst I on Prosperity presume;
Or time in sleep, and barren Ease consume;
But watcht my wary steps: and yet for all
My Providence, these Plagues upon me fall.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*Temanian Eliphas* made this reply:
O Friend, be it no breach of Love, that I
With ſilence dare not juſtifie a wrong:
For who in ſuch a Cauſe can curb his Tongue?
Wilt thou, that wert to piety a guide,
That others haſt with patience fortifide:
Confirm'd the Strong, given ſinews to the Weak:
Now in the change of Fortune faint, and break
Into offences? aggravate thy harms,
Forſake thy ſtrength, and caſt away thy arms?
Is this thy Piety, thy Confidence,
Thy hope, and Life untainted with offence?
Conſult with former Ages: Have they known
The guiltleſs periſh, or the Juſt o'rethrown?
But thoſe who plow with vice, and miſchief throw
Into the furrows; reap the Seed they ſow.
God ſhall deſtroy them with his Noſtrils breath:
And ſend them weeping to the Caves of Death.
For he the raging Lyoneſs confounds;
The roaring Lyon with his Javelin wounds:
Scaters their Whelps; their grinders breaks: ſo they,
With the old Hunter, ſtarve for want of Prey.
Now when the Night her ſable wings had ſpred;
And ſleep his Dew on penſive Mortals ſhed:
When Viſions in their aiery ſhapes appear;
A Voice, not humane, whiſpered in mine ear.
My knees each other ſtruck; the frighted blood
Fled to my heart; my hair like briſtles ſtood.
An Angel then appear'd before my ſight:
Yet could no ſhape diſcern; ſo great a light
He threw about him: forthwith, ſilence brake;
And thus to me, intranc'd with wonder, ſpake:

Shall mortal Man, that is but born to die;
Compare in Justice, and Integrity,
With him who made him? he who must descend
Again to Earth, and in Corruption end?
His Angels were imperfect in his sight,
Although indu'd with Intellectual Light;
Whom he accus'd of folly: much more they,
Who dwell in Houses, built of brittle Clay;
Which have their weak foundations in the dust;
The food of Worms, and Times devouring Rust.
They to the Evening from the Suns uprise,
Are exercis'd with change of Miseries:
Then, unregarded, set in endless Night;
Nor ever shall review the Morning light.
Thus all their Glories vanish with their breath:
They, and their Wisdoms, vanquished by Death.

## CHAP. V.

NOW try what Patron, can thy cause defend
What Saint wilt thou solicite, or what Friend?
The Storm of his own rage the fool confounds:
And Envies rankling sting th'imprudent wounds.
Oft have I seen him, like a Cedar, spread
His ample Root; and his ambitious Head
With Clouds invest: then, to th' amaze of all,
Plow up the Earth with his prodigious fall.
His wandring Orphans find no safe retreat;
But friendless suffer at the Judgment-Seat:
The greedy eat the harvest of their toil, (spoil
Snatcht from the scratching thorns; to thieves
Though Sorrow spring not from the womb of Earth
Nor troubles from the Dust derive their Birth:
Yet man is born to numerous Miseries,
As dying Sparks from trembling flames arise.

Should

Should I the burthen of thy fate ſuſtain?
I would not juſtifie my ſelf in vain:
But at his feet my humble Soul deject
With Prayers and tears; who wonders can effect:
As infinite, as great; and far above
That Sphear wherein our low Conceptions move.
He waters from celeſtial Caſements powers,
Which fall upon the furrowed Earth in ſhowers:
To comfort thoſe who mourn in want; and give
The famiſht food, that they may eat and Live.
The Counſels of the Subtil he prevents;
And by his wiſdom fruſtrates their Intents:
Intangles in the Snares themſelves contrive;
Who deſperately to their own Ruine drive.
They meet with Darkneſs in the cleareſt Light:
And grope at Noon, as if involv'd with Night.
Licentious Swords, Oppreſſion arm'd with power,
Nor Envies jaws, the Righteous ſhall devour.
They ever hope, though exercis'd with care:
The wicked ſilenc'd by their own deſpair.
Happy is he whom Gods own hands chaſtiſe:
Since ſo, let none his Chaſtiſements deſpiſe.
For he both hurts and heals: binds up again
The wounds he made, and mitigates their pain.
In ſix afflictions will thy refuge be;
And from the ſeventh, and laſt, ſhall ſet thee free.
From meager Famines bloodleſs Maſſacres;
And from the cruel thirſt of horrid Wars:
Preſerved from the ſcourge of poyſonous tongues;
The ſting of Malice, and inſulting Wrongs.
Thou ſhalt in ſafety ſmile; when all the Earth
Shall ſuffer by the rage of War and Dearth.
The *Midian* Tyger, The *Arabian* Bear,
Nor *Idumæan* Lion ſhalt thou fear.
They all their native fierceneſs ſhall decline;
Add ſenſleſs Stones ſhall in thy aid combine.

Thy Tents ſhall flouriſh in the Joys of Peace;
The Wealth and Honour of thy Houſe increaſe:
Thy Children, and their off-ſpring, ſhall abound;
Like blades of graſs, that cloth the pregnant ground.
Thou, full of Days, like weighty ſhocks of Corn
In ſeaſon reapt, ſhall to thy grave be born.
This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
To thy Diſeaſe; and on the cure rely.

## *CHAP.* VI.

THen *Job*, Oh were my ſufferings duly weigh'd;
Were they together in one Balance laid:
The Sands whereon the rowling Billows roar,
Were leſs in weight, and not in number more.
My words are ſwallowed in theſe Depths of woes;
While Storms of ſighs my ſilent grief diſcloſe.
Gods Arrows on my breaſt deſcend in ſhowers:
There ſtick, and poyſon all my vital powers.
'Tis he, who arms againſt a Mortal bears;
Subdues my ſtrength, and chils my heart with fears.
Do hungry Aſſes in freſh paſtures bray?
Or Oxen low before full cribs of hay?
Or can unſeas'ned cates the guſt invite?
What taſte is in an Eggs unſavory white?
My lothing Soul abhors your bitter food;
Which ſorrow feeds, and turns my tears to blood.
Oh that the Lord would favour my requeſt;
And ſend my Soul to her eternal reſt!
Deliver from this Dungeon, which reſtrains
Her liberty, and break Afflictions Chains!
Then ſhould my Torments find a ſure relief:
And I become inſenſible of grief.
Oh, by not ſparing, cure his wounds; who hath
Divulg'd thy truth, and ſtill preſerv'd his Faith!

What

What ſtrength have I to hope? or to what end
Should I on ſuch a waſted Life depend?
Was I by rocks ingendred? rib'd with ſteel?
Such tortures to reſiſt, or not to feel?
No hope, no comfort, but in Death is left;
Thus torn with wounds, of all my Joys bereft.
True Friends, who fear their Maker, ſhould impart
Soft pity to a ſad and broken Heart:
But Oh, the great in vows, and near in Blood,
Forſake me like the torrent of a Flood:
Which in the winding vallies glides away;
And ſcarce maintains the Current of a Day:
Or ſtands in ſolid Ice, conceal'd with Snow;
But when the loudly-ſtorming South Winds blow,
And mounted Sun invades it with his beams,
Diſſolves; and ſcatters his exhauſted Streams.
Who from the parched fields of *Thema* came,
From *Sheba* ſcorched with etherial Flame,
In expectation to aſſwage their thirſt:
Deluded, bluſht; and his dry Channels curſt.
So you now ceaſe to be what once you were:
And view my downfal with the eyes of Fear,
Have I requir'd your bounty to repair
My ruin'd fortunes? was it in my prayer
That you for me the Mighty would oppoſe?
And in a juſt revenge purſue my foes?
If I have err'd inſtruct me; tell wherein:
My tongue ſhall never juſtifie a Sin.
Although a due reproof inform the Senſe:
Detraction is the Gall of Impudence.
Why add you ſorrow to a troubled mind?
Paſſion muſt ſpeak: her words are but as wind.
Againſt an Orphan you your forces bend:
And banquet with the afflictions of a friend.
Accuſe not now, but judge: you from my youth
Have known and try'd me, ſpeak I more than truth?

Unveil your Eyes, and then I ſhall appear
The ſame I am; from all aſperſions clear.
Have I my heart diſguiſed with my tongue?
Could not my taſt diſtinguiſh right from wrong?

## *CHAP.* VII.

THE life of Man is a perpetual War:
In Miſery and Sorrow Circular.
He a poor mercenary ſerves for bread:
For all his travel, only cloth'd and fed.
The Hireling longs to ſee the Shades aſcend;
That with the tedious Day his toil might end,
And he his pay receive: but, ah! in vain
I Months conſume; yet never reſt obtain.
The Night charms not my Cares; with ſleepleſs eyes
My Torments cry: When will the Morning riſe!
Why runs the Charriot of the Night ſo ſlow?
The Day-Star finds me toſſing to and fro.
Worms gnaw my fleſh; with filth my ulcers run;
My skin like clods of Earth, chapt with the Sun.
Like ſhuttles through the loom, ſo ſwiftly glide
My feathered Hours; and all my hopes deride!
Remember, Lord, my life is but a wind;
Which paſſeth by, and leaves no print behind.
Then never ſhall my Eyes their lids unfold;
Nor mortal ſight my vaniſht face behold,
Not thou, to whom our thoughts apparent be,
Should'ſt thou deſire, could'ſt him, that is not, ſee.
As Clouds reſolve to air, ſo never more,
Shall gloomy Graves their Dead to Light reſtore:
Nor ſhall they to their ſumptuous Roofs return;
But lie forgotten, as if never born.
Then, O my Soul, while thou haſt freedom, break
Into Complaints: give Sorrow leave to ſpeak.

Am

Am I a raging Sea, or furious Whale?
That thou ſhould'ſt thus confine me with a wall?
How often when the riſing Stars had ſpread
Their golden Flames, ſaid I! now ſhall my Bed
Refreſh my weary Limbs; and peaceful Sleep,
My care and anguiſh in his *Lethe* ſteep.
But lo! ſad Dreams my troubled Brains ſurpriſe:
And gaſtly Viſions wound my ſtaring Eyes.
So that my yielding Soul, ſubdu'd with grief,
And tortur'd Body, to their laſt relief
Would gladly flie: and by a violence,
Leſs painful, take from greater pain the Senſe.
For life is but my curſe: reſume the breath
I muſt reſtore, and fold me up in Death.
O what is man, to whom thou ſhould'ſt impart
So great an Honour as to ſearch his Heart!
To watch his Steps, obſerve him with thine eye;
And daily with renew'd afflictions try!
Still muſt I ſuffer? wilt thou never leave?
Nor give a little time for grief to breath?
My Soul hath ſinn'd: how can I expiate
Her guilt, great Guardian, or prevent thy hate?
Why aim'ſt thou all thy darts at me alone?
Who to my ſelf am now a Burthen grown.
Wilt thou not to a broken Heart diſpenſe
Thy Balm of mercy, and expunge th'offence,
E're duſt return to duſt? Then thou no more
Shalt ſee my Face; nor I thy Name adore.

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## *CHAP.* VIII.

THus *Job*. Then *Bildad* of *Suita* ſaid:
Vain Man, how long wilt thou thy God upbraid!
And like the roaring of a furious wind
Thus vent the wild diſtemper of thy mind!

Can he pervert his Judgments? shall he swerve
From his own Justice, and thy Passions serve?
If he thy Sons for their rebellion slew;
Death was the wages to their merit due.
Oh would'st thou seek unto the Lord betimes,
With fervent prayer, and abstinence from crimes
Nor with new follies spot thy Innocence:
Then would he always watch in thy defence;
The House, that harbor'd so much vertue, bless
With fruitful Peace; and crown thee with success
Then would he centuple thy former store;
And make thee far more happy than before.
Search thou the Records of Antiquity;
And on our Ancestors reflect thine Eye:
For we, alas! are but of Yesterday;
Know nothing, and like shadows fleet away.
Thou in those Mirrors shalt the truth behold;
Whose tongues un-erring Oracles unfold.
Can Bulrushes but by the River grow?
Can Flags there flourish where no waters flow?
Yet they, when green, when yet untoucht, of all
That cloth the Spring, first hang their heads, and fall.
So double-hearted Hypocrites, so they
Who God forget, shall in their prime decay.
Their aiery hopes as brittle as the thin
And subtil webs, which toyling Spiders spin.
Their Houses full of wealth, and Ryot, shall
Deceive their trust; and crush them in their fall.
Though like a Cedar, by the River fed,
He to the Sun his ample Branches spread,
His Top surrounds with Clouds; deep in the flood
Baths his firm Roots; even of himself a Wood:
And from his height a night-like shaddow throw
Upon the Marble Palaces below:
Yet shall the Axe of Justice hew him down;
And level with the Root, his lofty Crown.

No

No Eye ſhall his out-raz'd impreſſion view:
Nor mortal know where ſuch a Glory grew.
Thoſe ſeeming goods, whereof the wicked vaunt
Thus fade, while others on their ruins plant.
God never will the Innocent forſake:
Nor ſinful Souls to his protection take.
Cleanſe thou thy Heart: then in thy ample breaſt
Joy ſhall triumph, and ſmiles thy cheeks inveſt.
He will thy Foes with ſilent ſhame confound;
And their proud ſtructures level with the ground.

## *CHAP.* IX.

THis is a truth acknowledg'd; *Job* replies:
But Oh what Man is righteous in his Eyes!
Who can not-guilty plead before his Throne?
Or of a thouſand Actions anſwer one?
God is in wiſdom, as in power, immenſe:
Who ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpuniſht? you who Glory moſt
In your own Strength, can you of conqueſt boaſt?
Cloud-touching Mountains to new ſeats are born
From their Foundations, by his fury torn.
Th'affrighted Earth in her diſtemper quakes;
When his Almighty Hand her Pillars ſhakes.
At whoſe command the Suns ſwift Horſes ſtay;
While Mortals wonder at ſo long a Day.
The Moon into her darkned Orb retires:
Nor ſeal'd up Stars extend their golden fires.
He, only He, Heavens blew Pavillion ſpreads:
And on the Oceans dancing Billows treads.
Immane *Arcturus*, weeping *Pleiades*,
*Orion*, who with Storms plows up the Seas,
For ſeveral Seaſons fram'd: and all that rowl
Their radiant Flames about th' Antartick Pole.

What

What wonders are effected, by his might!
Oh how inſcrutable, how Infinite!
Though he obſerve me, and be ever by;
Yet, ah! Inviſible to mortal Eye.
Can hands of Fleſh compel him to reſtore
What he ſhall take? or who dare ask wherefore?
The great in Pride, and Power, like Meteors ſh
(If he relent not) by his Vengeance fall.
And Oh ſhall I, a worm, my cauſe defend;
Or in vain Argument with God contend?
I would not were I innocent diſpute;
But humbly to my Judge preſent my Suit.
Yet never could my hopes be confident;
Though God himſelf ſhould to my wiſh conſent:
Who with inceſſant ſtorms my peace confounds:
And multiplies my undeſerved wounds:
Nor gives me time to breathe; my Stomach fills
With food of bitter taſt, and loathſom pills.
Speak I of ſtrength, his ſtrength the ſtrong obe
If I of Judgment ſpeak, who ſhall a Day
Appoint for tryal? ſhould I Juſtifie
A Vice, my heart would give my tongue the lie.
If of perfection boaſt; I ſhould herein
My guilt diſcloſe: thought I, I had no Sin;
My ſelf I ſhould not know. Oh bitter ſtrife!
Whoſe only Iſſue is the hate of life!
Yet judge not by events: in general,
The good and bad without diſtinction fall.
For he th'Appeal of innocence derides;
And with his Sword the controverſe decides:
He gives the Earth to thoſe that tyrannize:
And ſpreads a vail before the Judges Eyes.
Or elſe what were his power? Oh you who ſee
My miſeries, this truth behold in me!
My days run like a Poſt, and leave behind
No tract of joy: as ſhips before the wind,

Th

hey through this humane Ocean ſail away:
nd fly like Eagles which purſue their prey.
I determine to remove my care;
orget my grief, and comfort my Deſpair:
he fear that he would never purge me, mocks
imbarqued Hopes, and drives them on the Rocks.
or if he hold me guilty; if I ſoil
ly ſelf with Sin, I then but vainly toil.
hough I ſhould waſh my ſelf in melting Snow,
ntil my hands were whiter; he would throw
e down to Earth: and, ah! ſo plunge in mire,
hat I ſhould loath to touch my own attire:
or he, is not as I: a man, with whom
might contend, and to a Tryal come.
in my cauſe ſhall find no Advocate;
or Umpire, to compoſe our ſad debate.
h ſhould he from my ſhoulders take his Rod;
ee from the awe and terror of a God:
hen would I argue in my own defence;
nd boldly juſtifie my Innocence.

## CHAP. X.

OH I am ſick of life! nor will controul
My Paſſion, but in bitterneſs of Soul,
hus tear the Air: what ſhould thy wrath incenſe
o puniſh him who knows not his offence?
h! do'ſt thou in oppreſſion take delight?
ilt thou thy Servant fold in ſhades of Night,
nd ſmile on wicked Counſels? do'ſt thou ſee
ith Eyes of Fleſh? is Truth conceal'd from thee?
hat are thy Days as frail as ours? or can
hy years determine like the age of Man?
hat thou ſhould'ſt my Delinquencies exquire;
nd with Variety of tortures tire?

Cannot

Cannot my known Integrity remove
Thy cruel Plagues? wilt thou remorsless prove
Ah! wilt thou thy own workmanship confound
Shall the same hand that did create, now woun
Remember I am built of clay; and must
Resolve to my originary Dust.
Thou pour'dst me out like milk into the womb;
Like curds condenst; and in that secret room
My Limbs proportion'd;cloth'd with flesh and sk
With bones, and sinews, fortifi'd within:
The Life thou gav'st, thou hast with plenty fed;
Long cherisht, and through Dangers safely led.
All this is buried in thy breast: and yet
I know thou can'st not thy old Love forget.
Thou, if I err,observ'st me with stern eyes:
Nor will the plea of Ignorance suffice.
Wo unto me should sin my Soul infect,
Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
My down-cast looks: which clouds of shame inf
Great God, my growing Miseries behold!
Thou like a Lion hunt'st me: wounds on woun
Thy hands inflict; thy fury knows no bounds.
Against me all thy Plagues embattail'd are:
Subdu'd with changes of internal war.
Why didst thou draw me from my Mothers wom
Would I from thence had slipt into my Tomb,
Before the Eye of man my face had seen;
And mixt with dust, as I had never been!
Oh since I have so short a time to live,
A little ease to these my torments give:
Before I go where all in silence mourn;
From whose dark shores no travellers return:
A Land where Death, confusion, endless Night,
And Horror reign: where Darkness is their Lig

CHA

## CHAP. XI.

THus *Zophar* with acerbity reply'd:
Think'ſt thou by talking to be juſtifi'd?
r ſhall theſe wild diſtempers of thy mind,
his tempeſt of thy tongue, thus rave, and find
o oppoſition? ſhall we guilty be
f thy untruths, in not reproving thee?
or die thy cheeks in Bluſhes for the ſcorn
hou throw'ſt on us; till now with patience born?
aſt thou not ſaid to God? my heart's upright,
ly Doctrine pure, I blameleſs in thy ſight.
that he would be pleaſed to reply:
nd take the veil from thy Hypocriſie!
hould he reveal his wiſdom to thine eyes:
ow would'ſt thou thy integrity deſpiſe?
cknowledging theſe puniſhments far leſs
han thy offences? and his grace profeſs?
anſt thou into thy Makers Councils dive?
r to the knowledge of his thoughts arrive?
igher than higheſt Heavens; more deep than Hell;
onger than Earth; more broad than Seas that ſwell
bove their ſhores, can man his foot-ſteps trace?
Vould he the courſe of Nature change; the face
f things invert; and all diſſolve again
o their old Chaos; who could God reſtrain?
e knows that man is vain: his eyes detect
heir ſecret crimes? and ſhall not he correct?
hus Fools grow wiſe; ſubdue their ſtubborn Souls:
hough in their pride more rude than Aſſes foles.
thou affect thy cure: reform thy ways:
et penitence reſolve to tears, and raiſe
hy hands to Heaven; what Rapine got, reſtore:
or let inſidious Vice approach thy Door.

Then

Then thou thy looks ſhalt raiſe from blemiſh cle
Walk in full ſtrength, and no diſaſter fear.
As winter Torrents, tumbling from on high, (d
Waſte with their ſpeed, and leave their Chann
So ſhall the ſenſe of former ſorrows run
From thy Remembrance. As the mounted Sun
Breaks through the Clouds, and throws his gol
About the World; ſhall thy increaſing Days (R
Succeed in Glory. Thou thy ſelf ſhalt riſe
Like that bright Star, which laſt forſakes the ski
For ever by thy ſtedfaſt hopes ſecur'd;
Intrenched, and with walls of Braſs immur'd:
Confirm'd againſt all Storms. Soft ſleep ſhall cl
Thy guarded eyes with undiſturb'd repoſe.
The Great ſhall honour; the diſtreſſed ſhall
Thy grace implore: belov'd, or fear'd of all.
The ſight of thee, ſhall ſtrike the envious blind
The wicked, with anxiety of Mind
Shall pine away; in ſighs conſume their breath
Prevented in their hopes by ſudden Death.

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## *CHAP.* XII.

TO whom thus *Job:* You are the only wiſe;
And when you die the fame of wiſdom dies
Though Paſſion be a fool, though you profeſs
Your ſelves ſuch Sages: yet know I no leſs,
Nor am to you inferior. What blind Soul
Could this not ſee? 'Tis eaſie to controul.
My ſad example ſhews, how thoſe whoſe cries
Even God regards, their ſcoffing Friends deſpi
He that is wretched, though in life a Saint,
Becomes a ſcorn: This is an old Complaint.
Thoſe who grow old in fluency and eaſe,
When they from ſhore behold him toſt on Seas,
A

And near his ruine; his condition ſlight:
Pric'd as a Lamp conſum'd with his own light.
The Tents of Robbers flouriſh. Earths increaſe
Foments their riot who diſturb her peace.
Who God contemn, in ſin ſecurely reign:
And proſperous Crimes the meed of Vertue gain.
Ask thou the Citizens of pathleſs woods;
What cut the air with wings, what ſwim in floods;
Brute beaſts, and foſtering Earth: in general
They will confeſs the power of God in all.
Who knows not that his hands both good and ill
Diſpenſe? that Fate depends upon his will?
All that have Life are ſubject to his ſway:
And at his pleaſure proſper, or decay.
Is not the Ear the Judge of Eloquence?
Gives not the Palate to the Taſt his ſenſe?
Sure, knowledg is deriv'd from length of years:
And Wiſdoms brows are cloth'd with Silver hairs.
Gods power is as his prudence; equal great:
In Counſel, and Intelligence, compleat.
Who can what he ſhall ruin, build again?
Looſe whom he binds? or his ſtrong Arm reſtrain?
At his rebuke, the Living waters flie
To their old Springs, and leave their Channels dry:
When he commands, in Cataracts they roar:
And the wild Ocean leaves it ſelf no ſhore.
His Wiſdom and his Power our thoughts tranſcend:
Both the Deceiver and deceiv'd depend
Upon his beck: He thoſe who others rule
Infatuates, and makes the Judge a fool:
Diſſolves the Nerves of Empire, Kings deprives
Of Soveraignty; their Crowns exchang'd for gyves.
Impoveriſht Nobles into exile leads:
And on the Carcaſes of Princes treads.
Takes from the Orator his eloquence;
From ancient Sages their diſcerning ſenſe.

Subjects

Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong:
The valiant terrifies, disarms the strong.
Unveils the secrets of the silent Night:
Brings, what the shades of death obscures, to ligh
A Nation makes more numerous than the Stars:
Again devours with Famine, Plagues, and Wars.
Now, like a Deluge, they the Earth surround:
Forthwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound.
He Fortitude and Counsel takes away
From their Commanders: who in Deserts stray,
Grope in the Dark, and to no Seat confine
Their wandring feet; but reel as drunk with win

## *CHAP.* XIII.

THis by mine Eyes and ears have I convey'd
Down to my heart: and in that Closet lai
Need I in depth of knowledge yield to you?
Is not as much to my discretion due?
Oh that th'All-seeing Judge, who cannot err,
Would hear me plead; and with a wretch confer
You Corrosives into my wounds distil:
And ignorant Artists, with your physick kill.
Ah! shame you not to vent such forgeries?
Seal up your lips and be in silence wise.
And since you are by far more fit to hear,
Than to instruct; afford my tongue an ear.
Oh will you wickedly for God dispute?
And by deceitful ways strive to confute?
Are you, in favour of his person, bent
Thus to prejudicate the Innocent?
Needs he an Advocate to plead his Cause?
To justifie untruths against his Laws?
Can you on him such falsities obtrude?
And as a Mortal the most wise delude?

Wi

Will it avail you, when he ſhall remove,
Your painted Vizors? will not he reprove,
And ſharply puniſh; if in ſecret you,
For favour, or reward, Injuſtice do?
Shall not his Excellence your Souls affright?
His Horrors on your heads like Thunder light?
Your memories to aſhes muſt decay:
And your frail bodies are but built of clay.
Forbear to ſpeak, till my Conceptions ſhall
Diſcharge their Birth; then let what will befal.
Why ſhould I tear my fleſh? caſt off the care
Of future life? and languiſh in deſpair?
Though God ſhould kill me, I my confidence
On him would fix; nor quit my own defence.
He ſhall reſtore me by his ſaving might:
Nor ſhall the Hypocrite approach his ſight.
Give me your ears, Oh you who were my Friends;
While injur'd Innocence it ſelf defends,
I am prepar'd, and wiſh my Cauſe were try'd:
In full aſſurance to be juſtiſi'd.
Begin; who will accuſe? ſhould I not ſpeak
In ſuch a truth, my heart with grief would break.
Juſt Judge, two lets remove: that free from dread,
I may before thy high Tribunal plead.
Oh let theſe torments from my fleſh depart;
Nor with thy terrors daunt my trembling heart:
Then charge: ſo I my life may juſtifie:
And to my juſt complaint do thou reply.
What Sins are thoſe that ſo pollute my breſt:
Oh ſhew how oft I have thy Laws tranſgreſt?
Wilt thou thy Servant of thy ſight deprive,
And as an Enemy to Ruin drive?
Wilt thou a withered leaf to powder grind?
Toſt in the air by every breath of wind:
Or with thy Lightning into Aſhes turn
Such worthleſs Stubble? only dry'd to burn.

Thou haſt indited me of bitter Crimes:
Now puniſht, for the faults of former times.
Lo! my reſtrained feet thy fetters wound;
Watcht with a Guard, and rooted in the groun
Like rotten fruit I fall: worn like a cloth
Gnawn into rags by the devouring Moth.

## *CHAP.* XIV.

AH! few, and full of Sorrow, are the Days
Of Man from Woman ſprung: His life decay
Like that frail flower which with the Suns uprise
Her bud unfolds: and with the Evening Dies.
He like an empty Shadow glides away:
And all his Life is but a Winters Day.
Wilt thou thine Eye upon a vapour bend?
Or with ſo weak an oppoſite contend?
Who can a pure and Cryſtal Current bring,
From ſuch a muddy, and polluted Spring?
Oh, ſince his Days are numbred; ſince thou ha
Preſcrib'd him bounds that are not to be paſt:
A little with his puniſhment diſpence:
Till he have ſerv'd his time, and part from hence
A Tree, though hewn with Axes to the ground,
Renews his growth, and ſprings from his gree
Although his root wax old, his fivers dry; (wound
Although the ſapleſs bole begin to die;
Yet will at ſcent of Water freſhly ſprout:
And like a plant thruſt his young Branches out.
But Man, when once cut down; when his pale ghe
Fleets into air; he is for ever loſt.
As Meteors vaniſh, which the Seas exhale;
As Torrents in the drouth of Summer fail:
So periſht Man from Death ſhall never riſe;
But ſleep in ſilent Shades with ſeal'd-up Eyes:

Whil

While the Celestial Orbes in order roul,
And turn their flames about the stedfast Pole.
Oh that thou would'st conceal me in the Grave;
Immure with marble in that secret Cave,
Until the Tempest of thy wrath were past!
A time prefix, and think of me at last!
Can man recover his departed Breath?
I will expect until my change in Death;
And answer at thy call: Thou wilt renew
What thou hast ruin'd, and my fears subdue.
But now thou tell'st my Steps, mark'st when I err:
Nor wilt the vengeance due to Sin defer.
Thou in a Bag hast my Transgressions seal'd:
And only by their Punishments reveal'd. (thrown;
As Mountains, tost by Earth-quakes, down are
Rocks torn up by the roots: as hardest Stone
The softly-falling drops of water wear;
As Inundations all before them bear;
And leave the Earth abandoned: so shall
Th' aspiring hopes of Man to nothing fall.
Thy wrath prevails against him every Day;
Whom with a changed Face thou send'st away:
Then knows not if his Sons to honour rise;
Or struggle with their strong necessities.
But here his wasting Flesh with anguish burns:
And his perturbed Soul within him mourns.

## *CHAP.* XV.

JOB paus'd: to whom the *Themanite* replies:
Can man such follies utter and be wise?
Which bluster from the Tempest of thy mind,
As if thy breast inclos'd the Eastern wind.
Wilt thou thy idle rage by Reason prove? (move?
Or speak those Thoughts which have no power to

Thou from thy rebel Heart haſt God exil'd;
Kept back thy Prayers his ſacred Truth revil'd.
Thy Lips declare thy own impiety;
Accuſe of fraud, condemn thee; and not I.
Art thou the firſt of Mortals? wert thou made
Before the Hills their lofty Brows diſplay'd?
Hath God to thee his Oracles reſign'd?
Is wiſdom only to thy Breaſt confin'd?
What know'ſt thou that we know not? as complete
In Natures graces; in acquir'd, as great.
There are gray heads among us: Counſellers,
To whom thy Father was a Boy in Years.
Slightſt thou the Comforts we from God impart?
What greater Secret lurks in thy proud heart,
That hurries thee into theſe ecſtaſies?
What fury flames in thy diſdainful Eyes?
Wilt thou a War againſt thy Maker wage? (rage?
And wound him with thy tongues blaſphemous
Was ever humane fleſh from blemiſh clear?
Can they be guiltleſs whom frail women bear?
He truſteth not his Miniſters of Light:
The radiant Stars ſhine dimly in his Sight.
How perfect then is man? from head to foot
Defil'd with filth, and rotten at the root.
Who poys'ning ſin with burning thirſt devours:
As parched Earth ſucks in the falling ſhowers.
What I have heard and ſeen (would'ſt thou intend
Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend;
Which oft the wiſe have in my thoughts reviv'd:
To them from knowing Anceſtors deriv'd;
Who God-like over happy Nations reign'd,
And Vertue by ſuppreſſing Vice ſuſtain'd.
Th'Unjuſt his Days in painful travel ſpends:
The Cruel ſuddenly to Death deſcends.
He ſtarts at every ſound that ſtrikes his Ear:
And puniſhment anticipates by fear.

Who

Who from the height of all his Glory ſhall,
Like newly-kindled Exhalations, fall:
Deſpairs cold breath his ſpringing hopes confounds:
Who feels th'expected Sword before it wounds.
He begs his bread from door to door, and knows
The Night draws on that muſt his Day incloſe.
Horror and anguiſh ſhall his Soul affright;
Daunt like a King that draws his Troops to fight.
Since he againſt the Almighty ſtretcht his hand,
And like a rebel ſpurn'd at his Command;
God ſhall upon his ſeven-fold target ruſh,
And his ſtiff neck beneath his ſhoulders cruſh.
Though Luxury ſwell in his ſhining eyes,
And his fat belly load his yielding thighs:
Though he diſmantled Cities fortifie,
From their deſerted ruins rais'd on high:
Yet his congeſted wealth ſhall melt like ſnow;
Whoſe growth ſhall never to perfection grow.
Deſtruction ſhall ſurround him: nor ſhall he
His Soul from that dark night of Horror free:
God with his breath ſhall all his Branches blaſt:
And ſcorch with lightning by his vengeance caſt.
Will the deluded truſt to vanity?
And by the ſtroak of his own folly die?
For he ſhall be cut down before his time:
His ſpreading Branches wither in their prime.
Lo, as a ſtorm which with the Sun aſcends,
From creeping vines their unripe cluſters rends;
And the fat Olive, ever green with Leaves,
Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves:
So ſhall the great Revenger ruinate
Him and his Iſſue, by a dreadful fate.
Thoſe Fools who fraud with piety diſguiſe,
And by corrupting Bribes to Greatneſs riſe;
Their Glories ſhall in deſolation mourn:
While hungry flames their lofty ſtructures burn.

With Mischief they conceive; their bellies great
With swelling Vanity, bring forth Deceit.

## CHAP. XVI.

THen *Job*: How long wilt thou thus vex mine ears!
You all are miserable Comforters.
Shall this vain wind of words, ah! never end?
Why *Eliphas* should'st thou afflict thy Friend?
Were you so lost in grief, would I thus speak?
Such bruised hearts with harsh invectives break?
Would I accumulate your Miseries
With Scorn? and draw new Rivers from your Eyes?
Oh no, my language should your passions calm:
My words should drop into your wounds like balm.
But oh my frantick Sorrow finds no ease!
Complaints nor silence can their pangs appease!
Thou Lord hast my perplexed Soul depreſt;
Bereft of all the comforts she possest:
My Face thus furrowed with untimely age;
My pale and meagre looks profess thy rage.
Whose Ministers, like cunning foes, surprize;
Tear with their teeth, transfix me with their eyes;
Against my peace combine: at once assail,
With open mouths, and impudently rail.
God hath deliver'd me into their Jaws (Laws.
Who hunt for spoil, and make their Swords their
Long sail'd I on smooth Seas, by fore-winds born:
Now bulg'd on rocks, and by his Tempests torn.
He by the Neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut;
And set me as a mark on every Butt.
His Archers circle me; my reins they wound,
And, ruthless, shed my gall upon the ground.
Behold! he ruins upon ruins heaps:
And on me like a furious Giant leaps.

For

For thus with ſackcloth I inveſt my Woe:
And duſt upon my clouded forehead throw.
My cheeks are gutter'd with my fretting tears:
And on my falling Eye-lids Death appears.
Yet is my heart upright, my prayers ſincere;
My guiltleſs Life from your aſperſions clear.
Reveal, oh Earth, the Blood that I have ſpilt:
Nor hear me, Heaven, if I be ſoil'd with guilt.
My Conſcience knows her own Integrity:
And that all-ſeeing Power inthron'd on high.
Yet you traduce me in my Miſeries:
But I to God erect my weeping Eyes.
Would I before him might my cauſe defend;
And argue as a mortal with his friend:
Since I ere long that precipice muſt tread,
Whence none return, that leads unto the Dead.

## *CHAP.* XVII.

MY Spirits are infected, and my Tomb
Yawns to devour me; my laſt Days are come.
Yet you with bitter ſcorn my pangs increaſe;
Nor, ah! will ſuffer me to die in peace.
What Advocate will take your cauſe in hand;
And for you at the high Tribunal ſtand?
Since God your erring Souls deprives of ſenſe;
Nor will exalt you in your own defence.
His Children ſhall their days in ſorrow end,
Whoſe tongue with flattery deludes his Friend.
I to the vulgar am become a Jeſt:
Eſteemed as a Minſtrel at a Feaſt.
My ſleepleſs eyes their ſplendor quench in tears:
My tortur'd body to a ſhadow wears.
This, in the Righteous wonder ſhall excite:
The Innocent ſhall hate the Hypocrite.

He in the path prescrib'd shall boldly go:
And his untainted strength shall stronger grow.
Revoke your wandring Censures, nor despise
The wretched: you who seem, but are not wise.
My flying hours arrive at their last date:
My thoughts and fortunes buryed in my fate.
How soon my shortned Day is chang'd to Night!
Abortive Darkness veils my setting Light.
Oh can your counsel his despair defer,
Who now is housed in his Sepulchre?
I, in the shades of death my Bed have made.
Corruption thou my Father art, I said,
And thou, O Worm, my Mother: by thy Birth
My Sister; born, and nourished by Earth.
Where now are all my hopes? oh never more
Shall they revive! nor Death her rapes restore!
But to the graves infernal prison must
With me descend, and rot in shrouds of Dust.

## *CHAP.* XVIII.

TO whom thus *Bildad:* when wilt thou forbear
To clamor, and afford a patient ear?
Do'st thou as beasts thy ancient friends despise?
Are we so vile and trivial in thine Eyes?
Oh miserable Man, by thy own rage
In pieces torn: can fury grief asswage?
Will God for thee the govern'd Earth forsake?
His purpose change, and Rocks asunder shake?
He shall their light extinguish who decline
From Vertues paths: their sparks shall cease to shine.
The Wicked shall be compassed about
With Darkness: and his oylless Lamp fly out.
His wasted strength unthought-of mischiefs shall
Intrap; and he by his own counsels fall.

His

His desperate feet their Lord to Ruin lead:
And on prepared Engines rashly tread.
The Hunter shall intangle in his Toil;
And rav'nous Thieves of all his Substance spoil:
Snares, spread with tempting baits, for him shall lay;
And dig concealed Pit-falls in his way.
A thousand horrors shall his Soul affright,
Encounter; and pursue his guilty flight.
Destruction shall upon his Steps attend;
And famines rage into his guts descend:
She shall the Sinews of his strength devour,
And Death's First born shall crop him in his flower:
Cut off his confidence; and to the King
Of Terrors, his accused Conscience, bring.
Driven from the House, unjustly call'd his own;
By rapine got: which flaming sulphur, thrown
From Heaven, shall burn: his root within the ground
Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
He and his dying memory shall rot;
His name even by the present Age forgot.
From light into perpetual Darkness hurl'd;
And, as a Mischief, chas'd out of the World.
No Son, or Nephew shall supply his place:
Himself the last of his accursed Race.
Posterity, as those then living, shall
With wonder tremble at his fearful fall.
So tragical and merited a fate
Shall swallow those, who God and Justice hate.

## *CHAP.* XIX.

HOW long, said *Job*, will you with bitter words
Thus wound my Soul? your tongues more [sharp than Swords,
Ten times have you aspersions on me thrown:
Your selves, as Strangers, without blushing shown.

If

If I have sinn'd, my Sins with me remain:
And I alone the punishment sustain.
It is inhumane cruelty in you
Thus to insult; and his reproach pursue
Whom Gods own hand hath cast unto the ground
And in a Labyrinth of Sorrow wound.
Unheard are my Complaints: my cries the wind
Drives through the air: my wrongs no Judgment
God, with besieging Troops, prevents my flight (sin
And folds my paths in shades more dark than nigh
Hath stript me of my Glory; my Renown
Eclips'd: and from my Temples torn my Crown
On every side destroy'd; trod under foot:
I, as a plant, am pul'd up by the Root.
His indignation like a Furnace glows
Who, as a Foe at me his lightning throws.
All his assembled Plagues at once devour:
And round about my tents incamp their Power.
My Mothers Sons desert me: left alone
By my Familiars; by my Friends unknown.
My Kindred fail me: these alone depend
On fortunes smiles; the wretched finds no frien
Those of my Family their Master slight:
Grown despicable in my hand-maids sight.
I of my churlish servants am unheard:
My sufferings, nor Intreaties, they regard.
My Wife neglects me; though desir'd to take
Some pity on me, for our Childrens sake.
By idle Boys, and Idiots vilifi'd:
Who me, and my Calamities deride.
My Intimates far from my sight remove:
Those, whom I favour'd most, ungrateful prov
My Skin cleaves to my Bones: of this remains
No part entire, but what my teeth contains.
Oh my hard-hearted friends! take some remorse
Of him, whom God hath made a Living Corse.

Wi

Vill you with God in my afflictions join?
Vill't not suffice that I in Torments pine?
h that the words I speak were registred
Vrit in a Book, for ever to be read!
r that the tenor of my just complaint
Vere sculpt with steel on Rocks of Adamant!
r my Redeemer lives: I know he shall
escend to Earth, and man to Judgment call.
hough worms devour me, though I turn to mold;
et in my flesh I shall his face behold.
rom my marble Monument shall rise
gain intire, and see him with these Eyes:
hough stern diseases now consume my Reins;
nd drink the blood out of my shrivel'd veins.
were better said: why should we persecute
ur friend; whose cause is solid at the Root?
h fear the Sword; for punishments succeed
ur Trespasses; and cruelty must bleed.

## CHAP. XX.

'Hus answer'd the incenst *Nahamathite:*
I had been silent, but thy words excite
y strugling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
ast on our zeal by thy reproachful tongue.
his is a truth which with the world began;
nce Earth was first inhabited by man:
n's triumph in swift misery concludes;
nd flattering joy the Hypocrite deludes.
lthough his excellence to Heaven aspire;
hough radiant Beams his shining Brows attire;
e, as his dung, shall perish on the ground:
or shall th' impression of his Steps be found;
ut like a troubled Dream shall take his flight:
nd vanish as a Vision of the Night.

No

No mortal Eye shall see his face again:
Nor sumptuous roofs their builder entertain.
If he have Children, they shall serve the poor:
And goods by rapine got, enforc't, restore.
The punishments of Luxury and Lust
Shall eat his Bones; nor leave him in the Dust.
Though vice, like sweet confections, please his t
Although between his tongue and palate plac'd
Though he preserve, and chew it with delight;
Nor bridle his licentious appetite:
Yet shall it in his boyling Stomach turn
To bitter poyson; and like wild-fire burn.
He shall cast up the wealth by him devour'd,
Like vomit from his yawning Entrails pour'd:
The gall of Aspes with thirsty lips suck in;
The Vipers deadly teeth shall pierce his skin:
Nor ever shall those happy Rivers know,
Which with pure Oil and fragrant Honey flow.
The Riches purchas'd by his Care and sweat,
He shall resign; nor of his Labors eat:
But restitution to the value make;
Nor joy in his extorted treasure take.
Since he the poor forsook; the weak oppreſt;
The Mansion, by another built, possest:
His Belly never shall be satisfi'd;
Nor he with his adored wealth supply'd.
Of all his Sustenance at once bereft:
No heir shall strive to inherit what is left.
He, in the pride of his full Glory, shall
To Earth descend; and by the wicked fall.
About to feed; *Jehova*'s flaming Ire
Shall blast his hopes, and mix his food with fire
While from the raging Sword he vainly flies,
A Bow of Steel shall fix his trembling thighs.
Darts through his flowing gall shall force their wa
Eternal terrors shall his Soul dismay.

Thi

hick darkness shall infold; a fire unblown
evour his Race, by their misfortunes known.
eaven shall reveal his close impieties:
nd Earth, by him defil'd, against him rise.
is Substance in that Day of wrath shall waste;
ike sudden Torrents from steep Mountains cast.
his is the Portion of the Hypocrite:
ich Horrors shall on the Blasphemer light.

## CHAP. XXI.

THE *Huzite* sigh'd, and said: My words attend:
Afford this only comfort to your friend.
uffer my tongue to speak my thoughts: and then
enew your scoffs: do I complain to Men?
nce God such dreadful Arms against me bears:
h why should I suppress my sighs and tears!
ly sufferings with astonishment survay:
nd on your silent lips your fingers lay.
or should my Enemy indure the like;
he Story would my Soul with horror strike.
Vhy live the wicked? they by vices thrive;
ail on smooth Seas, and at their Port arrive:
onfirm a long succession; and behold
heir numerous off-spring: in excess grow old.
heir Houses on secure foundations stand:
or are they humbled by the Almighties hand.
heir lusty Bulls serve not their Kine in vain:
heir Calves the Breeders their full time retain.
broad like flocks their little ones they send:
heir Children dance, in active Sports contend;
trike the melodious Harp, shrill Timbrels ring:
nd to the warbling Lute soft Ditties sing.
ife is to them a long-continued Feast:
nd sleep is not more calm than Deaths arrest.

To

To God they ſay; Enjoy thy Heaven alone:
Be thou to us, as we to thee, unknown.
For what is he, that we ſhould him obey?
Or fruitleſs vows before his Altar pay?
Yet their Felicity from him proceeds:
Nor am I culpable of their miſdeeds.
When are their Tapers quencht? do they expir
Struck by the Thunderer, with Darts of fire?
How oft are they like Chaff by whirl-winds to
Or early Bloſſoms bitten by the Froſt?
When are their Vices puniſht in their ſeed?
When for their own offences do they bleed?
How often tread deſtructions horrid Path?
And drink the dregs of the Revengers wrath?
Care they for their deſerted Families;
When Deaths all-curing hand ſhall cloſe their eye
Shall Man his Maker teach, who ſits on high;
And ſways the worlds inferior Monarchy?
Two Men at once behold: the one poſſeſt
Of his deſires, with peace and plenty bleſt:
From whoſe ſwoln breaſt a ſtream of milk diſtil
Whoſe bones high feeding with hot marrow fills
The other, miſerable from his birth:
A burthen to himſelf, and to the Earth.
Who never could his Hungers rage ſuffice.
That in perfection; This in Sorrow dies.
Yet Death, more equal, theſe extreams conform
And covers their corrupting fleſh with worms.
I know your Counſels; can your thoughts dete
The forged Crimes you purpoſe to object.
Where are, ſay you, thoſe Palaces that blas'd
With burniſht Gold, on carved Columns rais'd
Built on the Ruins of the poor; the ſoil
By extortion purchas'd; and adorn'd with ſpoi
Be judg'd by Travellers: they will confute
What falſly you ſuggeſt, and ſtrike you mute.

Fo

For these, and those, who high in Vice command,
Against the Thunders rage securely stand:
And flourish in the Day of wrath, when all
About them by the stroak of Slaughter fall.
Who dare against the great in Mischief plead?
Or turn his Injuries upon his head?
They shall his Corps with Funeral Pomp Inter:
And lodge him in a sumptuous Sepulchre.
The Flowers which in the circling Valley grow,
Shall on his Monument their Odors throw.
All that survive shall follow him; and tread
That common path, b'innumerable led.
Why vainly then pretend you my relief?
And with false comforts aggravate my grief?

## *CHAP.* XXII.

CAN Man his Maker benefit (replide
The *Themanite*) as he by wisdoms guide
May his own joys advance? can he delight
From him receive, because his heart's upright?
Avails it him that thou from vice art clear?
Makes he thee guilty? or condemns for fear?
No *Job*, thy Sins these punishments beget:
Thy Sins which are as infinite as great.
Thou of their garments oft hast stript the poor;
Thy Brothers pledge refusing to restore:
No water would'st unto the thirsty give;
Nor with thy bread the Hungry Soul relieve:
While mighty men, and those who more possest
Than serv'd for Ryot, surfeit at thy feast.
Sad widows, by thee rifled, weep in vain:
And ruin'd Orphans of thy Rapes complain.
For this unthought of Snares begirt thee round;
And sudden fears thy troubled Soul confound:

Dark

Dark clouds before thine Eyes their Vapors spread
And thronging Billows roul above thy head.
Perhaps these fumes from thy distemper rise:
Sits not *Jehovah* on the arched Skies?
Behold the Stars, which underneath display
Their sparkling fires; how far remov'd are they
What can he at so great a distance know?
Can he from thence behold our deeds below?
Thick interposing Mists his eye-sight bound:
Who free from trouble treads th'Etherial Round
Hast thou observ'd those crooked paths, wherein
They blindly wander who are slaves to Sin?
Snatcht from their hopes by an untimely end:
Cast down like Torrents, never to ascend.
Who said to God; us to our fortunes leave:
From thee what benefit do we receive?
Yet he their Houses with abundance stor'd.
With Showers of Gold: the God their Souls ador'd
Oh how my Soul, their wicked Counsel hates!
The Righteous shall behold their tragick fates;
Joy at their early-Ruin: then deride
Their flattered Glory, and now-humbled Pride.
But we, and ours, shall flourish in his Grace;
When searching Flames devour their cursed Race
Consult with God; thy troubled mind compose
So he shall give a period to thy woes.
Receive the Laws his sacred Lips impart:
And lodge them in the closet of thy heart.
If thou return; he will thy fall erect:
Nor shall contagious Sin thy Roof infect.
Then shalt thou gather shining heaps of Gold,
As pebles which the purling Streams infold:
Trod under foot like dust. Thy God shall be
A Silver shield, a Tower of Gold to thee.
For thou on him shalt thy affections place:
And humbly to his Throne exalt thy face.

Thou at his Altar ſhalt devoutly pray:
He ſhall conſent, and thou thy vows ſhalt pay.
He ſhall thy wiſhes to fruition raiſe:
And ſhed Celeſtial Beams upon thy Ways.
When Men are from their Noon of Glory thrown;
And under Sin and Sorrows burthen grone:
Then ſhalt thou ſay; Th'Almighty from the grave
Hath me redeem'd: He will the humble ſave.
Thoſe guilty Souls who languiſh in Deſpair,
God ſhall reſtore; and ſtrengthen at thy Prayer.

## *CHAP.* XXIII.

THen *Job*: though my complaints obſerve no (bounds;
Yet Oh, how far leſs bitter than my wounds!
Would his divine Receſs to me were known;
That I at length might plead before his Throne.
I would ſuch weighty arguments inforce,
As ſhould convert his Fury to Remorſe.
Then ſhould my longing Soul his anſwer hear:
Would he object his power? or daunt with fear?
Oh no, his Goodneſs rather would impart
New vigor, and repair my broken Heart.
He would the Plea of Innocence admit:
And me for ever by his Sentence quit.
But is not to be found: though I ſhould run
To thoſe diſcloſing Portals of the Sun;
And walk his way, until his Horſes ſteep
Their fiery fetlocks in the *Iberian* deep:

Or ſhould I to the oppoſed Poles repair;
Where equal cold congeals the fixed air:
And yet his ſearching Eyes my paths behold
When he hath try'd me I ſhall ſhine like gold:
For in his tract my wary feet have ſtept;
His undeclined ways preciſely kept:
Nor ever, have revolted from his Laws:
To me more ſweet than food to hungry Jaws.
But he is ſtill the ſame: (oh who can ſhun,
Or change his Fate!) what he decrees is done.
This truth behold in me: His Myſteries
Are Sacred, and conceal'd from mortal Eyes.
I therefore tremble at his dreadful ſight:
Diſtracted thoughts my troubled Soul affright.
For oh, his terror melts my heart to tears;
Diſſolves my brain, and harrows me with fears.
Who neither would by Death prevent my woes;
Nor eaſe my Soul in theſe her bitter Throes.

## CHAP. XXIV.

WHY are the puniſhments by God decreed
To wicked men, and their rebellious Seed,
Since times to come are preſent in his ſight,
Conceal'd from thoſe who in his Laws delight?
Some ſlily marks remove from bordering Lands;
Feed on the Flocks they purchaſe, with ſtrange hands
The Orphans only Aſs they drive away;
And make the Widows morgag'd Oxe their prey:

Who

Who force the frighted poor to turn aside;
Whom milder Rocks in their dark Caverns hide.
Like Asses in the Desert, they their Toil
With Day renew; and rise betimes for Spoil.
The barren Wilderness presents them food
To feed themselves, and their adulterate brood.
Their Sicklers reap the Corn another sows: (flows.
They drink the Blood which from stoln clusters
The poor, by them disrobed, naked Lie:
Vail'd with no other covering but the skie.
Expos'd to stiffning frosts, and drenching showers,
Which thickned Air from her black bosom pours:
To Torrents which from cloudy Mountains spring;
And to the hanging Cliffs for shelter cling. (rend;
They from their Mothers Breasts poor Orphans
Nor without gages to the needy lend.
For want of cloths they force them starve with cold:
From hungry Reapers they their sheaves withhold:
Those faint for thirst who in their Vintage toil;
And from the Juicie Olive press pure Oil.
Oppressed Cities groan; the wounded cry
To Heaven for Vengeance: yet in peace they die.
Others, that truth oppose; despise the way
Of her prescriptions, and in Darkness stray:
Stern Murtherers, that rise before the light
To kill the Innocent; and rob at night:
Unclean Adulterers, whose longing Eyes
Wait for the twy-light; enter in disguise,
And say, who sees us? Thieves who daily mark
Those Houses which they plunder in the Dark:
These Strangers are to light; the Morning Rayes
By them are hated as their last of Dayes:
The Agonies of Death are on them, when
They are but known, or spoken of by Men:

And yet they perish by *Jehovah*'s Curse;
And fail like roaring floods that have no Sourse.
Unlike the generous Vine, which cut, abounds
With budding Jems; and prospers in her wounds
As scorching heat the Mountain Snow devours;
As thirsty Earth drinks up the falling Showrs:
Even so the Graves insatiable Jaws
Those Rebels swallow, who infringe his Laws.
The Wombs that bare, their Burthens shall forget
And greedy Worms their flesh with pleasure eat.
No tongue or Pen shall mention their Renown:
But lie like Trees by sudden Storms cast down.
The barren they more miserable make:
And from the Widow all her Comfort take.
The Mighty fall in their seditious strife:
When once they rise, who can secure his life?
Though they be resolute and confident:
Yet are *Jehovah*'s Eyes upon them bent.
But oh, how short their glory! rais'd to fall:
Lost in the Ashes of their Funeral.
For they as others die: like Ears of Corn
By lightning blasted; or with sickles shorn.
Who doubts these contraries? who will dispute
Against me? and my Instances confute?

## *CHAP.* XXV.

SHuetian *Bildad* made this short reply:
Dominion, and awful Majesty,

To

To him belong, who Crown'd with sacred Rayes,
The Host of Heaven in perfect concord sways.
Who can his Armies number? infinite,
And full of Fate! on whom shines not his light?
Can Mortals righteous in his Eyes appear?
Can they be spotless whom frail women bear?
To him the radiant Sun is but obscure;
The Moon still in Eclipse; the Stars impure.
What then is Man? polluted in his Birth;
An unclean Worm that crauls upon the Earth?

## *CHAP.* XXVI.

ALL Tongues, said *Job*, of thy perfections speak;
Thou he that renders vigor to the weak:
Thy strength the feeble Arm with Nerves supplies;
Thou by thy Counsel mak'st the foolish wise:
No secret from thy Knowledge is conceal'd;
Celestial Oracles by thee reveal'd.
To whom art thou so prodigal of breath?
Or by what vertue dost thou raise from Death?
Gods Works, Oh *Bildad*, we admire no less:
His prudence in their Government confess.
Dead things within the Deep were form'd by him;
And all that in the curled Ocean swim.
The silent vaults of Death, unknown to Light;
And Hell it self, lie naked to his sight.
He fashion'd those Harmonious Orbs, that roul
In restless Gyres about the Artick Pole,

The massy Earth, supported by his Care,
On nothing hangs in soft and fluent Air.
He in thick Clouds the pendent water binds;
Not thaw'd with heat, nor torn with strugling winds
Before his radiant Throne like Curtains spred;
Yet at his beck in showrs their substance shed.
With constant bounds the raging floods confines;
Till Day his Throne to endless Night resigns. (rake
Heavens Columns, when his Storms and Thunder
The troubled Air, with sudden Horror shake,
Lo, at his Breath the swelling waves divide:
His awful Scepter calms their vanquish't pride.
Whose hand the adorned Firmament displai'd;
Those Serpentine yet constant Motions, made.
These but in part his power and wisdom show:
For Oh how little do we Mortals know!
Although his Fame resound through all the world;
Like Thunder from aerial vapors hurl'd.

## *CHAP.* XXVII.

THey silenc't, *Job* proceeds in his Defence:
As the Lord lives, who knows my Innocence;
Yet will not judge: but hath my Soul depriv'd
Of all her Joys; to Misery long-liv'd:
While these my vital Spirits shall receive
The food of Air, and through my Nostrils breath:
No falsehood shall defile my Lips with Lies:
Or with a vail the face of Truth disguise.

Nor

Nor will I wound my clear Integrity,
By yielding to your wrongs, but rather die.
Shall I my ſelf betray, my Strength refuſe,
Deſert my Juſtice, and my truth accuſe?
Firſt may I ſink by Torments yet unknown:
That thoſe which now I ſuffer may ſeem none.
Let ſuch as hate me in their Sins rejoice;
And ſurfeit with the pleaſant Baits of Vice:
What hope hath the prevailing Hypocrite,
When God ſhall chaſe his Soul to Endleſs Night?
Will God relieve him in his Agonies?
Or from the Depth of Sorrow hear his Cries?
Will he in God delight, his aid implore
Inceſſantly, and his great Name adore?
Oh be inſtructed by theſe Characters
Of his impreſſion, which my Body bears!
His more ſecret Judgments will diſcloſe:
Which you have ſeen, yet deſperately oppoſe.
This is the Portion which the wicked hath;
He ſhall inherit the Almighties wrath:
The lawleſs Sword his Childrens blood ſhall ſhed;
Increaſt for ſlaughter; born to beg their bread.
Death ſhall the Remnant in his Dungeon keep:
No Widow at his funeral ſhall weep.
Although he gather Gold like heaps of Duſt,
The fuel of his Luxury and Luſt:
His Cabinets with change of Garments fraught
By ſilk-worms ſpun, and Phrygian Needles wrought:
Yet for the Juſt reſerv'd; who ſhall divide
His Treaſure, and diveſt him of his pride.
Though he his Houſe of poliſht Marble build;
With Jaſper floor'd, and carved Cedar ſeil'd:
Yet ſhall it ruin like the Moth's frail cell;
Or ſheds of Reeds, which Summers heat repel.

He ſhall lie down, neglected, as unknown:
And when he wakes, ſee nothing of his own.
Terrors, like ſwallowing Deluges, ſhall fright:
Swept from his Bed by Tempeſts in the Night:
Like ſcatter'd Down by howling *Eurus* blown;
By rapid Hurl-winds from his Manſion thrown.
God ſhall transfix him with his winged Dart:
Though he avoid him like the flying Hart:
Men ſhall purſue with merited diſgrace;
Hiſs, clap their hands, and from his Country chaſe.

---

## *CHAP.* XXVIII.

THere are rich Veins of Gold, and ſilver Mines;
Whoſe Ore the fire in Crucibles refines.
So dig'd up Iron is in the Furnace blown:
And Braſs extracted from the melting Stone.
Men through the wounded Earth inforce their way;
And ſhew the under Shades an unknown Day:
While from her bowels they her Treaſure tear;
And to their avarice ſubject their fear.
There they with Subterranean Waters meet;
And Currents, never touch't by humane feet:
Theſe, by their bold endeavours, are made dry;
And from the Induſtry of Mortals flie.
The Earth with yellow ears her brows attires;
Although her Jaws exhale imboſom'd fires.
Torn Rocks the ſparkling Diamond unfold;
The bluſhing Ruby, and pure grains of Gold.

Thoſe

hose gloomy vaults no wandring foul descries:
or are they pierced by the Vultures Eyes.
wift Tygres, which in pathless Deserts stray,
or solitary Lyons tread that way.
heir restless Labors cleave the living Stone:
loud-touching Mountains by their Roots ore-
(thrown.
ew streams through wondering Rocks their tract
Vhile they the Magazines of Nature view: (pursue;
Vho swelling Floods with narrow bounds inclose;
nd what in Darkness lurkt, to Light expose.
ut where above the Earth, or under ground,
an Wisdom by the search of Man be found?
er worth his estimation far excels:
onceal'd from sense, nor with the living dwells.
he Seas reply; she lies not in our Deeps:
or in our floods her radiant tresses steeps.
or are her rare endowments to be sold
or silver Hills; or Rivers pav'd with gold.
or for the glittering sand by Ophir shown;
he blew-ey'd Saphir, or rich Onyx stone:
or Rocks of Crystal from the Ocean brought:
or Jewels by the rarest workman wrought.
an blazing Carbuncles with her compare?
r groves of Coral hardned by the Air?
he Tophas sent from scorched *Meroe?*
r Pearls presented by the Indian Sea?
Vhence comes she? from what undiscover'dLand?
r where doth her concealed Palace stand?
nce O, invisible to mortal Eye:
r winged Travellers that trace the skie.
eath and Destruction say; her fame alone
ath reach'd our Ears; but to our Eyes unknown.
od only understands her sacred ways:
he Temple knows where she her Light displays.

For

For he at once the Orb of Earth beholds;
And all that Heav'ns blew Canopy infolds:
To measure out the strugling Winds by weight
That else the world would tear in their debate:
And bridle the wilds Floods; lest they their bou
Again should pass, and all the Earth surround.
When he in Clouds the dropping waters hung,
And through their roaring jaws his Lightning flu
Then he beheld her face, her light displaid,
Prepar'd her paths, and thus to Mortals said:
The fear of God is wisdom; and to fly
From Evil, is of vertues the most high.

---

## *CHAP.* XXIX.

*JOB* paus'd; forthwith these words his sighs purs
Oh that those happy Days would now rene
When God beneath his shield my safety plac'd!
When his clear lamp a sacred Splendor cast
About my Brows! by whose directing light
I trod securely through the Shades of Night!
That now I had what I in youth possest,
When he my Mansion with his presence blest!
When those who from my veins deriv'd their blo
Like springing Lawrels round about me stood!
When Butter washt my Steps, when Streams of O
Gusht from the Rocks, and Plenty free from to
When through the gazing Streets I past in Stat
To my Tribunal, in the Cities Gate!

he blushing Youth their vertuous awe disclose,
nd from their Seats the reverend Elders rose.
ttentive Princes such a silence kept,
s if their Souls had in their Bodies slept.
h'astonish't Nobles stood like men that were
epriv'd of all their Senses but the ear.
ll Ears that heard, my equal Justice prais'd:
ll Eyes that saw, their Lids with wonder rais'd.
from Oppressors did the Poor defend;
he Fatherless, and such as had no friend.
hose sav'd, whom wicked Power sought to destroy:
nd made the widows heart to spring with joy.
put on Truth: she cloth'd me with renown:
y Justice was to me a precious Crown.
yes lent I to the blind; feet to the Lame:
Father to the Comfortless became.
search't what from my knowledge was conceal'd:
nd clouded Truth by her own light reveal'd.
ft with my Scepter brake the Lyons jaws
nd snatcht the prey out of his armed paws.
hen said; my Days shall as the Sand increase:
nd I in my own nest shall die in peace.
y Root was by the living water spred:
nd Night her dew upon my Branches shed.
y Glories Crescent to a Circle grew:
nd I my Bow with doubled vigor drew.
hen I but spake, they hung upon my look:
nd as an Oracle my Counsel took.
one spake but I; each his own Judgment fears:
y words like honey dropt into their Ears;
hich readily with joy they entertain,
s Yawning Earth devours the latter Rain.
lthough I smil'd, none would my thoughts suspect:
or on my Mirth a frowning look reflect:

But

But trod the path which I their Chief propos'd,
I King-like ſate, with armed Troops inclos'd:
Gave timely Comforts to the Soul that mourn'
Rais'd from the Duſt, and tears to Laughter turn

## CHAP. XXX.

OH bitter change! now Boys my groans deri
The wretched object of their ſcorn and pri
Whoſe Fathers I unworthy held to keep,
With leſs contemned Dogs, my Flocks of Shee
How could their youth to my advantage turn?
Or elder age, with weakning vices worn?
Who, pale with famine, to the Deſert fled;
On roots of Juniper and Mallows fed:
Whom Men from their Society exclude;
Deteſted, and like Thieves with cries purſu'd:
Conceal'd in hollow Rocks, in gloomy Caves,
And Cliffs deep vaulted by the fretting waves:
Among the Buſhes they like Aſſes braid:
And in the Brakes their Conventicles made.
The Sons of Idiots, of ignoble Birth:
Contaminate, and vilier than the Earth.
Yet now am I obnoxious to their wrongs:
A By-word, and the Subject of their Songs.
Who exerciſe their tongues in my diſgrace;
Abhor my paths, and ſpit upon my face.
They, ever ſince the inrag'd omnipotent
Diſſolv'd my Sinews, and my Bow unbent;

Li

ike head-strong Horses, twixt their teeth have tane
he master'd Bridle, and contemn'd the rein.
o, Boyes against me rise, and strow my way
Vith Snares; then watch the cruel traps they lay:
Vho now my paths pervert; their hate extend
o multiply his woes, that hath no friend.
s Seas against the Shores strong Rampires stretch
heir battering waves, and force a dreadful breach:
Vith equal fury they upon me roul;
ven to the desolation of my Soul.
esieging Terrors storm-like roar aloud;
urfue, and chase me like an empty Cloud.
how my Soul is pour'd upon the ground!
ull grown Affliction hath a subject found.
orments by Night my wasted marrow boil:
Ly Pulses labour with unequal toil.
Ly sores pollute my garments: Plagues infest
Ly poysoned skin, and like a Coat invest.
I am Dust and Ashes! Lord, thou hast
own in the dirt the broken-hearted cast.
hy Ears the incense of my Prayers reject:
o tears nor vows can alter thy neglect.
h! hast thou lost thy mercy! Wilt thou fight
gainst a worm, and in his groans delight!
hou setst me on the winds; with every blast
oft to and fro, while I to nothing wast.
see my Death approach: I to the womb
f Earth am call'd, of all the general Tomb.
hou never wilt the Dead to Life restore:
hough here in Sorrow they thy grace implore.
ow oft have I for those that suffer'd, wept!
fflicted for the poor, when others slept:
et when I lookt for joy, for cheerful light;
hen grief fell on, and shades more black than night.

My

My tortur'd Bowels found no hour of rest:
By Troops of sudden miseries oppress.
Unknown to Day, I mourn'd: my clamors tar
The Ears soft Labyrinth, and cleft the Air.
The hissing Dragon, and the screeching Owl,
Became Companions to my pensive Soul.
My flesh is cover'd with a vail of jet:
And all my Bones consume with burning heat.
My Harp her mournful Strains in Sorrow steep
My Organ sighs sad airs, as one that weeps.

## CHAP. XXXI.

I With my Eyes a Covenant made, that they
Should not my Soul, nor she their lights bem
To the deceit of sin: why then should I
Behold a Virgin with a burning Eye?
What Judgments are reserv'd, what Vengeance
To those, who their intemperate Lusts pursue
Destruction and eternal Ruin shall
From Heaven, like lightning, on the wicked fall
Do not his searching Eyes my ways behold?
Are not my steps by him observ'd and told?
If tempting Sin could ever yet entice
My feet to wander in the Quest of Vice:
Let that great Arbiter of Wrong and Right
Weigh in his Scales; and cast me if too light.
If I from vertues path have stept awry;
Or let my heart be govern'd by mine Eye:

I, oh Justice, have thy Rites profan'd;
bribes or guiltless blood my hands have stain'd:
hen let another reap what I have sown;
or let my Race be to the Living known.
ever woman could to sin allure;
I have waited at my Neighbours door:
et my lascivious Wife with others grind;
d by her Lust repay my guilt in kind.
his were a hainous crime; so foul a fact,
s would due vengeance from the Judge exact:
wasting fire, which violently burns;
nd all to poverty and ruin turns.
I by Power my Servants should oppress;
or would their crying Grievances redress:
hat should I do, or say, when God shall come
o judge the World, that might divert his Doom?
oth made he in the Womb, of equal worth:
hough to unequal Destiny brought forth.
from the poor I did their hopes detain;
made the Widows Eyes expect in vain:
I alone have at my Table fed;
from the Fatherless withheld my bread:
r foster'd from my youth, their wants supplide;
o him a Father, and to her a Guide:
I have seen the naked starve for cold;
hile Avarice my Charity contrould:
their cloth'd Loins have not my bounty blest;
arm with the fleeces which my flocks divest:
I my arms have rais'd to crush the weak;
e Judge prepar'd, the witness taught to speak:
all their ligaments at once unbound;
d their disjointed bones to powder ground.
wine Revenge my Soul from Sin deterr'd:
r I the Anger of th'Almighty fear'd.

I never Idolized Gold embrac'd:
Nor said; In thee my Confidence is plac'd.
Nor on deceitful Riches fixt my heart;
Together scrap'd by no omitted Art.
If when I saw the early Sun ascend,
Or the new Moon her silver horns extend;
I bowing kist my hand, those Lights ador'd
As Deities, and their relief implor'd.
The Sin had been flagitious; and had cry'd
To him for vengeance whom my Deeds desi'd.
Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe?
Have I exulted in his overthrow?
Or in the tempest of my passion burst
Into offences, and his Issue curst?
Though my Domesticks said; oh let us tear
His hated flesh, nor after death forbear.
Who made the Stones their bed, or sigh'd for s
If known? my House to strangers open stood.
Suppose I were corrupt, and foul within:
Yet to what end should I disguise my Sin?
Need I so much contempt or censure dread;
As not to speak my thoughts, or hide my head
Where shall I meet with an indifferent Ear?
Oh that the Soveraign Judge my Cause would h
Peruse the Adversaries evidence;
Try, and determine, my suppos'd offence!
I on my shoulders their complaints would bear
And as a Diadem their Slanders wear.
More like a Prince than a Delinquent, would
Approach his presence; and my life unfold.
If the usurped Fields against me cry;
Their ravisht Furrows weep: if ever I
Have forced from them their unpaid-for Grain
Their Husbandmen, and ancient Owners slain:

For wheat, let thistles from their clods ascend;
For barley, cockle. *Jobs* complaints here end.

## *CHAP.* XXXII.

NOR would his Friends proceed in their replies;
Since he appear'd so pure in his own Eyes.
When *Elihu Barachels* Son, who drew
His Birth from *Aram*, much incensed grew:
Not only against *Job*, that durst defend
His Innocency, and with God contend:
But with his three austere Companions; since
They would condemn before they could convince.
When he perceiv'd the rest no answer made,
But like dumb Statues sate; the *Buzite* said:
Till now I durst not venture to unfold
My labouring thoughts, to you that are so old.
For gray Experience is with wisdom fraught;
And sacred knowledge by the aged taught.
Yet oh, how dark is mans presuming sense,
Not lightned with Celestial Influence!
The great in Honor are not always wise:
Nor Judgment under silver Tresses lies.
Since so; at length vouchsafe to hear a youth,
And his opinion, in the search of Truth.
For I your words have weigh'd, your reasons heard;
The Instances by each of you infer'd:
And yet in all the heat of your dispute,
Not one could answer *Job*; much less confute.

Know therefore, lest too rashly you conclude,
It is not Man, but God that hath subdu'd.
Against me *Job* did not his speech direct:
No more will I your Arguments object.
You all were at his Confidence amaz'd;
And silently upon each other gaz'd:
When I your answers had expected long,
Nor could discern the motion of a tongue;
I said; Behold I now will act my part,
And utter the Conceptions of my heart.
My Soul is rapt with fury; and my brest
Contains a flame, that will not be suppreſt.
My Bowels boil like wine that hath no vent;
Ready to break the swelling Continent.
Words therefore must my toiling thoughts relie
And to restrained Truth inlargement give.
No personal Respects my thoughts shall move;
Nor will I Man with flattering titles smooth.
Should I so prostitute my servile Breath;
My Maker soon would cut me off by Death.

## CHAP. XXXIII.

AND now, O *Job*, what I shall utter hear
As I my lips, so open thou thine ear.
Sacred knowledge clearly will impart;
Drawn from the fountain of a single heart.
God made us both, with breath of Life inspir'd
In shrouds of frail Mortality attir'd:

The

Then since we shall with equal Arms contend;
Arise, and if thou canst, thy cause defend.
Behold, according to thy wish I stand
Instead of God; though made of slime and sand.
I will not with stern Menaces affright:
Nor shall my hand on thee like Thunder light.
For I with grief, O *Job*, have heard thee vaunt;
And break into this passionate Complaint:
My Heart is uncorrupt, my Innocence
Without a Stain, my life free from offence:
Yet he occasion seeks to overthrow,
And trample on me as his mortal foe:
Who, lest I should escape, in fetters binds;
Observes my steps, and makes the faults he finds.
How rash is thy bold charge? God is compleat
In his own Essence; much than Man more great:
And yet dar'st thou contend? his patience grieve?
Will He a reason for his Actions give?
Oft he to Mortals speaks: yet will not they
The Counsel of his Oracles obey.
Sometimes by Dreams in silence of the Night;
Sometimes by Visions he informs their sight:
When sleep his Poppy on their Temples sheds;
Or they lie musing on their restless beds.
The cause of their afflictions then reveals;
And on their Hearts his reprehension seals:
That he may man prevent, his pride repel;
Save from the Sword, and greedy jaws of Hell.
For this, diseased on his bed he groans;
While unrelenting Torments gnaw his bones:
The sight of Food his empty stomach fills;
And Dainties to his taste are loathsome Pills:
By wasting Hecticks of his flesh bereft;
Bones late unseen, alone apparent left:

His Soul sits mourning at the Gates of Death;
While anguish strives to suffocate his breath.
But if a Prophet, or Interpreter,
One of a thousand, with the sick confer:
Before his Eyes, his ugly sins detect;
And to a better life his Steps direct:
Then Mercy thus will cry; Release the bound
From Sin and Hell: I have a Ransom found.
Then shall his bones the flesh of Babes indue:
His youth and beauty like the Spring renew.
He shall his God implore; his glorious Face
With joy behold, and flourish in his grace.
For God will his Integrity regard:
His vertue with a Bounteous hand reward.
His Eyes the secrets of all hearts survay.
When the contrite and bleeding Soul shall say;
How have I Justice forc'd! the poor undone!
Sin heapt on Sin! to my own Ruin run!
Then God shall raise him from the shades of Night
And he shall live to see th'etherial Light.
Thus oft to man that Power which wounds & heals
The way to Joy by Misery Reveals:
That he may longer with the living dwell;
Snatcht from th'extended jaws of Death and Hell.
O thou of men most wretched! hear me speak:
Nor in thy frantick passion silence break.
If thou thy self canst clear, at large reply:
For I thy life would gladly justifie.
If not; my words with wisdom shall inform
Thy erring Soul, and mitigate this Storm.

CHAP

## CHAP. XXXIV.

THen *Elihu* his Speech directs to those
Who in a Ring the Disputants inclose.
You that are wise, said he, my Doctrine hear:
You who have knowing Souls, afford an Ear.
For sense is by that Organ understood;
Even as the taste distinguisheth of Food.
By Equity let us our Judgments guide:
And this long controverted Cause decide.
*Job* cries; I guiltless fall, to God appeal:
Yet will not he the clouded truth reveal.
Shall I with lies betray my Innocence?
My wound is mortal: O, for what offence!
Who of himself but he so vainly thinks?
Who contumacy like cold water drinks.
He is in shackles by the wicked led;
And walks the way which his Associates tread.
What boots it man (says he) to take delight
In God! and live as always in his sight!
O hear me, you who high in knowledge sit:
Is it with God that he should Sin commit?
No, each according to his Merit shall
Receive his hire; to Justice stand, or fall.
O can Compassion in Destruction joy?
Or will the righteous Judge the just destroy?
Shall he the world by mans direction sway;
Whom Heaven and Powers Angelical obey?
In his disposure is the Orb of Earth;
The Throne of Kings, and all of humane Birth.

O, if he ſhould the heart of man ſurvay;
Reduce, and take the breath he gave, away:
All Living in a moment would expire;
And ſwiftly to their former duſt retire.
Then *Job*, If thou haſt reaſon; if a mind
Not partial; let my words acceptance find.
Shall he who Juſtice hates, rule by his luſt?
Or wilt thou him condemn who is moſt juſt?
Shall Subjects tax their Kings? their Princes blame?
And with detraction's poys'nous breath defame?
Much leſs upbraid his juſt Dominion,
To whom both Lords and Vaſſals are all one.
Who Rich and Poor alike regards; ſince they
By him were form'd from the ſame lump of Clay.
Pale Death ſhall in an inſtant quench their light;
Whole Nations raviſh, in the dead of Night,
Sweep from the Earth: the mighty in Command
Shall from their Thrones be ſnatcht without a hand.
He all beholds with Eyes that never cloſe:
Obſerves their Steps, and their Intentions knows.
No muſling Clouds, nor Shades infernal, can
From his inquiry hide offending Man.
Nor ſhall the Puniſhment, which guilt purſues,
Exceed the Crime; leſt he ſhould God accuſe.
He ſhall for ſins unknown the mighty break;
And to their empty thrones advance the weak:
The Myſteries of Night reveal to Day;
And in their falls their ſecret faults diſplay.
Nor his exemplary revenge defer;
Preſented on the Worlds great Theatre;
Since they revolt from God, with open jaws
Blaſpheme his Juſtice, and deſpiſe his Laws.
So that the cries of their oppreſſions rend
The ſuffering Air, and to his Ears aſcend.

Who

Who can disturb the peace which he bestows?
What tumult waken their secure repose?
What Nation, or what one of Mortal Race,
Shall God behold, if he withdraw his Face?
That Hypocrites no more may tyrannize:
Nor in their snares the credulous surprize.
Say thou; I will not with my God contend;
But bear his Chastisements, nor more offend.
My Ignorance inform, if I have lent
An Ear to Vice, lest I my sins augment.
Will he with thy Arbitrement comply?
Whether thou should'st consent, or shouldst deny,
His censure is the same. Shall I transgress
In not reproving? what thou know'st, profess,
And you my Auditors, by God indu'd
With sacred wisdom, will I hope conclude,
That *Job* on Justice hath aspersions flung;
And spoken indiscreetly with his tongue.
O Father, give his Miseries no end;
While he shall his impiety defend.
They to their sins rebellion add, who jest
At their Instructors, and with God contest.

## *CHAP.* XXXV.

THese Arguments thus urg'd; the zealous youth
Proceeds, & said: Art thou inform'd by truth,
That dar'st prefer thine own integrity;
As if more just than he who sits on high?

And say; O I am innocent in vain;
Have to no end preserv'd my life from stain,
Now give me leave to answer thee, and those,
Who Gods all-guiding Providence oppose.
O *Job* from Heaven to Earth erect thine eyes;
Behold the vast extension of the skies:
The sailing Clouds by Exhalations fed;
How far are these advanc'd above thy head?
Can thy accumulated vices reach
Yet higher? and his Happiness impeach?
What can thy Righteousness to him bequeath?
Can God a Benefit from Man receive?
Although thy Sin a Mortal may destroy;
Thy Justice succour, and confirm his joy.
Those whom too-powerful Insolence oppress;
Weep-out their eyes, and howl in their distress:
None cry; where is my God! who all our wrong
Will vindicate, and turn our sighs to Songs:
Ennobles with an Intellectual Soul;
More rational than beast, more wise than fowl.
None shall the others sufferings regard:
The Ears of Pity by their vices barr'd.
For God will not relieve th'unpenitent:
Nor to the Prayers of wicked Souls consent:
Much less to his, who says; I never more
Shall see his face, nor he my Joys restore.
Let no such desperate thoughts thy soul infect;
But calmly suffer, and his grace expect.
In both to blame: Though thou his wrath incense;
Thy punishment is less than thy offence.
Judge you how undiscreetly *Job* complains:
And by extolling his own Justice stains.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXXVI.

A Little longer suffer me, while I
Proceed in this Divine Apology:
nd from a far-remov'd Original
is Judgments vindicate, who made us all.
o *Fucus*, nor vain supplement of Art,
all falsifie the Language of my Heart.
e who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
Vith heavenly Influence inspires my youth.
or the Omnipotent is only wise:
or will the great in Power the weak despise.
is Hands the poor from violence defend;
Vhile Sin-defiled Souls to Hell descend:
eholds the just, with Eyes that ever wake: (shake.
Vith Princes ranck't, whose Thrones no Tempests
r if their vices cast them to the ground,
in the fetters of affliction bound:
e to their trembling Consciences displays
heir former lives, and errours of their ways.
hen opens wide the Porches of their Ears;
nd their long vailed Eyes from darkness clears:
hat they themselves may see, instructions hear,
eturn from Sin, and their Creator fear.
hey shall their happy Days in pleasure spend:
nd full of years in peace their progress end.
ut if they disobey; the Sword shall shed
heir guilty blood, and mix them with the Dead.
or the Deluder hastens his own fall:
or will in trouble on the Almighty call;

Who

Who on the Beds of sin supinely lie;
They in the Summer of their age shall die.
God will the penitent to Grace restore:
Taught by affliction to offend no more.
So from these fearful straits would thee have le
Inlarg'd thy passage, and with marrow fed:
But thou, through wicked Counsels, hast rebell'
And therefore justly by his Judgments held.
O fear his wrath! should'st thou be swept away;
Not Mines of Treasure could thy Ransom pay.
Cares he for wealth? Though Gold on Earth co
No Gold, or force, can fre the from his hand. (man
Let not thy desperate Soul desire that Night,
Which from the living takes the last of Light;
Nor by the guide of sorrow blindly err;
And Death before due Chastisements prefer.
Lo! he his truth exalts; who so compleat,
As he in Power! whose Knowledge is so great!
Who can to him prescribe a Path? or say,
Thy Judgments from the tract of Justice stray?
O rather praise the works his hands have wrou
By all beheld: with Admiration fraught.
His Glory but in part to man appears:
Who knows him, or the number of his years?
He the congealed vapors melts again;
Extenuated into drops of Rain:
Which on the thirsty Earth in showers distil;
And all that life possess with plenty fill.
Who can the extension of his Clouds explore?
Or tell how they in their collisions roar?
Guilt with the flashes of their horrid light:
Yet darken all below with their own Night.
Judgment and bounty each from hence proceed
With these his Creatures punisheth and feeds:

ith these the Beauty of the day immures;
nd all the Ornaments of Heaven obscures:
rthwith aerial Tumults wound the Ear;
hose heat and cold the Clouds asunder tear.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

How they terrifie my panting heart!
Ready to break my fivers, and depart.
arth, how his thunder from their entrails breaks!
e voice of God when he in fury speaks:
hilst souls in globes of pitch below the skies,
o Earths extent his winged lightning flies.
rsu'd by hideous fragors; though before
e flames descend, they in their breaches roar.
is far-resounding voice reports his ire:
is Indignation flows in streams of fire.
who can apprehend his excellence;
hose wonders pass the reach of humane sense!
e gives the Winters Snow her aery birth:
nd bids her Virgin Fleeces cloth the Earth.
ow he her face renews with fruitful showrs:
ow Cataracts upon her bosom pours;
hose falling Spouts the Hands of Labour tie,
hen Swains for shelter to their Houses flie;
et on their former toil reflect their care:
en Salvage Beasts to their dark Dens repair.
ud Tempests from the Cloudy South break forth;
nd cold out of the Cloud-repelling North.

The

The Fields with rigid frost grow stiff and gray;
The Rivers solid, and forget their way.
Sad Clouds with frequent tears themselves imp
And those that shone with lightning, fleet to ai
At his obey'd decree return again;
T'afflict the Earth, or comfort it with rain.
Thus Judgment and sweet Mercy, which de
Upon his beck, to men in Clouds descend.
This hear, O *Job*; with silence fixed, stand;
Review the wonders of his mighty Hand.
Know'st thou how God collects the must'red Clo
How in their darkness he his lightning shrouds
How by him ballanc'd in the weightless Air?
Canst thou the wisdom of his works declare?
Or know'st thou how thy Garments warmer g
When dropping Southern gales begin to blow
Wer't thou then present, when his hands dis
The Firmament; of liquid Crystal made?
If so; instruct what we to God should say;
Who in so dark a night have lost our way.
What can we urge that is to him unknown?
Or who contend and not be overthrown?
Who on the Sun can gaze with constant Eyes
When purging winds from vapors clear the s
And Northern gales his shining face unfold?
Much less the Majesty of God behold.
O how inscrutable! his equity
Twins with his Power. Will he the Just destro
For this to be ador'd: yet cannot find
Among the Sons of men a prudent mind.

CH

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

(brake
Hen from a Globe of curling Clouds, which
Into a radiant flame, *Jehovah* ſpake:
Vhat Mortal thus through ignorance profanes
y darkned Counſels? of his God complains?
ome, buckle on thy Armor: let us end
is controverſe; ſince thou wilt needs contend.
ell, if thou canſt; where wert thou when I made
e food-full Earth, and her foundation laid?
ho thoſe exact dimenſions did deſign?
Vho on her ſuperficies ſtretch'd his Line?
fixt as Centre to the world? upon
Vhat Baſis built? who laid the Corner Stone?
Vhere wert thou when the Stars my praiſes ſung?
Vhen Heaven with ſhouts of joyful Angels rung?
who ſhut up the Seas with Doors; when they,
from the tortur'd womb, inforc'd their way?
me inveſted with a Veil of Clouds:
id ſwadled, as new-born, in ſable ſhrouds.
r theſe a receptacle I deſign'd:
nd with inviolable Bars confin'd.
hen ſaid: thus far your Empire ſhall extend; (ſcend.
of ſhall your prouder waves theſe bounds tran-
aſt thou appointed where the Moon ſhould riſe,
nd with her purple light adorn the skies?
or'd out the bounded Suns obliquer wayes;
hat he on all might ſpread his equal rayes?
nd by the clear extenſion of his Light,
haſe from the Earth the impious Sons of Night?
Whoſe

Whose Beams the various forms of things dis
Like multitudes of Figures wrought in Clay:
By which the Beauty of the Earth appears;
The divers-colour'd Mantle which she wears:
Conceal'd offendors by their lustre found;
Attached, and in Deaths dark Prison bound.
Say, hast thou div'd into the Deeps below;
And trod those bottom Sands where fountains
Or boldly broken-up the Seals of Hell,
And seen the Shadows which in Darkness dw
Tell if thou canst, how far the Earth extends
Hast thou discover'd her remotest ends?
Beheld the Chambers of the springing Light
Or travel'd through the Regions of the Nigh
To their abodes canst thou reveal the way;
And their alternate rule to men display? (kn
Wer't thou then born? hast thou these se
Through length of time? art thou so aged gro
Hast thou survay'd the Magazines of Snow?
Seen where the melting drops to Hail-stones gr
With these I punish: these the weapons are,
By me prepar'd against the Day of War.
Why breaks the Lightning from the troubled a
While Eastern Winds in horrid Tempests rise
Who Deluges from Heaven in Torrents pour
Or gives a passage to the roaring Showrs;
That they on Deserts un-inhabited
By Mortals, may their fruitful moysture shed?
Hence Vegetives receive their fragrant birth:
And cloth the naked Bosom of the Earth.
What, hath the Rain a Father? tell me who
Begot the shining Drops of Morning Dew?
Whose Womb produc'd the glassie Ice? who b
The hoary Frosts that fall on Winters head?

The waters then in Crystal are conceal'd:
And the smooth visage of the Sea congeal'd.
Canst thou the pleasant influence restrain,
Of *Pleiades*, which baths the Spring with rain?
Or boisterous *Orions* Chains unbind,
Who draws along the bitter Eastern Wind?
In Summer, scorching *Mazaroth* display?
Or teach *Arcturus*, and his Sons, their way?
Canst thou the Motions of the Heavens direct?
Or make their vertue on the Earth reflect?
Will the condensed Clouds, at thy command,
Descend in Showrs upon the thirsty Land?
Or in their roaring strife asunder part,
And at thy Foes their fearful Lightning dart?
With wisdom who renowns the nobler parts?
Who understanding gives to humane Hearts?
Whose wisdom clears the Saphirs of the skies?
Or who the swelling Clouds in Bladders ties?
To mollifie the stubborn clods with rain;
And scattered Dust incorporate again.

## CHAP. XXXIX.

WIlt thou for the old Lyon hunt? or fill
His hungry Whelps? and for the killer kill?
When couch'd in dreadful Dens; when closely they
Lurk in the Covert to surprise their prey?
Who feeds the Ravens when their young-ones cry,
To God for food, and through the Deserts flie?

Know'st

Know'ſt thou when Salvage Goats do teem amo
The craggy rocks? when hinds produce their yo
Can'ſt thou their Recknings keep? the time comp
When their ſwoln Bellies ſhall inlarge their fr
Without a Midwife theſe their Throws ſuſtain;
And bowing, bring their Iſſue forth with pain.
They at full Udders ſuck, grow ſtrong with Co
Depart, and never to their Dams return.
Who ſent forth the wild Aſs to live at large?
Whom neither Halter binds nor Burthens charg
Inhabiting the barren Wilderneſs,
And rocky Caves, remov'd from mans acceſs.
He from the many-peopl'd City flies;
Contemns their labors, and the Drivers cries:
The Mountains are his walks; who wandring fe
On ſlowly-ſpringing Herbs, and ranker weeds.
Will the fierce Unicorn thy Voice obey,
Stand at the Crib, and feed upon the Hay?
Or to the ſervile Yoak his freedom yield;
Plough up the Glebe, and harrow the rough Fie
Wilt thou upon his ready ſtrength rely?
Will he ſuſtain thee with his Induſtry?
Bring home thy Harveſt? to thy will ſubmit?
Put off his fierceneſs, and receive the Bit?
The Peacock, not at thy Command, aſſumes
His glorious train: Nor Eſtrich her rare Plume
She drops her Eggs upon the naked Land;
And wraps them in a bed of hatching Sand:
Expoſed to the wandering Traveller;
And Feet of Beaſts, which thoſe wild Deſerts re
She as a Step-mother betrays her own;
Left without care, and preſently unknown:
By God depriv'd of that Intelligence
Which Nature gives: of all moſt void of Senſe.

Her feet the nimble Rider leave behind;
And when she spreads her Sails, out-strip the wind.
Hast thou with Strength indu'd the generous Horse?
His neck with Thunder arm'd, his breast with Force?
Him canst thou as a Grashopper affright?
Who from his Nostrils throws a dreadful light;
Exults in his own courage; proudly bounds;
With trampling Hoofs the sounding Centre wonds:
Breaks through the ordred Ranks with eyes that burn;
Nor from the Battle-Axe, or Sword, will turn.
The ratling Quiver, nor the glittering Spear,
Or dazling Shield, can daunt his heart with fear.
Through rage and fiercenesse he devours the ground:
Nor in his fury hears the Trumpet sound.
Far off the Battail smells; like Thunder neighs:
Loud shouts and dying groans his courage raise.
Do's the wild Haggard towr into the skie,
And to the South by thy direction flie?
Or Eagle in her gyres the Clouds imbrace,
And on the highest Cliff her Airy place?
She dwells among the Rocks; on every side
With broken Mountains strongly fortifi'd:
From thence what ever can be seen survays;
And stooping, on the slaughtred Quarry preys:
From wounds her Eglets suck the reaking blood;
And all-devasting War provides her food.
Since such my power, wilt thou with me contend?
Instruct thy Maker? and thy fault defend?
Now answer thou that darst thy God up-braid.
Then humbled *Job*, transfixt with sorrow, said:
Can one so vile to such a truth reply?
Too long my grief hath rav'd: no more will I
Pursue a folly, and my Sin extend:
But curb my tongue, so ready to offend.

## CHAP. XL.

ONce more *Jehovah* from that radiant Throne
Of Clouds thus ſpake: O *Job*, thy arms put on:
If thou haſt will or courage left, prepare
T'encounter me in this Gigantick War.
Wilt thou my Judgments diſanul? defame
My equal Rule, to clear thy ſelf of blame?
Is thy weak Arm as ſtrong as God's? can'ſt thou
In thunder ſpeak? the Sea with Tempeſts plow?
Come deck thy ſelf with Beauties Excellence;
With Majeſty; and Sun-like Rays diſpenſe:
The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
On bold offenders: Pride to ruin bring.
Thoſe with the ſurfeits of exceſs deſtroy,
Who in their uncontrouled vices joy:
Hide them together in the Caves of Night;
There bind them, never to behold the Light:
Then will I ſay that thou thy ſelf can'ſt ſave
From waſting Age, Deſtruction, and the Grave.
With thee, I made the mighty Elephant;
Who Ox-like feeds on every Herb and plant.
His mighty ſtrength lies in his able Loins:
And where the flexure of his Navel joins.
His ſtretcht-out tail preſents a Mountain Pine;
The Sinews of his Stones like Cords combine.
His Bones the hammer'd Steel in ſtrength ſurpaſs:
His ſides are fortifi'd with Ribs of Braſs.
Of Gods great works the chief: lo, he who made
This knowing Beaſt, hath arm'd him with a blade.

He

He feeds on lofty Hills, nor lives by prey:
About their gentle Prince his Subjects play.
His limbs he coucheth in the cooler ſhades:
Oft, when Heavens burning Eye the Fields invades,
To Mariſhes reſorts; obſcur'd with Reeds,
And hoary Willows, which the moiſture feeds.
The chiding Currents at his entry riſe;
Who quivering *Jordan* ſwallows with his Eyes.
Can the bold Hunter take him in a Toil?
Or by the Trunk produce him as his Spoil?

## *CHAP.* XLI.

CAn'ſt thou with a weak Angle ſtrike the Whale?
Catch with a Hook, or with a nooſe inthral?
Drag by a ſlender Line unto the Shore?
His huge Jaw with a twig or Bulruſh bore?
Will he his pittiful complaints renew?
For freedom with afflicted Language ſue?
Become thy willing Vaſſal? canſt thou ſtill
Subject him to the Service of thy Will?
And like a Sparrow, fetter'd in a String,
The plaid-with Monſter to the Virgins bring?
Shall thy Companions Feaſt upon his ſpoil?
Or wilt thou to the Merchant ſell his Oil?
Can'ſt thou with Fiſgigs pierce him to the quick?
Or in his skull thy barbed Trident ſtick?
Then haſten to the charge. Yet Souldier fear:
Think of the Battail, and in time forbear.

Vain are their hopes who seek by force or slight
To vanquish him, who conquers with his sight.
What Mortal dare with such a foe contend?
Much less his hand against his Maker bend?
Can gifts my grace ingage? when all below
The lofty Sun is mine, what can I owe?
This wonder of the Deep, his mighty force,
And goodly form, shall furnish our discourse.
Who can devest him of his waves? bestride
His monstrous Back? and with a Bridle ride?
His Heads huge Doors unlock? whose jaws wi
And dreadful teeth in treble ranks are set. (gre
Arm'd with refulgent Shields, together join'd,
And seal'd-up to resist the ruffling wind;
The neather by the upper fortifi'd:
No force their Combination can divide.
His sneezings set on fire the foaming Brine:
His round Eyes like the Mornings Eye-lids shine.
Infernal Lightning fallies from his Throat:
Ejected Sparks upon the Billows float.
A Cloud of Smoak from his wide Nostrils flies;
As Vapors from a boyling Furnace rise.
He burning Coles exhales, and vomits flames:
His strength the Empire of the Ocean claims.
Loud Tempests, roaring Floods, and what affrig
The trembling Sailer, turn to his delight.
The flakes of his tough flesh so firmly bound,
As not to be divorced by a wound.
His Heart a solid Rock, to fear unknown:
And harder than the Grinders nether Stone.
The Sword his armed sides in vain assails:
No Dart nor Lance can penetrate his Scales.
Whio Brass as rotten wood; and Steel, no more
Regards than Reeds, that bristle on the Shore.

Drea

Dreads he the twanging of the Archers String?
Or singing Stones from the Phænician sling?
Darts he esteems as Straw, asunder torn:
The shaking of the Javelin laughs to scorn.
He ragged Stones beneath his Belly spreads;
To his repose as soft as downy Beds.
The Seas before him like a Caldron boil:
And in the fervour of their Motion foil.
A Light, stroke from the floods, detects his way;
Who covers their aspiring heads with gray.
Of all whom ample Earths round shoulders bear,
None equal this: created without fear.
What ever is exalted, he disdains:
And as a King among the Mighty raigns.

## *CHAP.* XLII.

O Father, I acknowledge (*Job* repli'd)
Thy all effecting Power. O who can hide
His thoughts from thee! who can reverse, or shun
Thy just Decree! what thou would'st do, is done.
I heard thee say; Dare brutish Man profane
My darkned Counsels? and of God complain?
Great Judge, I in thy Mirror see my shame:
Those Lips that justifi'd, my guilt proclaim.
Our knowledge is but ignorance, and we
The Sons of Folly, if compar'd with thee.
Thy ways, and sacred Mysteries, transcend
Their Apprehensions, who in Death must end.

O to my Prayers afford a gracious Ear!
Instruct thy Servant, and his Darkness clear!
I, of thy Excellence, have oft been told:
But now my ravish't eyes thy Face behold.
Who therefore in this weeping Palinod
Abhor my self, that have displeas'd my God:
In Dust and Ashes mourn. Nor will my fears
Forsake me, till I cleanse my Soul with tears.
When contrite *Job* had this submission made;
The Lord to *Eliphas* of *Theman* said:
Against thee, and thy two Associates,
My Anger burns, and hastens to your fates:
Since you, unlike my Servant *Job*, have err'd;
And Victory before the Truth preferr'd.
Seven spotless Rams, seven Bulls that never bare
The Yoak, select; with these to *Job* repair:
Their bleeding Limbs upon my Altar lay,
His ready Charity for you shall pray,
And reconcile my wrath: Else merited
Revenge should forthwith send you to the Dead
Who have my Rule and providence profan'd:
Nor, like my Servant *Job*, the truth maintain'd.
Then *Bildad*, *Eliphas*, and *Zophar*, came
To their old Friend: The feasted Altars flame.
For whom that injur'd Saint devoutly pray'd:
And with the Incensed their attonement made.
Even in that pious Duty, the most High
Beheld his Patience with a tender Eye:
From envious Satans Tyranny releast;
Dry'd-up his tears, and with abundance blest.
His Brothers and his Sisters, all the train
That follow'd his Prosperity, again
Present their visits; at his table feed:
Bemoan, and Comfort. Joys his grief succeed.

With Gold and Silver they increaſe his Store:
And gave the precious Earings which they wore.
So that *Jehovah* bleſt his latter Days
More than the firſt: His Loſs with Intereſt pays.
His Droves of Aſſes, Camels, heards of Neat,
And flocks of Sheep, grew ſhortly twice as great.
Bleſt with ſevenSons: three Daughters; who for fair
Might with the Beauties of the Earth compare.
One call'd *Jemima*, of the riſing Light:
A ſecond, for her ſweetneſs, *Caſſia* hight:
The youngeſt *Kerenhappa*; of the powr
And rays of Beauty. Rich in Natures Dowr;
As in their Fathers Love: who gave them ſhares
Among his Sons, and join'd them with his Heirs.
*Job* ſeven-ſcore years his Miſeries ſurviv'd:
His Childrens Children ſaw; thoſe who deriv'd
From them their birth, even to the fourth deſcent:
And inTranquillity his old-Age ſpent.
Then full of Days, and deathleſs Honour, gave
His Soul to God: his Body to the Grave.

# A PARAPHRASE UPON THE PSALMS of *DAVID*.

By *GEORGE SANDYS*.

Set to New TUNES for PRIVATE DEVOTION: And a *Thorough-Base*, for *Voice*, or *Instrument*.

By *HENRY LAWES*, Gentleman of His Majesties Chappel Royal.

And in this Edition carefully Revised and Corrected from many Errors which passed in former Impressions,

By *John Playford*.

*LONDON*:
Printed by *W. Godbid*, for *Abel Roper*, at the *Sun* against St. *Dunstans* Church in *Fleet-street*, 1676.

# To the KING.

*OUr graver Muse from her long Dream awakes,*
Peneian *Groves, and* Cirrha's *Caves forsakes:*
*Inspir'd with Zeal, she climbs th' Æthereal hills*
*Of* Solyma, *where bleeding Balm distills;*
*Where Trees of Life unfading Touth assure,*
*And Living Waters all Diseases cure:*
*Where the Sweet Singer, in cœlestial Laies,*
*Sung to his solemn Harp Jehovah's Praise.*
*From that faln Temple, on her Wings she bears*
*Those Heavenly Raptures to your sacred Ears:*
*Not that her bare and humble Feet aspire*
*To mount the Threshold of th' harmonious Quire;*
*But that at once she might Oblations bring*
*To God; and Tribute to a god-like King.*
*And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,*
*Deep Sense, and high expressions could comprise;*
*Her labouring Wings a larger compass flie,*
*And Poesie resolves with Poesie:*
*Lest she, who in the Orient clearly rose,*
*Should in your Western World obscurely close.*

# *To the QUEEN.*

O You, Who like a fruitful Vine,
To this our Royal Cedar joyne:
Since it were impious to divide,
In ſuch a Preſent, Hearts ſo ty'd;
*Urania* your chaſte Ears invites
To theſe her more ſublime Delights.
Then, with your zealous Lover, daign
To enter *Davids* numerous Fane.
Pure thoughts his Sacrifices are;
*Sabean* Incenſe, fervent Prayer;
This holy Fire fell from the Skies;
The holy Water from his eyes.
O ſhould You with your Voice infuſe
Perfection, and create a Muſe!
Though mean our Verſe, ſuch Excellence
At once would raviſh Soul and Senſe:
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;
And, ſince they cannot envy, Love:
When they from this our Earthly Sphear
Their own Cœleſtial Muſick hear.

## To my Noble Friend,

## Mr. GEORGE SANDYS,

### Upon his Excellent Paraphrase on the PSALMS.

*HAd I no Blushes left, but were of Those,*
*Who Praise in Verse, what they Despise in Prose:*
*Had I this Vice from Vanity or Touth;*
*Yet such a Subject would have taught me Truth:*
*Hence it were Banish'd, where of Flattery*
*There is nor Use, nor Possibility.*
*Else thou hadst cause to fear, lest some might Raise*
*An Argument against thee from my Praise.*
*I therefore know, Thou canst expect from me*
*But what I give, Historick Poetrie.*
*Friendship for more could not a Pardon win;*
*Nor think I Numbers make a Lie no Sin.*
*And need I say more than my Thoughts indite,*
*Nothing were easier, than not to write.*
*Which now were hard; for wherese'er I Raise*
*My thoughts, thy several Pains extort my Praise.*
*First, that which doth the Pyramids display:*
*And in a work much lastinger than they,*
*And more a wonder, scorns at large to show,*
*What were Indifferent if True or No:*
*Or from its lofty Flight, stoop to declare*
*What All men might have known, had all been There.*
*But by thy learned Industry and Art,*
*To Those, who never from their Studies part,*

His Travels, wherein he relates the History of the Pyramids.

*Doth each Lands, Laws, Belief, Beginning show;*
*Which of the Natives but the Curious know:*
*Teaching the frailty of all Humane things;*
*How soon great Kingdoms fall, much sooner Kings:*
*Prepares our Souls, that Chance cannot direct*
*A Machin at us, more than we expect.*

Athens. *We know, That Town is but with Fishers Fraught,*
*Where* Theseus *Govern'd, and where* Plato *Taught;*

Greece. *That Spring of Knowledge, to which* Italy
*Ows all her Arts, and her Civility,*
*In Vice and Barbarism supinely rowls;*
*Their Fortunes not more slavish than their Souls.*

Eastern Churches. *Those Churches, which from the first Heretick's wars*
*All the first Fields, or led (at least) the Van;*
*In whom those Notes, so much required, be;*

Of Doctrine. *Agreement, Miracles, Antiquitie:*
*Which can a Never-broke Succession show*

Of Persons. *From the Apostles down; (Here brag'd of so:)*

As Antioch. *So best confute Her most Immodest claim,*
*Who scarce a Part, yet to be All doth aim;*
*Lie now distrest, between two Enemy-Powers,*
*Whom the West damns, and whom the East devours.*
*What State than Theirs can more Unhappy be,*
*Threatned with Hell, and sure of Poverty.*
*The small Beginning of the* Turkish *Kings,*
*And their large Growth, shew us that different Things*
*May meet in One Third; what most Disagree,*
*May have some Likeness: For in this we see,*
*A Mustard-seed may be resembled well*
*To the Two Kingdoms, both of Heaven and Hell.*
*Their Strength, and wants this work hath both unwound;*

Turks. *To teach how these d' increase, and that confound:*
*Relates their Tenets; scorning to dispute*
*With Errors, which to tell, is to confute:*

*Shew*

*Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsaf'd to Teach,*
*Their Dervices dare an Impostor Preach.* Priests.
*For whilst with private Quarrels we Decaid,*
*We way for them, and Their Religion made:*
*And can but Wishes now to Heaven prefer,*
*May they gain Christ, or We his Sepulchre.*
*Next* Ovid *calls me; which though I admire,* *Ovids* Metamorphosis.
*For Equalling the Authors quickning Fire,*
*And his pure Phrase: yet More; remembring It*
*Was by a Mind so much distracted Writ:*
*Rus'ness and War, Ill Midwives to produce*
*The Happy Off-spring of so sweet a Muse:*
*Whilst every unknown Face did Danger Threat;*
*For every Native there was twice a Gete.*
*More; when (return'd) thy Work review'd, expos'd* Commentar.
*What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd:*
*And with it that Essay, which lets us see* Virg. Aen. lib. 1.
*What by the Foot, what* Hercules *would be.*
*All fitly offer'd to his Princely Hands;*
*By whose Protection Learning chiefly stands:*
*Whose Virtue move more Pens, than his Power Swords;*
*And Theme to those, and Edge to these affords.*
*Who could not be displeas'd that his great Fame,* Panegyrick.
*So pure a Muse, so loudly should proclaime:*
*With his Queens praise in the same Model cast;*
*Which shall not less, than all their Annals, last.*
*Yet, though we wonder at thy Charming Voice;*
*Perfection still was wanting in thy Choice:*
*And of a Soul, which so much Power possest,*
*That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Best.*
*But though thy Muse were Ethnically Chast,*
*Then most Fault could be found; yet now Thou hast*

*Diverted*

*Diverted to a Purer Path thy Quill;*
*And chang'd* Parnassus *Mount to* Sions-*Hill:*
*So that blest* David *might almost Desire*
*To hear his Harp thus Eccho'd by thy Lyre.*
*Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,*
*Could not but be (though not Allow'd) excus'd.*
*Joyn'd to a Work so choice, that though Ill-done,*
*So Pious an Attempt Praise could not shun.*
*How strangely doth it darkest Texts disclose,*
*In Verses of such sweetness; that even Those,*
*From whom the unknown Tongue conceals the Sense,*
*Even in the Sound, must find an Eloquence.*
*For though the most bewitching Musick could*
*Move Men, no more than Rocks; thy Language would*
*Those who make wit their Curse, who spend their Brains*
*Their Time, and Art, in looser Verse, to gain*
*Damnation, and a Mistress; till they see*
*How Constant that is, how Inconstant shee;*
*May from this great Example learn, to sway*
*The Parts th'are Blest-with, some more Blessed way.*
*Fate can against Thee but two Foes advance;*
*Sharp-sighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:*
*The first (by Nature like a shadow, near*
*To all great Acts) I rather Hate than Fear:*
*For them, (since whatsoever most they Raise*
*In Private, That they most in Throngs Dispraise;*
Ἀοτικα-γόνειτοι. *And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)*
*Who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.*
*The last I Fear not much, but Pity more:*
*For though they cannot the least Fault explore;*
*Yet, if they might the high Tribunal Clime,*
*To Them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:*
*For Eloquence with things Prophane they joyn;*
*Nor count it fit to Mix with what's Divine;*

Li

*Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,*
*Of it self sweet; which more Deform than Grace.*
*Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,*
*Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?*
*And sure that Vessel of Election,* Paul,
*Who* Judais'd *with* Jews, *who All to All:*
*So, to Gain some, would be (at least) Content,*
*Some for the Curious should be Eloquent:*
*For since the Way to Heaven is Rugged, who*
*Would have the Way to that Way be so too?*
*Or thinks it fit, we should not Leave obtain,*
*To learn with Pleasure, what we Act with Pain?*
*Since then Some stop, unless their Path be Even,*
*Nor will be led by Solœcismes to Heaven;*
*And (through a Habit scarce to be control'd)*
*Refuse a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;*
*Much like to them to that Disease Inur'd,* Tarantula
*Which can be no way, but by Musick cur'd;*
*Joy in Hope, that no small Piety*
*Will in their Colder Hearts be Warm'd by Thee.*
*For as none could more Harmony dispense;*
*So neither could thy flowing Eloquence*
*So well in any Task be us'd, as this:*
*To Sound His Praises forth, whose Gift it is.*

—— Cui non certaverit ulla
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos. *Virg. Georg. 2.*

***FALKLAND.***

An

An ODE to my worthy Kinsman,

Mr. *GEORGE SANDYS*,

Upon his excellent Paraphrase on the PSALMS.

O Breath again! that holy Lay
Did convay,
Unto my soul so sweet a Fire,
I desire,
That all my Senses charm'd to Ear,
Should fix there.
O might this sacred Anthem last,
'Till Time's past:
Until we warble forth a higher,
In the Quire
Of Angels, till the Sphears keep time,
To your Rime.
*Amphion* did a City raise,
By his Layes:
The Stones did dance into a Wall,
At his call.
But your divinely-tuned Air
Doth repair
Ev'n Man himself, whose stony Heart,
By this Art,
Rebuildeth of its own accord,
To the Lord,

A Temple breathing holy Songs,
In ſtrange Tongues.
You ſit both *Davids* Lyre, and Notes,
To our Throats.
See, the green Willow now not wears,
Of their Tears.
The ſadly ſilent Trophyes, we
From the Tree,
Take down the *Hebrew* Harps, and reach,
In our ſpeech,
What ever we do hate, what fear,
What love dear.
Now in faint Accents praiſing God,
For his Rod:
Since that his puniſhing a Child,
Muſt be ſtil'd
A Bleſſing. But our thankful Layes
Do his Praiſe
Sound in the loudeſt Key, when e're
He draws near
In Mercy, not affrighting Power;
In that Hour,
New Life approacheth: Then our Joy
Doth employ
Each Faculty, and Tune each Air
To a Prayer.
But by and by our Sins do cauſe
A ſad Pauſe.
Our Hands lift-up, and caſt-down Eyes,
Our faint Cryes,

Do in their ſadly-pleaſing Tones
Speak our Mones.
Inſtead of Harps we ſtrike our Breaſts:
All the Reſts
Attend his Muſick, are a Tear,
Which Sighs bear,
In their ſoft Language, up on high,
To the Skie;
Whence God, delighted with our Grief,
Sends Relief.
Thus unto You we owe the Joys,
The Sweet Noiſe
Of our raviſh'd Souls; we borrow
Hence our Sorrow;
Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,
Not make ſad,
We weep in your Lines, we rejoyce
In your Voyce:
Whoſe pleaſing Language fans the Fire
Of Deſire,
Which flames in Zeal, and calmly faſhions
All our Paſſions.
Which you ſo ſweetly have expreſt,
Some have gueſt,
We Hallelu-jahs ſhall rehearſe,
In your Verſe.

Then be ſecure, your well-tun'd Breath
Shall now out-live the Date of Death;

And

And when Fate pleases, you shall have
Still-Musick in the silent Grave:
You from Above shall hear each day
One Dirge dispatch'd unto your Clay;
These your own Anthems shall become
Your lasting Epicedium.

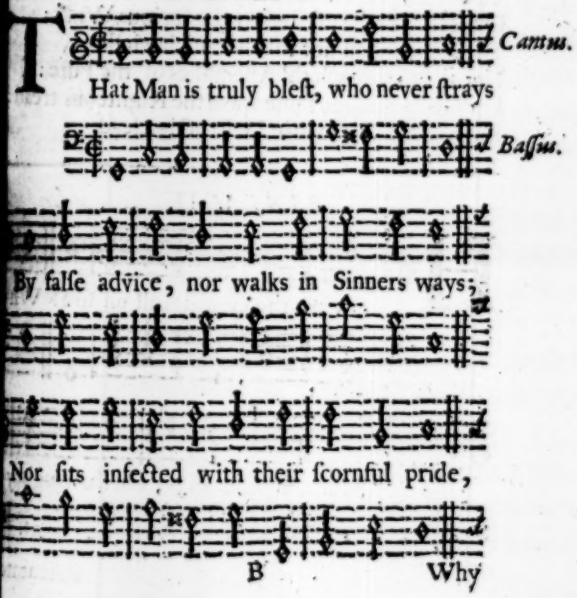
*Dudly Digges.*

## To the Reader.

*THe Paraphrase upon the* Psalms, *though* [illegible] *rank'd according to the Chronology, was* [illegible] *Writ and Published, and therefore, these Verse* [illegible] *in time precede those that are fixt in the Front of* [illegible] *Volume.*

# A PARAPHRASE Upon the FIRST BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID.*

## *PSALM* I.

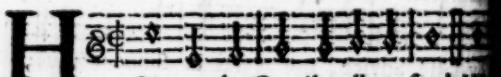


Who God contemn, and Pi--e--ty deride.

But wholly fixeth his ſincere delight
On heav'nly Laws; thoſe ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be like a Tree that ſpreads his Root
By living Streams, producing timely Fruit:
His Leaf ſhall never fall: the Lord ſhall bleſs
All his indeavours with deſir'd ſucceſs.
Men loſt in Sin, unlike rewards ſhall find,
Diſperſt like Chaff, before the furious Wind:
Their guilt ſhall not that horrid day indure,
Nor they approach th' Aſſemblies of the Pure:
For God approves thoſe ways the Righteous tread
But Sinful Paths to ſure Deſtruction lead.

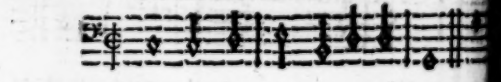
## *PSALM* II.

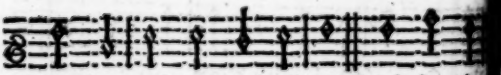
*Cantus.*



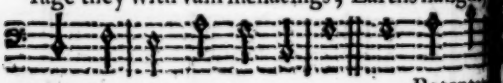
HOw are the Gentiles all on fire! W

*Baſſus.*

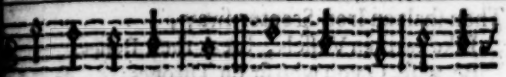




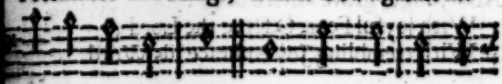
rage they with vain menacings; Earths haughty



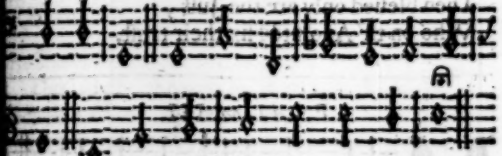
Potentat



Potentates and Kings, 'Gainst God against his



Christ conspire: Break we, say they, their servile



bands, And cast their cords from our free hands.

But God from his Cœlestial Throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride;
Then high incenst, thus check their pride;
His Wrath in their confusion shown)
Loe, I my King have Crown'd, and will
Enthrone on Sions sacred Hill.

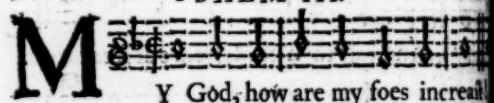
That great Decree I shall declare:
For thus I heard Jehovah say;
Thou art my Son begot this day:
Request, and I will grant thy Prayer;
Direct all Nations to thy Throne;
And make the Sea-bound Earth thine own.

Thou ſhalt an Iron Scepter ſway,
  Like earthen Veſſels, break their Bones.
  Be wiſe, O you who ſit on Thrones;
And Judges grave advice obey:
  With joyful Fear, O ſerve the Lord;
  With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

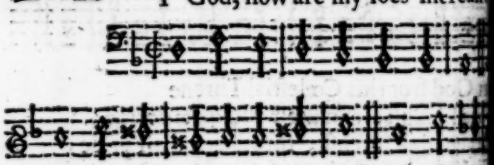
In due of Homage kiſs the Son,
  Leſt He his wrathful looks diſplay;
  And ſo you periſh in the way,
His anger newly but begun:
  Then bleſſed only are the Juſt,
  Who on th' Anointed fix their truſt.

## *PSALM* III.

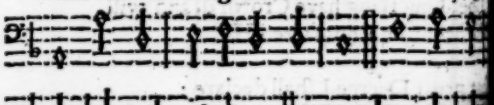
*Cantus.*



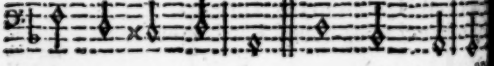
*Baſſus.*



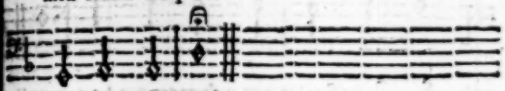
What multitudes againſt me riſe! Who ſay, g



we his Soul no reſt; Whom God forſakes,



and Men deſpiſe.



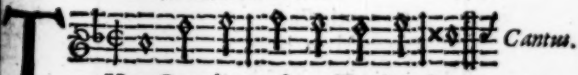
But thou art my Support, my Tower,
My Safety, my choice Ornament.
Before thy Throne my Prayers I pow'r,
Heard from thy Sions high aſcent.

No fears affright my ſoft repoſe;
Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by Day:
Not Miriads of Armed Foes,
Nor Treaſons ſecret hands diſmay.

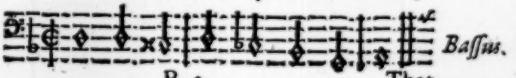
Ariſe, O vindicate my Cauſe!
My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
Thou, Lord, haſt ſmit their cankred Jaws,
And all their Teeth aſunder broke.

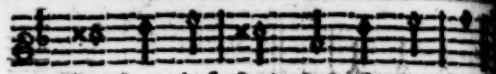
Thou, Lord, the only Hope of thoſe,
Who thee with Holy Zeal adore;
Whoſe all-protecting Arms incloſe
Their Safety, who thy Aid implore.

## *PSALM* IV.



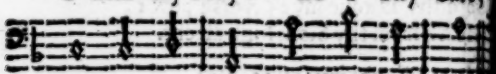

THou Guardian of my Truth and me,

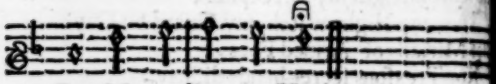




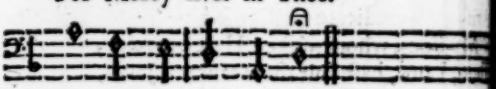
That from these straits hast set me free,

O hear my Pray'r! Be I Thy Care;





For Mercy lives in Thee.



You Sons of Men, how long will you
Eclipse my Glory, and pursue
Lov'd Vanities;
Delight in Lies,
To Man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath blest,
And will with soveraignty invest:
His gentle Ear
Prepar'd to hear
My never vain request.

Sin not, but fear; surcease, and try
Your Hearts, as on your Beds you lie:
Pure gifts present
With pure intent,
And place your hopes on high.

But Earthly Minds false Wealth admire,
And toil with uncontrol'd desire.
With clear aspect
Thy Beams reflect,
And Heavenly Thoughts inspire.

O let my Joy, exempt from Fears,
Their Joys transcend, when Autumn bears
His pleasant Wines
On clustred Vines,
And Grain-replenish'd Ears.

Now shall the peaceful hand of Sleep
In heavenly Dew my senses steep;
Whom thy large wings,
O King of Kings,
In shades of Safety keep.

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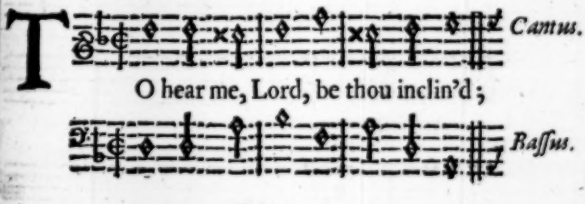
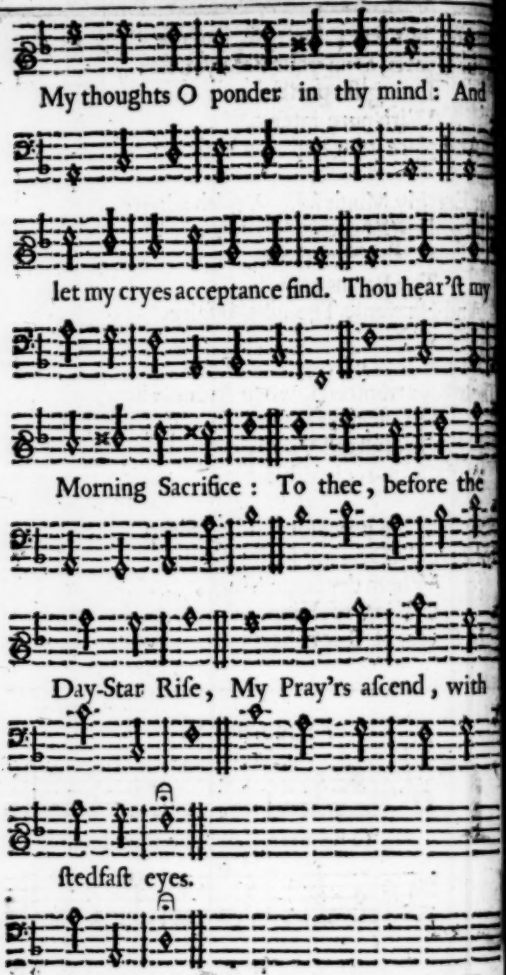
## *PSALM* V.




My thoughts O ponder in thy mind: And
let my cryes acceptance find. Thou hear'ſt my
Morning Sacrifice: To thee, before the
Day-Star Riſe, My Pray'rs aſcend, with
ſtedfaſt eyes.

Thou

hou lov'ſt no vice; none dwells with thee;
or glorious Fools thy Beauty ſee;
ll Sin-defil'd deteſted be
yars ſhall ſink beneath thy hate;
Who thirſt for Blood, and weave deceit,
hy Rage ſhall ſwiftly ruinate.

to thy Temple will repair,
nce Infinite thy Mercies are;
nd thee adore with Fear and Prayer.
ly God, conduct me by thy Grace;
or many have my Soul in chaſe.
et thy ſtrait Paths before my Face.

alſe are their Tongues, their Hearts are hollow,
ike gaping ſepulchres they ſwallow;
wn, and betray even thoſe they follow.
Vith Vengeance girt theſe Rebels round;
their own counſels them confound;
nce their Tranſgreſſions thus abound.

y they with an exalted Voice,
hat truſt in thee, who guard'ſt thy Choice:
et thoſe who love thy Name rejoyce.
hy Bleſſings ſhall in ſhow'rs deſcend;
hy favour as a ſhield defend
ll thoſe, who righteouſneſs intend.

## *PSALM* VI.

LOrd, thy deſerved Wrath aſſwage; *As the 3d.*
Nor puniſh in thy burning Ire;
Let Mercy mitigate thy Rage,
Before my fainting Life expire.

O heal! my Bones with anguish ake;
My pensive Heart with sorrow worn.
How long wilt thou my soul forsake!
O pity, and at length return!

O let thy Mercies comfort me,
And thy afflicted Servant save!
Who will in death remember thee?
Or praise thee in the silent Grave?

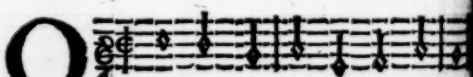
Vext by insulting enemies,
My Groans disturb the peaceful Night;
My Bed wash'd with my streaming Eyes:
Through Grief grown old, and dim of sight.

All you of wicked life depart;
The Lord my God hath heard my cry:
He will recure my wounded Heart,
And turn my Tears to tides of Joy.

Who hate me, let dishonour wound,
Let fear their guilty souls affright;
With shame their haughty looks confound,
And let them vanish from my sight.

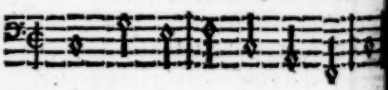
## PSALM VII.

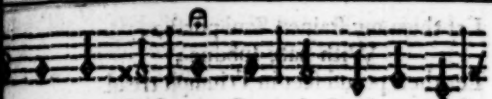
*Cantus.*



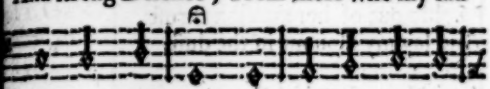
O Thou that art my Confidence,

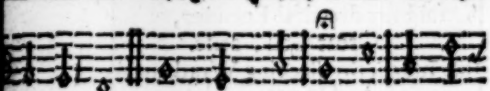
*Bassus.*



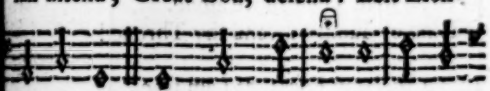


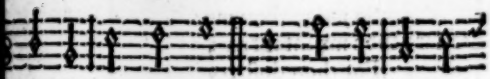
And ſtrong Defence; From thoſe who my ſad



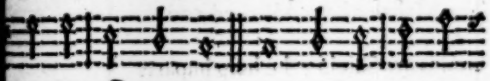


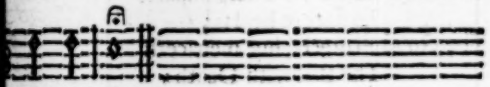
fall intend, Great God, defend: Leſt Lion-



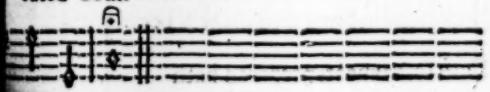


like, if none controul, They tear my perſe-





cuted Soul.



I am guilty; if there be
Deceit in me;
Ill I ever to my Friend
Did but intend;
rather have not ſuccour'd thoſe
ho were my undeſerved foes:

Let

Let them my ſtained Soul purſue,
With hate ſubdue;
Let their proud feet in Triumph tread
Upon my head:
My life out of her manſion thruſt,
And lay my Honour in the duſt.

Againſt my dreadful Enemies,
Great God, ariſe.
Juſt Judge, thy ſleeping Wrath awake,
And Vengeance take:
Then all ſhall Thee adore alone.
O King of Kings, aſcend thy Throne!

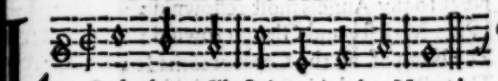
*Part 2.* Judge thou my Foes; as I am free,
So judge thou me:
Declare thou my integrity;
For thou doſt try
The Heart and Reins; The Juſt defend;
The Malice of the Wicked end.

God is my Shield; he help imparts
To ſincere hearts;
The Good Protects, but menaceth
The Bad with Death;
Nor will, unleſs they change, relent:
He whets his Sword, his Bow is bent.

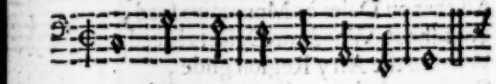
Dire Inſtruments prepared hath
Of deadly Wrath:
And will at thoſe, who perſecute,
ſwift Arrows ſhoot:
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd; now great
With Miſchief, travel; hatch Deceit.

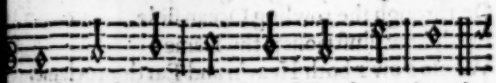
Who digg'd a pit, first fell therein;
Caught by his Sin;
On his own head his outrage shall
Like ruins fall.
But I, O thou eternal King,
Will of thy Truth and Justice sing.

## PSALM VIII.

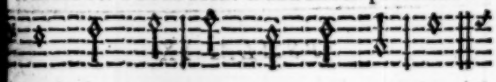


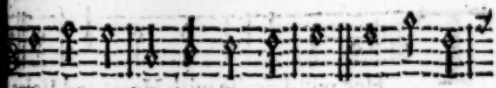

LOrd, how Illustrious is thy Name!



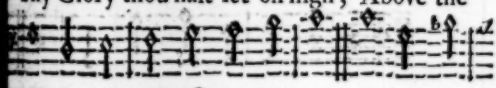



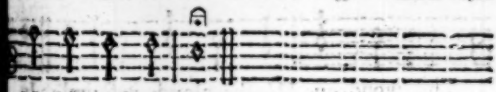
Whose Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame!



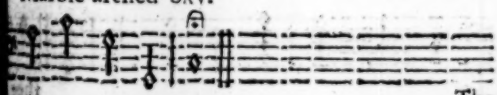


Thy Glory thou hast set on high, Above the





Marble-arched Sky.

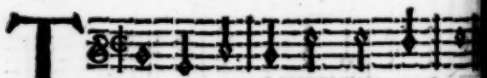


The

The wonders of thy Power thou hast
In Mouths of Babes and Sucklings plac'd:
That so thou might'st thy Foes confound,
And who in malice most abound.
When I pure Heav'n, thy Fabrick, see,
The Moon and Stars dispos'd by thee;
O what is Man, or his frail Race,
That thou shouldst such a Shadow grace!
Next to thy Angels most renown'd;
With Majesty and Glory crown'd:
The King of all thy Creatures made;
That all beneath his feet hath laid:
All that on Dales or Mountains feed,
That shady Woods or Deserts breed;
What in the Airy Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean slide.
Lord, how illustrious is thy Name!
Whose Pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame.

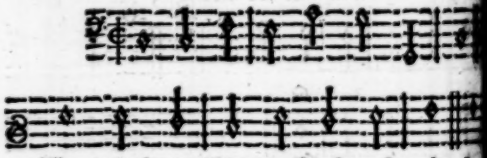
## *PSALM* IX.

*Cantus.*



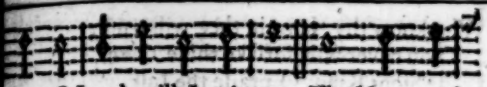
THee will I praise with Heart and Voi

*Bassus.*

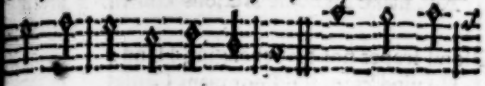


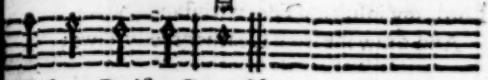
Thy wondrous Works aloud resound: In

the

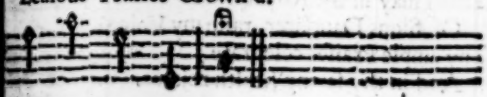


thee, O Lord, will I rejoyce; Thy Name with





Zealous Praises Crown'd.



y Foes fell by inglorious flight,
Before thy terrible Aspect:
y powerful Hands support my Right;
Thou Judgement justly dost direct.

e Proud are faln, the Heathen fly;
Oblivion shall their names Intomb:
struction, O thou Enemy,
Hath now reciev'd a final Doom.

hou Towns and Cities hast destroy'd;
Their memory with them decayes:
t God for ever shall abide,
And high his Throne of Justice raise.

righteous Scepter shall extend;
And Judgement distribute to all:
will oppressed Souls defend,
That in the time of Trouble call.

Who

Who know thy Name in thee will truſt;
Thou never wilt forſake thine Own.
Praiſe Sions King, O praiſe the Juſt,
And make his noble Actions known.

Blood ſcapes not his revenging Hand;
He vindicates the Poor mans Cauſe.
Lord, my inſulting Foes withſtand,
And draw me from Deaths greedy Jaws;

That I may in the Royal Gate
Of Sions Daughter, raiſe my Voice;
Thy ample Praiſes celebrate,
And in thy ſaving health rejoice.

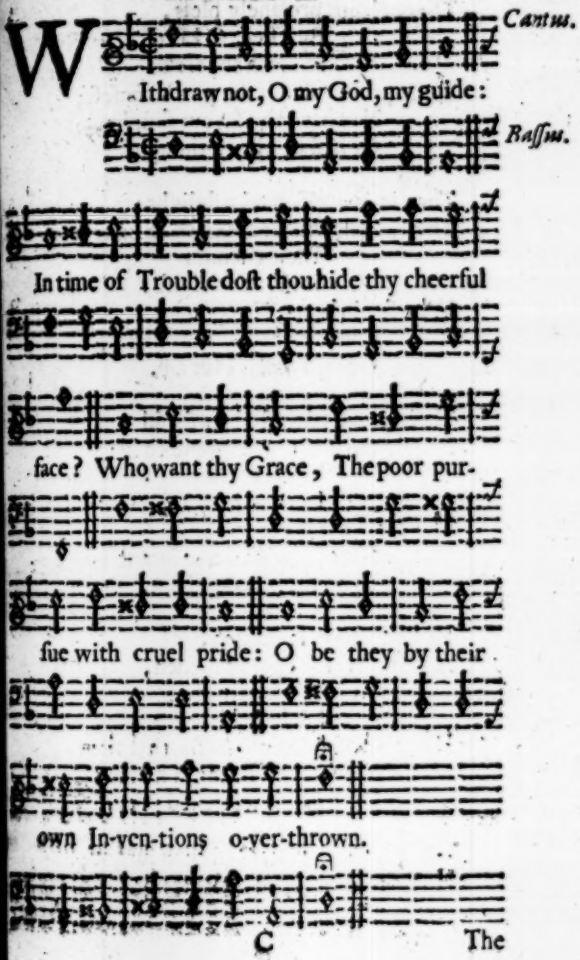
They (faln into the Pit they made)
Are caught in Nets themſelves prepar'd.
The Lord his Judgements hath diſplay'd:
The Wicked in their works inſnar'd:

The Wicked down to Hell ſhall ſink,
And all that do the Lord diſdain.
But God will on the Needy think;
Nor ſhall the Poor expect in vain.

Lord, let not Man prevail; ariſe;
Th' Inſulting Heathen judge: O then
Let trembling Fear their heart ſurprize;
That they may know they are but Men.

PSAL

## PSALM X.




W Ithdraw not, O my God, my guide:
In time of Trouble dost thou hide thy cheerful
face? Who want thy Grace, The poor pur-
sue with cruel pride: O be they by their
own In-ven-tions o-ver-thrown.

The wicked boast of their success;
The covetous profanely bless,
By Thee, O Lord,
So much abhorr'd.
Their pride will not thy pow'r confess;
Nor have thy favour sought,
Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight;
Thy Judgements far above their sight;
Their enemies
Scoff and despise:
Who say in heart, No opposite
Can us remove, nor shall
Our greatness ever fall.

Their mouths detested curses fill
Fraud, mischief; ever prone to ill:
In secret they
Lurk to betray;
The Innocent in corners kill:
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poor are bent.

Part 2. He like a Lion in his den,
Awaits to catch oppressed men,
Who unaware
Light in his snare.
His couched limbs contracts, that then
With all his strength he may
Rush on his wretched prey.

His heart hath said, God hath forgot;
He hides his face; he minds it not.

Arise,

Arise, O Lord,
Draw thy just sword;
Nor out of thy remembrance blot
The poor and desolate:
O shield them from his hate!

Why should the wicked God despise,
And say he looks with careless eyes?
Their well seen spight
Thou shalt requite.
The poor, O Lord, on Thee relies;
Thou help'st the Fatherless,
Whom cruel men oppress.

Asunder break the arms of those,
Who ill affect, and good oppose:
Their crimes explore,
Untill no more
Lurk in their bosoms to disclose.
Eternal King, thy Hand
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou hast heard thy Servants prayer;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare:
Thy gracious Ear
Inclin'd to hear.
The Fatherless, and worn with care
Judge thou; that Mortals may
No more with outrage sway.

## PSALM XI.

*As the 9th.*

MY God, on Thee my hopes relie:
Why say they to my troubled Soul,
Arise, up to your Mountain flie;
Flie, quickly, like a chaced Fowl?

For loe, the Wicked bend their bows,
Their arrows fit with secret Art;
That closely they may shoot at those,
Who are upright and pure in heart.

If their foundation be destroy'd,
What can the Righteous build upon?
God in his Temple doth abide;
Heav'n is the Great Jehovah's Throne.

His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids try
The Sons of Men; allows the best:
But such as joy in cruelty
The Lord doth from his Soul detest.

Snares, horrid Tempest, Brimstone, Fire,
(Their portion) on their heads shall light:
Th' intirely Just affects th' Intire;
For ever precious in his sight.

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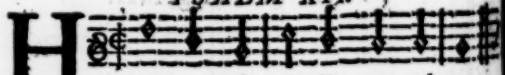
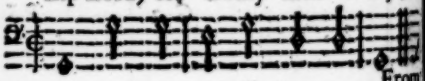
## PSALM XII.

*Cantus.*

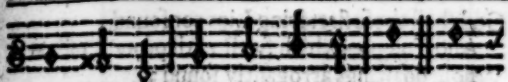


HElp Lord, for Godly men decay;

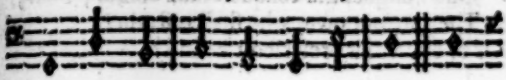
*Bassus.*

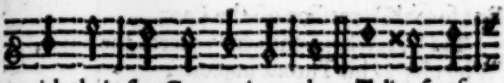


From

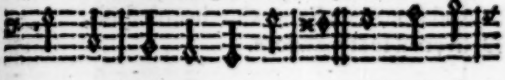


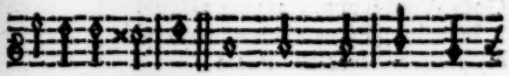
From Mortals Faith, enforced, flies: And



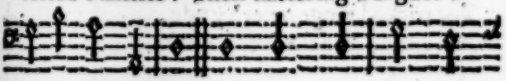


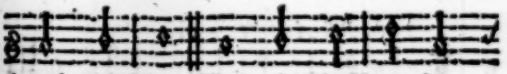
with their sins Companions, they, Talk of af-



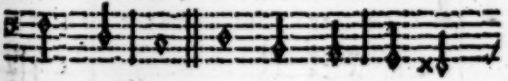


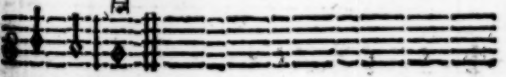
fected Vanities: Their flattering Tongues a-





bound with Lies; Their double Hearts bent





to betray.

God shall those flattering Lips confound,
And Tongues which swell with proud Disdain;
Whose boastings arrogantly sound;
Our Tongues the conquest shall obtain;
They are our own, who shall restrain?
Or to our Wills prescribe a bound?

But for th' Oppression of the Poor,
And Wretches sighs which pierce the Skies,
Who pity at his Throne implore,
The Lord hath said, I will arise,
And from their Foes, who them despise,
Deliver all that me adore.

Gods Word is pure; as pure as Gold
In melting Furnace seven times try'd:
His Arms for ever shall infold
All those, who in his truth abide.
The wicked range on ev'ry side,
When vitious men the Scepter hold.

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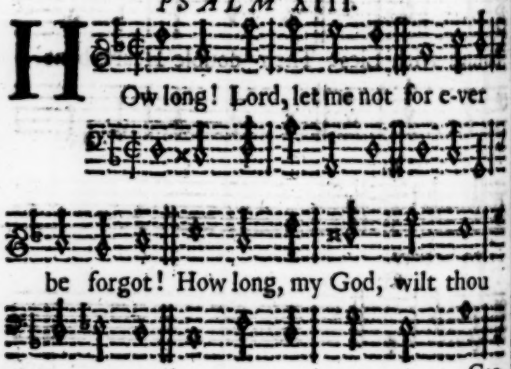
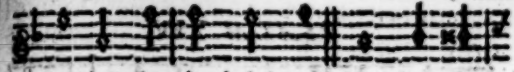
## PSALM XIII.

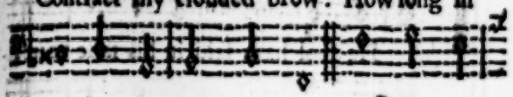
*Cantus.*

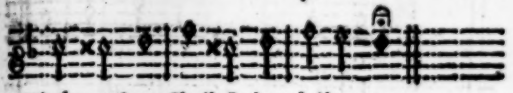



Con-

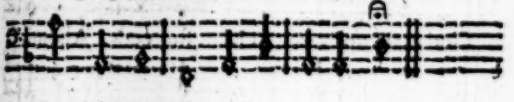


Contract thy clouded brow! How long in





mind perplext Shall I be daily vext.



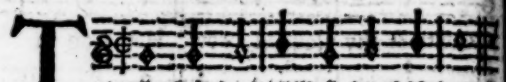
How long ſhall he controul,
Who perſecutes my ſoul!
Conſider, hear my cries;
Illuminate mine eyes;
Leſt with exhauſted breath
I ever ſleep in Death;

Leſt my inſulting Foe
Boaſt in my overthrow;
And thoſe who would deſtroy,
In my ſubverſion joy.
But I, Thou ever Juſt,
Will in thy Mercy truſt;

And in thy ſaving Grace
My conſtant Comfort place:
My Songs ſhall ſing thy Praiſe,
That haſt prolong'd my Dayes.

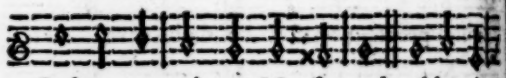
## PSALM XIV.

Cantus.

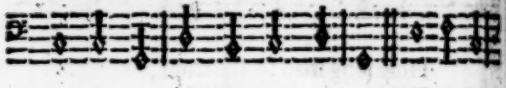


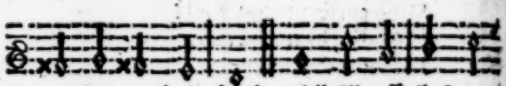
THe fool hath said in his false heart;

Bassus.

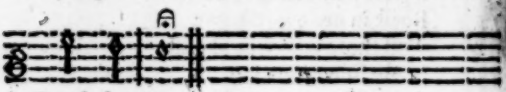


God cares not what to Man succeeds. Abomi-

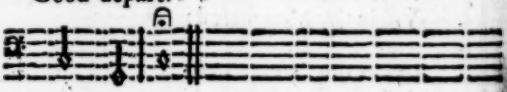




nable are their deeds; All Ill affects from



Good depart.



Jehovah Mans rebellious Race
Beheld from his celestial Throne;
To see if there were any one
That understood, or sought his Face.

All

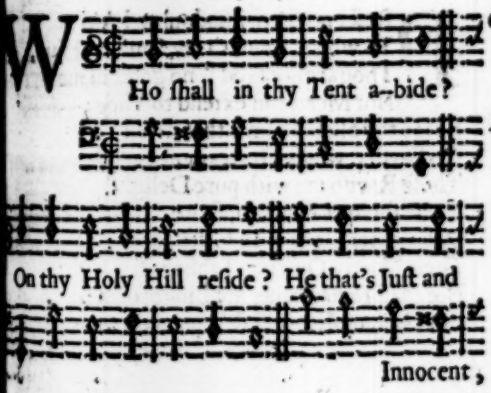
All from forſaken Truth are flown;
Corrupt in Body, ſuch in Soul,
Defil'd within, without as foul;
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

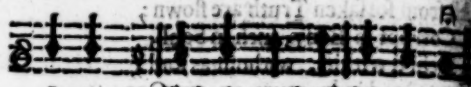
Are all, that work Iniquity,
By Ignorance ſo blindly led?
My People they devour like Bread;
Nor call on him who ſits on high.

Their Conſciences with terrour quake;
Since God doth with the Juſt abide:
For Poor mens Counſels they deride,
Who him for their Protection take.

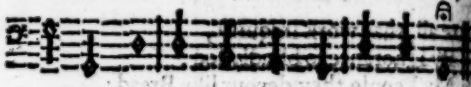
O that unto thy Iſrael
Salvation might from Sion Spring!
When God ſhall us from Bondage bring,
No joy ſhall *Jacob*'s joy excel.

## *PSALM* XV.





Innocent; Tells the truth of his intent;



Slanders none with venomb'd Tongue;
Fears to do his Neighbour wrong;
Fosters not base Infamies;
Vice beholds with scornful Eyes;
Honours those who fear the Lord;
Keeps, though to his loss, his Word;
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to Use his Money lends:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

## PSALM XVI.

Acts 8.

PReserve me, my undoubted Aid:
To whom, thou, O my Soul, hast said,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor Merit can extend to Thee;
But to thy blessed Saints that dwell
On Earth, whose Graces most excell:
Those Ravish me with pure Delight.
Their sorrows shall be infinite,
Who other Gods with Gifts adore:
Their bloody Off'rings I abhor;
Nor shall their Names my Lips profane.
But God my Lot will still maintain:

He is my Portion, he bestows
The Cup that with his Bounty flows.
I have a pleasant Seat obtain'd,
A fair and large Possession gain'd.
The Lord will I for ever praise,
Whose Counsels have inform'd my Wayes;
And my inflamed Zeal excite
To serve him in the silent Night.
He is my Object; by his Hand
Confirm'd, immoveable I stand.
Joy hath my Heart and Tongue possest;
My Flesh in constant Hope shall rest.
Thou wilt not leave my Soul alone
In Hell; nor let thy Holy One
Corruption see: But that High-way
To Everlasting Life display.
Thy Presence yields intire delight:
At thy Right hand Joys infinite.

## PSALM XVII.

LOrd, grant my just Request; O hear my cry, *As the 31.*
And Pray'rs that lips, untoucht with guile unfold!
My Cause before thy High Tribunal try,
And let thine Eyes my Righteousness behold.

Thou prov'st my Heart even in the Nights recess,
Like Mettal try'st me, yet no Dross hast found:
I resolv'd, my Tongue shall not transgress;
But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

So shall I from the Paths of Tyrants fly:
O, left I slip, direct my Steps by Thine!
Thee invoke; for Thou wilt hear my Cry:
Thine Ear to my afflicted Voice incline.

O ſhew thy wondrous Love! Thou from their F
Preſerveſt all that on thy Aid depend.
Lord, as the Apple of the Eye incloſe,
And over me thy ſhady Wings extend.

Part 2. For Impious Men, and ſuch as deadly hate
My guiltleſs Soul, have compaſt me about;
Who ſwell with Pride, incloſ'd with their own fa
And words of contumely thunder out.

Our traced ſteps intrap as in a Toil;
Low-couched on the Earth with flaming Eye
Like famiſh'd Lions eager of their Spoil,
Or Lions Whelps; cloſe lurking to ſurpriſe.

Ariſe! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd;
My penſive Soul, from the Devourer ſave:
From men which are thy ſcourge, men of the wo
Who in this Life alone their Portion have.

Fill'd with thy ſecret Treaſure, to their Race
They their accumulated Riches leave:
But I with Righteouſneſs ſhall ſee thy Face;
And riſing, in thy Image, joy receive.

## PSALM XVIII.

As the 72. MY Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength m
Power,
My ſtedfaſt Rock, my Fortreſs, my high
Tower,
My God, my Safety, and my Confidence,
The Horn of my Salvation, my Defence.
My Songs ſhall thy deſerved Praiſe reſound:
For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound.

Sorro

rrows of Death on every side assail'd,
nd dreadful floods of Impious Men prevail'd:
orrows of Hell my compast Soul dismay'd;
nd to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.
n this Distress I cry'd, and call'd upon
he Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne.
he trembling Earth in his fierce Anger strook;
h' unfixed roots of airy Mountains shook;
moke from his Nostrils flew; devouring Fire
rake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire.
n his Descent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,
And gloomy Darkness roll'd beneath his Feet,
A Golden-winged Cherubin bestrid,
And on the swiftly flying Tempest rid.

He Darkness made his secret Cabinet; *Part 2.*
Thick Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him set:
The Beams of his bright Presence these expell;
Whence showers of burning coles and hailstones fell.
From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;
In Hail and darting Flames th' Almighty spake:
Whose Arrows my amazed Foes subdue;
And at their scattred Troops his Lightning threw.
The Ocean could not his deep Bottom hide;
The Worlds conceal'd Foundations were descri'd
At thy rebuke, Jehovah; at the blast
Even of the breath which through thy Nostrils past.
He with extended arms his Servants saves,
And drew me sinking from th' inraged waves:
From my proud foes by his assistance freed,
Who swoln with hate, no less in strength exceed.
Without his Aid, I in that stormy Day
Of my affliction, had become their prey:
Who from those straits of danger by his Might
Enlarg'd my Soul; for I was his delight.

The

Part 3. The Lord according to my innocence,
And Justice, did his saving grace dispence.
The narrow Path by him prescrib'd, I took;
Nor like the wicked, my Great God forsook.
For all his Judgements were before mine eyes;
I with his statutes daily did advise,
And ever walk'd before him, void of guile:
No act or purpose did my soul defile,
For this he recompenc'd my righteousness
And crown'd my innocence with fair success.
The merciful shall flourish in thy Grace;
Thy Righteousness the Righteous shall embrace:
Thou to the Pure thy Purity wilt show;
And the perverse shall thy averseness know.
For thou wilt thy afflicted People save;
The proud cast down, down to the greedy grave.
Thou Lord wilt make my taper to shine bright,
And clear my darkness with celestial Light.
Through Thee I have against an Host prevail'd;
And by thy aid, a lofty Bulwark scal'd.

Part 4. Gods Path is perfect, all his Words are just;
A Shield to those that in his promise trust.
What God is their in Heav'n or Earth but ours!
What Rock but He, against assailing Powers!
He breath'd new strength and courage in the day
Of Battel, and securely cleer'd my way.
He makes my feet outstrip the nimble Hind,
Up to the Mountains, where I safety find.
'Tis he that teacheth my weak hands to fight:
A Bow of steel is broken by their might.
Thou didst thy ample Shield before me set;
Thy Arm upheld, thy Favour made me great.
The passage of my steps on ev'ry side,
Thou hast inlarged, lest my feet should slide.

llowed, overtook; nor made retreat,
till victorious in my Foes defeat;
o charg'd with wounds, that they no longer stood;
er at my feet lay bathed in their blood.
Thou arm'st me with prevailing Fortitude,
And all that rose against me hast subdu'd:
Their stubborn necks subjected to my Will,
That I their blood, who hate my Soul, might spill.
They cry'd aloud; but found no succour near:
To thee, Jehovah; but thou wouldst not hear.

pounded them like dust, which Whirle-winds raise; *Part 5.*
rod under-foot as dirt in beaten wayes.
From Popular Fury thou hast set me free;
Among the Heathen hast exalted me;
Whom unknown Nations serve: as soon obey
As hear of me; and yield unto my sway.
The Stranger-born, beset with horrour, fled;
And in their close Retreats betray their dread.
O praise the living Lord, the Rock whereon
I build; the God of my Salvation!
Tis he who rights my wrongs; the People bends
To my Subjection; from my Foe defends.
Thou raiest me above their proud controul;
And from the violent Man hast freed my Soul.
The Heathen shall admire my Thankfulness:
My Songs shall thy immortal Praise express.
A great and manifold Deliverance
God gives his King: his mercy doth advance
In his Anointed; and will show'r his Grace
Eternally on *David* and his Race.

PSALM

## PSALM XIX.

At the 8th. GOds Glory the vast Heav'ns proclame;
The Firmament, his mighty Frame.
Day unto Day, and Night to Night
The wonders of his Works recite.
To these nor speech nor words belong,
Yet understood without a Tongue.
The Globe of Earth they compass round;
Through all the world disperse their sound.
There is the Suns Pavillion set;
Who from his Rosie Cabinet,
Like a fresh Bride-groom shews his face;
And as a Giant, runs his race.
He riseth in the dawning East,
And glides obliquely to the West:
The World with his bright Rayes repleat;
All Creatures cherish'd by his heat.
Gods Laws are perfect, and restore
The Soul to life, even dead before.
His Testimonies, firmly true,
With Wisdom simple men indue.

Part 2. The Lords Commandments are upright,
And Feast the Soul with sweet delight.
His Precepts are all Puritie,
Such as illuminate the Eye,
The fear of God, soil'd with no stain,
Shall everlastingly remain.
Jehovah's Judgements are Divine;
With Judgement he doth Justice joine:
Which men should more than Gold desire,
Then heaps of Gold refin'd by Fire:
More sweet than Honey of the Hive,
Or Cels where Bees their Treasure slive.

Thy Servant is inform'd from thence:
They, their Observers recompence.
Who knows what his Offences be?
From secret sins O cleanse thou me!
And from presumptuous Crimes restrain;
Nor let them in thy Servant reign:
So shall I live in Innocence,
Not spotted with that great Offence.
My Fortress, my Deliverer;
O let the Prayers my Lips prefer,
And Thoughts which from my Heart arise,
Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

## PSALM XX.

THe Lord in thy Adversity *As the 7.*
Regard thy cry;
Great *Jacob's* God with Safety arm,
And shield from harm:
Help from his Sanctuary send,
And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy Odors, which pure flames consume,
Be his Perfume:
May he accept thy Sacrifice,
Fir'd from the Skies.
For ever thy indeavours bless;
And crown thy Counsels with success.

We will of thy Deliverance sing,
Triumphant King:
Our Ensigns in that pray'd-for Day
With Joy display;
Even in the Name of God. O still
May he thy just Desires fulfil!

Now know I his Anointed He
Will hear, and free;
With saving Hand and Mighty Power,
From his high Tower.
These trust in Horse; in Chariots those;
Our trust we in our God repose.

Their wounded limbs with anguish bend,
To Death descend:
But we in fervour of the fight
Have stood upright.
O save us, Lord; thy Suppliants hear:
And in our aid, Great King, appear.

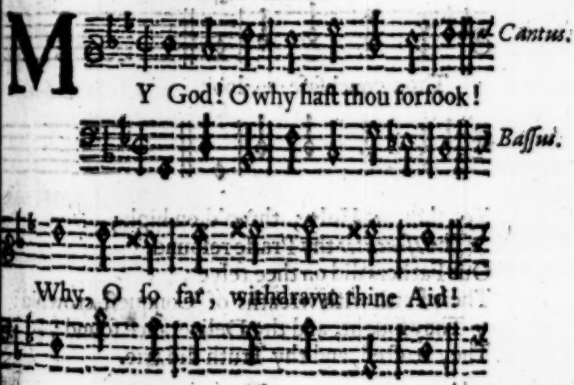
## PSALM XXI.

As the 15.

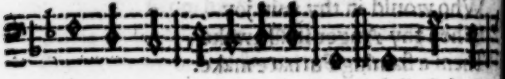
LOrd, in thy Salvation,
In the Strength which thou hast shown,
Greatly shall the King rejoyce.
How will Joy exalt his Voice!
Thou hast granted his request;
Of his Hearts desire possest;
Blest with Blessings manifold;
Crown'd with sparkling Gems and Gold.
Praid-for Life thou granted hast;
Length of Days which never waste;
By thy Safe-guard glorious made;
With high Majesty array'd:
Of resistless Pow'r possest;
By thy favours ever blest.
Lo! his Joys are infinite;
Joy reflected from thy sight:
For the King in God did trust.
Through the Mercy of the Just,

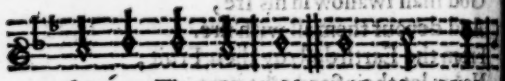
He shall ever fixed stand.
For thy Hand, thy own right Hand,
Shall thy Enemies destroy,
Who would in thy ruin joy.
When thy Anger shall awake,
Them a flaming Furnace make.
God shall swallow in his Ire,
And devour them all with fire.
From the Earth destroy their Fruit;
Never let their Seed take root.
Mischievous was their intent;
All their Thoughts against me bent;
Thoughts, which nothing could perform.
Let thy Arrows, like a Storm,
Put them to inglorious flight;
On their daunted faces light.
Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raise,
While we sing thy Power and Praise.

## PSALM XXII.

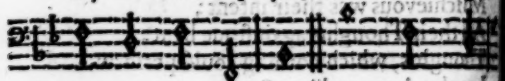


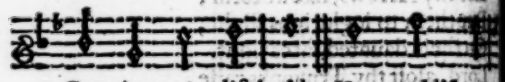
Nor when I roared, pity took! My God, by



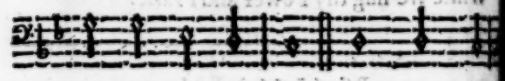


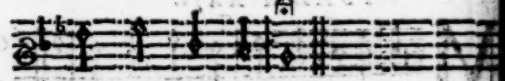
day to Thee I pray'd, And when Nights





Curtains were display'd: Yet would'st not





Thou vouchsafe a look.

Yet thou art Holy; thron'd on high;
The *Israelites* thy Praise resound.
Our Fathers did on thee relye;
Their Faith with wreaths of Conquest crown'd:
They sought, and thy Deliverance found;
They trusted, and thy Truth did trie.

But I, a worm, no man, am made
The scorn of men; despis'd by all:
Who shake their Heads, make mouths, upbraid,
Let God, say they, redeem from thrall,
On whom thy Hopes to vainly call:
Now let him his Beloved aid.

Thou drew'st me from the Womb; by Thee
Confirmed at my Mothers breast:
When born, Thou took'st the charge of me;
Even from my Birth, my God profest.
O succour me with fear distrest!
Thou canst alone thy Servant free.

Incensed Bulls about me stare; *Part 2.*
Strong Bulls of Bashan girt me round:
Who their inflamed mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'm spilt like water on the ground;
And all my Bones disjointed are.

My Heart like Wax within me thaws;
My vigour as a Pot-sheard dry'd:
My thirsty Tongue cleaves to my jaws;
In dust of Death thou do'st me hide:
Dogs compass me on ev'ry side;
And multitudes, who hate thy Laws.

My Hands and Feet transfixed are;
Bones, to be told, with anguish waste:
This seen with joy, my robes they share;
Lots on my seamless garment cast.
My Strength, to my redemption haste!
Nor O be deaf to my sad prayer!

Let not the Sword thy Servant wound;
My Dearling from the Dog protect;
From Lions that in rage abound;
From Unicorns guard thy Elect.
I then thy Brethren will direct;
Among the Saints thy Praise resound.

Part 3. O praise him you who fear the Lord;
You Sons of *Jacob*, God adore;
Let *Israels* Seed his praise record;
For from their crys who help implore;
His Face he hides not, nor the Poor
In their Affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great Assembly shall
Declare his Works, which words exceed;
And pay my Vows before them all,
The Meek abundantly shall feed;
The Faithful praise their Help at need,
Nor by the stroke of Death shall fall.

All who behold the Suns Up-rise,
Shall God profess, and serve alone:
And all the Heathen Families
Shall cast themselves before his Throne;
Because the Kingdom is his own:
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
Nor undeserved Honours gain;
Who poorly creep upon the ground,
And scarce their needy lives sustain;
Shall eat, and to his easie reign
Submit, with joys eternal crown'd.

Their

Their sanctifi'd Posteritie
Shall ever celebrate his Name;
Adopted Sons of the most High:
They shall his Righteousness proclame,
And Works of everlasting fame,
To their believing Progeny.

## PSALM XXIII.

THe Lord my Shepherd, me his Sheep *Acts 8.*
Will from consuming Famine keep.
He fosters me in fragrant Meads,
By softly-sliding waters leads;

My Soul refresh'd with pleasant juice:
And lest they should his Name traduce,
Then when I wander in the Maze
Of tempting sin, informs my ways.

No terrour can my courage quail,
Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vail;
By thy Protection fortifi'd:
Thy Staff my Stay, thy Rod my Guide.

My Table thou hast furnished;
Powr'd pretious Odors on my head:
My Mazer flows with pleasant Wine,
While all my Foes with envy pine.

Thy Mercy and Beneficence
Shall ever joyn in my Defence;
Who in thy House will sacrifice,
Till aged Time close up mine eyes,

## PSALM XXIV.

*As the 8.*

THe round and many-peopled Earth,
What from her womb extract their birth,
And whom her foodful breast sustains,
Are his, who high in glory raigns.
The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd,
By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd.
Who shall upon his Mountain rest?
Who in his Sanctuary feast?
Even he, whose hands are innocent;
His heart unsoil'd with foul intent;
Whom swoln Ambition, Avarice,
Nor tempting Pleasures can intice:
Who only their infection fears;
And never fraudulently swears:
The Lord his Saviour him shall bless,
And cloth him with his Righteousness.
Such are of *Jacobs* Faithful Race,
Who seek him, and shall find his Face.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
You everlasting Doors, give way;
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His Praise! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord in Strength, in Pow'r compleat;
The Lord in Battail more than great.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves display;
You everlasting Doors give way;
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of Hosts, of Victory,
Is King of glory; thron'd on high.

PSALM

## PSALM XXV.

ON Thee with Confidence I call,
To thee my troubled Soul erect:
Lord, let not shame my look deject,
Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
Thy Servants save; but those confound,
Who Innocence with slander wound.

As the 2.

thy disclosed paths direct;
Thy Truth, that leading Star display:
O my Redeemer! every day
y dangers thy relief expect.
Think of thy Mercies shown of old;
Thy Mercies more than can be told.

esins of my unbridled Youth,
Nor frail Transgressions call to mind:
Let those that seek, thy Mercy find,
en for the honour of thy Truth.
God, ever just and good, the way
Of life will shew to such as stray.

e Meek in righteousness shall guide;
To such his heavenly Will express:
Which shall with Truth and Mercy bless
l such as in his Laws abide.
My sins, so numerous and great
O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

What's he who fears The ever-Blest?
To him shall he his Paths disclose:
His Soul refresh'd with calm repose;
e Land by his fair Race possest:

Part 2.

To

To him his Counſels ſhall impart,
And ſeal his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait;
My feet inlarge thou from their ſnares.
O pitty me ſo worn with cares;
Deſpiſed, poor, and deſolate!
The troubles of my mind increaſe;
Lord, from their galling yoke releaſe!

Behold thou my affliction,
The toil and ſtraits, wherein I live:
My ſins, ſo infinite, forgive.
Behold my Foes, how potent grown!
How are they multiply'd of late,
Who hate me with a deadly hate!

Deliver, O! from ſhame protect;
Since from my Faith I never ſwerve:
Let Innocence and Truth preſerve,
Who conſtantly thy aid expect.
Redeem thy choſen *Iſrael*,
And ſorrow from his breſt expell.

## *PSALM* XXVI.

*As the 4th.*

LOrd, judge my cauſe: thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Souls integritie.
How can I fall;
When I, and all
My hopes on thee relie?

Examine, try my reins and heart;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art:

Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in Age depart.

en sold to sin offend my sight;
ate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
Those who devise
Malicious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

ut will, with hands immaculate,
nd offerings, at thy Altar wait:
Thy Praise disperse
In grateful verse;
Thy Noble Acts relate.

hy House, in my esteem, excels:
he Mansion where thy Glory dwells.
My life O close
Not up with those,
Whose sin thy Grace expells!

Who guiltless blood with pleasure spill:
bverting bribes their right-hands fill;
Bold in offence.
But Innocence
And Truth shall guard me still.

edeem; O with thy Grace sustain!
y feet now stand upon the plain.
Thy Justice I
Will magnifie,
With those who fear thy Name.

PSALM

## PSALM XXVII.

As the 10. GOd is my Saviour, my clear light:
Who then can my repose affright?
Or what appear
Worth such a fear,
My life protected by his Might?
Vain hatred, vain their power,
That would my life devour.

These fell, when they against me fought:
The Wicked suffer'd what they sought.
Though troops of foes
At once inclose,
Of fear I would not lodge a thought:
Should Armies compass me;
So confident in thee.

One thing I have, and shall request;
That I may in thy Mansion rest,
Till Death surprize
My closing eyes:
That they may on thy beauty feast;
That in thy Temple still
I may enquire thy Will.

When storms arise on ev'ry side,
He will in his Pavillion hide:
How ever great,
In that retreat
I shall conceal'd and safe abide.
He, to resist their shock,
Hath fixt me on a Rock.

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who gird me round;
That in my Tent
I may present
My sacrifice with Trumpets sound:
There I thy praise will sing,
Set to a well-tun'd string.

O hear thou my afflicted cry; *Part 2.*
Extend thy pity, and reply.
When thus the Lord
In sweet accord;
Seek thou my Face with searching Eye.
Directed by thy Grace,
Lord, I will seek thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide!
Nor in thine anger turn aside
From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith.
Forsake me not, my ancient Guide;
So oft in dangers known:
O leave me not alone.

Although my Parents should forsake;
Yet, Lord, thou wouldst to Harbour take.
O lest I stray,
Teach me the Way,
And in thy Precepts perfect make:
Because my enemies
Watch like so many Spies.

Expose me not to their desire;
For lying witnesses conspire,
Who in their breath
Bear Wrath and Death.

My

My Soul had ſunk beneath their ire,
But that I did relye
On thy benignity.

In hope to ſee (within the Land
Of thoſe that live) thy ſaving hand.
He ſhall impart
Strength to thy heart.
Wait on the Lord, undaunted ſtand;
His heav'nly Will attend,
Who timely aid will ſend.

## *PSALM* XXVIII.

*As the* 5th.

MY God, my Rock, regard my Crie;
Left I unheard, like thoſe that die,
In ſhades of dark Oblivion lie.

To my aſcending Grief give ear,
When I my hands devoutly rear
Before thy Mercy-ſeat with fear.

With wicked men mix not my Fate;
Nor drag me with the Reprobate,
Who ſpeak of Peace, but foſter hate.

Such as their works, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent;
Such be their dreadful puniſhment.

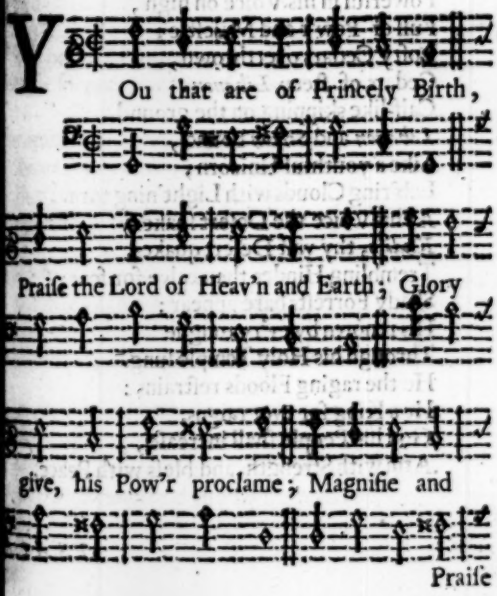
Since they will not thy Choice renown,
But hate whom thou intend'ſt to crown;
O build not up, but pull them down!

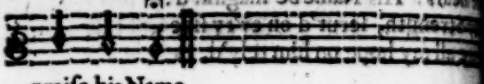
He hears! His Name be magnifi'd!
My Strength, secur'd on ev'ry side,
Fix all my hope on him rely'd.

These Seas of Joy my Tears devour,
My Songs shall celebrate thy Power,
O thou that art to thine a Tower.

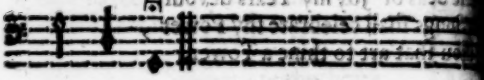
O thou my strong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Bless, feed, preserve, and still advance.

## PSALM XXIX.





praiſe his Name.



Worſhip; in the Beauty bleſs,
Beauty of his Holineſs.
From a dark and ſhow'ring Cloud,
On the floods that roar aloud,
Hark! his Voice with terrour breaks:
God, our God in Thunder ſpeaks.
Powerful in his Voice on high,
Full of Pow'r and Majeſtie:
Lofty Cedars overthrown,
Cedars of ſteep *Libanon*;
Calf-like skipping on the ground.
*Libanon* and *Sirion* bound,
Like a youthful Unicorn,
Lab'ring Clouds with Light'ning torn.
At his Voice the Deſert ſhakes;
*Kadiſh*, thy vaſt Deſert quakes.
Trembling Hindes then calve for fear;
Shady Forreſts bare appear:
His renown by ev'ry tongue
Through his Holy Temple ſung.
He the raging Floods reſtrains:
He a King for ever raigns.
God his People ſhall increaſe,
Arm with Strength, and bleſs with Peace.

PSAL

## PSALM XXX.

MY Verse shall in thy praises flow: *As the 14.*
Lord, thou hast rais'd my head on high;
Nor suffer'd the proud Enemy
To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud; thy Arm did save;
Thou drew'st me from the shades of Death;
Repealing my exiled breath,
When almost swallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh sing his praise!
Present your Vows unto the Lord;
His perfect Holiness record;
Whose Wrath but for a Moment stays.

His quick'ning Favour life bestows:
Tears may continue for a night;
But Joy springs with the Morning Light;
Long-lasting Joys, soon-ending Woes.

In my Prosperity I said, *Part 2.*
My feet shall ever fixt abide:
I, by thy favour fortifi'd,
Am like a stedfast Mountain made.

But when thou hid'st thy cheerful Face;
How infinite my Troubles grew!
My cries then with my grief renew,
Which thus implor'd thy saving Grace:

What profit can my blood afford,
When I shall to the Grave descend?
Can senseless Dust thy Praise extend?
Can Death thy living Truth record?

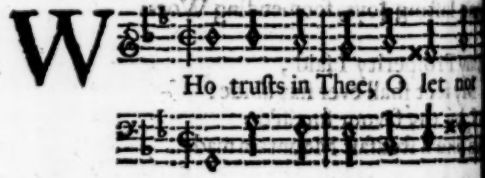
To my Complaints attentive be;
Thy Mercy in my aid advance;
O perfect my Deliverance,
That have no other Hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, hast made th' Afflicted glad;
My Sorrow into Dancing turn'd;
The Sack-cloth torn wherein I mourn'd,
And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

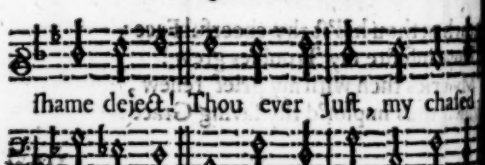
That so my Glory might proclame
Thy Favours in a joyful Verse;
Unceſſantly thy Praise rehearse,
And magnifie thy sacred Name.

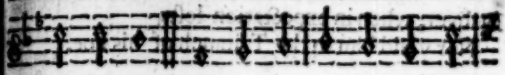
## PSALM XXXI.

*Cantus.*

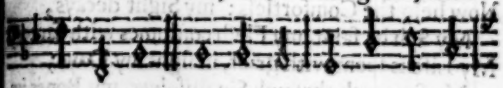



*Bassus.*

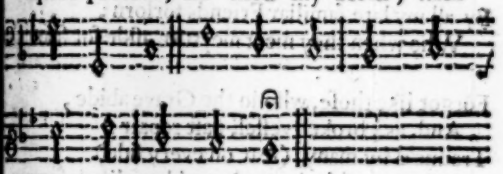




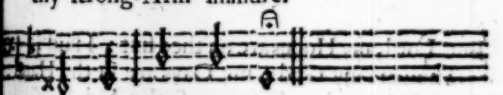
Soul ſecure: Lord, lend a willing ear, with



ſpeed protect; Be thou my Rock; with



thy ſtrong Arm immure.



My Rock, my Fortreſs, for thy Honour aid,
And my ingaged feet from Danger guide:
Pull from their ſubtil Snares in ſecret laid,
O thou my only Strength ſo often try'd.

To thy ſafe Hands my Spirit I commend,
O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.
Who Lies invent, or unto Idols bend,
I have abhorr'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoice, and in thy Mercy boaſt,
That in his trouble wouldſt thy Servant know:

Deliver, when in expectation loſt;
Nor yield him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part 2. Now help the Comfortleſs: my Sight decays,
My Spirits faint, my Fleſh conſumes with care:
My Life is ſpent with grief, in ſighs my Days;
My Strength through Sin diſſolves, my Bones in-
(pare

To all my Foes I am become a ſcorn;
Nor leaſt to thoſe, who ſeem'd in love moſt near
By all my late familiar Friends forlorn;
Who when they meet me, turn aſide for fear.

Forgot like thoſe, who in the Grave abide,
And, as a broken veſſel, paſt repair:
Traduc'd by many, (fear on every ſide)
Who counſel take, and would my life inſnare.

But, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt: I ſaid,
Thou art my God; my Days are in thy Hand:
Againſt my furious Foes oppoſe thy Aid;
And thoſe, who perſecute my Soul, withſtand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant ſhine;
Save for thy Mercies ſake; from Shame defend
Shame cover thoſe who keep no Laws of thine;
And undeplored to the Grave deſcend.

Part 3. The lying lips in endleſs ſilence cloſe,
That with deſpite and pride traduce the Juſt.
What Joy haſt thou reſerv'd! what wrought for
(In ſight of all) who fear, and in thee truſt! (th

Th

Those shalt Thou in thy secret Presence hide
From their Oppressors violence and wrongs;
They in thy close Pavilion shall abide,
Secured from the strife of envious Tongues.

Blest he! who in a walled City hath
To me his wonderful Affection shown.
Rashly said, I am the food of Wrath;
Cut off; for ever from his Presence thrown.

Yet thou, O ever blessed, heard'st my Prayer,
When to thy Mercy I address my Cry.
O love the living Lord, all you that are
His chosen Saints, and on his Aid rely.

For he the Faithful ever will preserve;
And render to the Proud their full deserts.
Courageous be all you, who hope, and serve
The Lord of Life, who will confirm your hearts.

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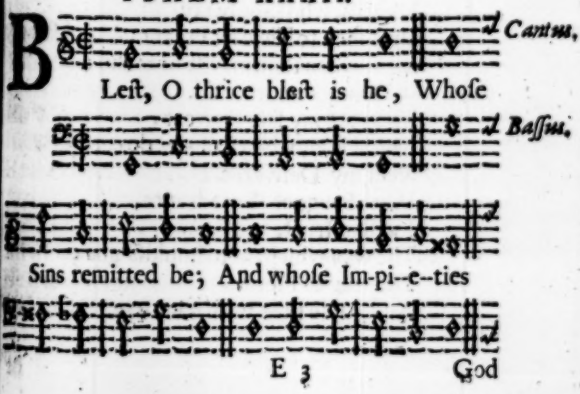
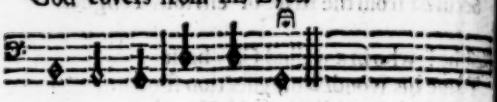
*PSALM* XXXII.



God covers from his Eyes.



To whom his Sins are not
Imputed, as forgot:
His Soul with guile unſtain'd.
While ſilent I remain'd,
My bones conſum'd away;
I roared all the day:
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavy light.
My moiſture dry'd throughout,
Like to a Summers drought.
I then my Sins confeſt,
How far I had tranſgreſt:
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my Pardon ſeal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall ſeek to Thee by Prayer;
Seek, when thou may'ſt be found;
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my ſafe Retreat,
My Shield, when dangers threat;
Shalt my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.
I will inſtruct, and ſhow
The way which thou ſhouldſt goe;
The way to Pietie;
And guide thee with mine eye.

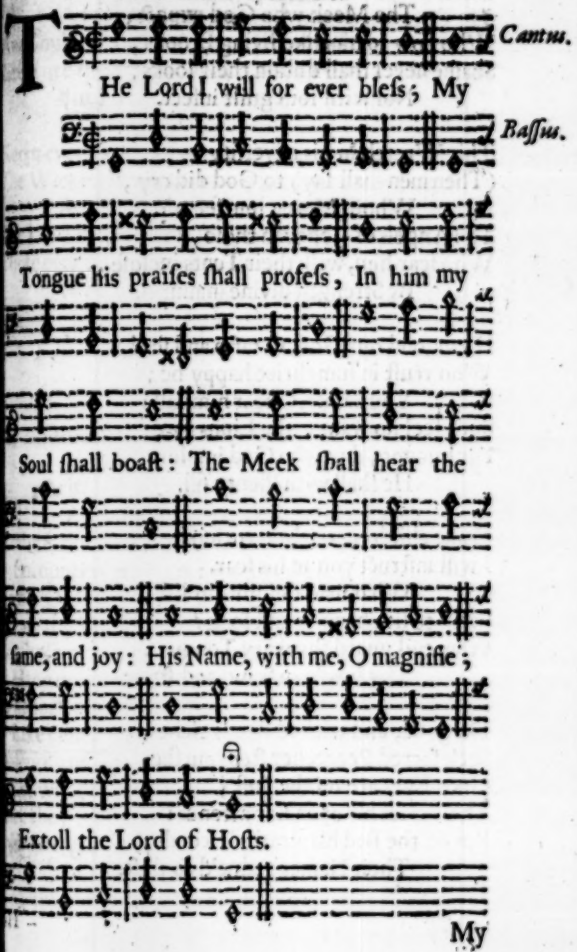
Be not like Mule and Horse,
Whose reason is their Force;
Whose mouth the Bit and Rein,
Lest they rebel, restrain.
Innumerable Woes
The Wicked shall inclose:
But those who God affect,
His Mercy shall protect.
O you, who are upright,
In God your God delight;
You Just, his blessed Choice,
In Him with Songs rejoice.

## PSALM XXXIII.

TO God, you Just, your Voices raise; *As the 8th.*
It you beseems to sing his Praise,
O celebrate the King of kings
On Instruments strung with ten Strings;
To Harp and Lute new Ditties sing;
Sing loud with skillful fingering.
His Words are crown'd by their event;
And all his Works are permanent.
Justice and Judgement he affects;
His Bounty upon all reflects.
His Word the arched Heav'ns did frame;
His Breath, the Stars eternal Flame.
He the collected Seas confines,
And folds the Deep in Magazines.
The Lord, O all you Nations, fear;
All whom the Earths round shoulders bear.
He spake, 'twas done as soon as said;
At his Commandment stedfast made.

The People counſel take in vain;
Their Projects no ſucceſs obtain.
The Counſels of the Lord are ſure;
His Purpoſes no Change indure.
Bleſt they, whoſe God Jehovah is;
The Nation ſet apart for his.
The Lord looks from the lofty Skies;
On careful Mortals caſts his Eyes:
The Lord looks from his Reſidence;
The Sons of men beholds from thence.
He faſhioned their hearts alone:
To him their Thoughts and deeds are known.
No King is ſaved by an Hoſt;
No Giant in his ſtrength ſhould boaſt:
There reſts no Safety in a Horſe;
None are deliver'd by his force.
Gods eyes are ever on the Juſt,
Who fear, and in his Mercy truſt;
To free their Souls from ſwallowing Earth,
And keep alive in time of Dearth.
Our fervent Souls on God attend;
Our help, who only can defend:
In whom our Hearts exult for joy;
Becauſe we on his Name rely.
Great God to us propitious be,
As we have fixt our Hopes on thee.

## PSALM XXXIV.




THe Lord I will for ever bless; My
Tongue his praises shall profess, In him my
Soul shall boast: The Meek shall hear the
same, and joy: His Name, with me, O magnifie;
Extoll the Lord of Hosts.

My

My Prayers aſcending pierc'd his ear;
Who ſnatch'd me from thoſe ſtorms of fear.
The Meek who God expect,
Who flow to him like living Brooks,
Shame never ſhall diſtain their looks,
Nor with foul guilt infect.

This Wretch in his adverſity
(Then men ſhall ſay) to God did cry,
Whoſe Mercy him ſecur'd.
The Angels of Jehovah thoſe,
Who fear him, with their Tents incloſe,
By Strength divine immur'd.

How good our God, O taſte and ſee!
Who truſt in him thrice happy be;
You Saints, O fear him ſtill:
Such feel no want; the Lions rore
For hunger; but who God implore,
He ſhall with Plenty fill.

Come children, with attention hear,
I will inſtruct you in his fear.
What man delights in life?
Seeks to live happily and long?
From evil guard thy wary Tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and ſtrife.

Do good, and wicked deeds eſchew;
Seek ſacred Peace, her ſteps purſue.
Gods Eyes are on the Juſt;
Their cries his open Ear attends:
But on the Bad his wrath deſcends,
Their Names reduc'd to duſt.

He hears the Righteous, and their cry;
Preserv'd in their adversity:
A broken heart affects,
And Souls contrite which in Him trust.
Great are the afflictions of the Just;
But He in all protects:

Keeps every bone of theirs intire.
The Wicked swallows in his Ire,
And who the Righteous hate.
The Lord his Servants shall redeem;
Those ever dear in his esteem,
Who on his Promise wait.

## PSALM XXXV.

LOrd, plead my cause against my foes; *Aleph 3.*
With such as fight against me, fight:
Arise, thy ample Shield oppose,
And with thy Sword defend my right.
Address thy Spear; those in their way
Encounter, who my Soul invade:
To her O let thy Spirit say,
I am thy God, and saving Aide.
Let those, who my disgrace contrive,
Hang down their heads, for flight design'd:
Who seek my fall, let Angels drive
Like Chaff before the blustring wind.
Obscure and slippery be their path;
Let winged Troops pursue their foil;
Since they for me with causeless wrath
Have dig'd a pit, and pitch'd a Toil;
Let suddain ruin them destroy;
Mesht in the Nets themselves had laid:

Then

Then in the Lord my Soul shall joy,
And glory in his timely Aid.
My Bones shall say, O who like thee,
That arm'st the Weak against the Strong;
That do'st the Poor and Needy free
From outrage, and too powerful wrong?

Part 2. False witnesses against me stood,
Who unknown accusations brought:
That Evil rendered for Good,
And closely my confusion sought.
I in their sickness did condole;
Unfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd:
With fasting humbled my sad Soul,
And often to my Prayers return'd:
Him visited both Night and Day,
As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
In Black upon the Earth I lay,
And wept as for my dying Mother.
Yet these rejoyced in my woe,
False Comforters about me croud;
And least I should their cunning know,
They rent their Cloths, and cry'd aloud.
Like Hypocrites at Feasts, they jeer;
Whose gnashing teeth their hate profess:
O Lord, how long wilt thou forbear,
And only look on my distress?
O save from those, who smile, and kill;
My Dearling from the Lions Jaws:
I in the great Assembly will
Then praise thy Name with full applause.

Part 3. Let not my causeless Enemies
Rejoyce in my afflicted state:
Nor wink at me with scornful eyes,
Who swell with undeserved hate.

Of Peace they ſpeak not; rather they
  The peaceable with fraud purſue:
Who wry their mouths at me, and ſay,
  Ha, Ha! our eyes thy ruin view.
This ſeen, O ſtand no longer mute;
  Nor, Lord, deſert my Innocence.
Awake, ariſe: O proſecute
  My Cauſe, and plead in my Defence.
With Juſtice Judge: nor let them ſay
  In triumph; We our wiſh poſſeſs:
Not in their mirthful hearts, Ha, Ha!
  W' have ſwallow'd him in his diſtreſs.
Wrath and confuſion ſeize on thoſe,
  Who in my tribulation joy:
Let them who glory in my woes,
  Be cloth'd with ſhame and infamy.
Let thoſe eternally rejoyce,
  Who favour and aſſiſt my right:
For ever with exalted voice
  The goodneſs of our God recite.
And ſay, O magnifie his Name,
  Who glories in his ſervants peace.
My tongue his Juſtice ſhall proclame,
  Nor ever in his praiſes ceaſe.

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## *PSALM* XXXVI.

WHen I the bold Tranſgreſſor ſee, *As the 34.*
  My thoughts thus whiſper unto me;
    He never fear'd the Lord:
  He ſinooths himſelf in his own eyes,
Till his ſecure impieties
    Become of all abhorr'd.

Their

Their words are vain, and full of guile:
They Wisdom from their hearts exile;
Forsaken Virtue hate:
Who mischief on their Beds contrive;
Through by-ways to bad ends arrive,
And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high;
And thy approv'd Fidelity
The lofty Skie transcends:
Thy Justice like a Mountain steep;
Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deep;
Who man and beast defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace!
The sons of men, their comfort place,
Beneath thy shady wings:
They with thy Houshold dainties shall
Be fully satisfi'd, and all
Drink of thy pleasant Springs.

For O! from thee the Fountain flows;
Which endless Life on thine bestows;
Inlight'ned with thy Light.
On such as know thee show'r thy Grace;
O let thy Justice those embrace,
Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride defeat;
Nor such as are in mischief great
My guiltless Soul surprize.
The workers of iniquity
Are faln like Meteors from the skie:
Cast down, no more to rise.

## PSALM XXXVII.

VEx not thy ſelf at the impiety *As the 1.*
Of wicked men, nor their frail height envy.
For they ſhall ſoon be mow'd, like Summers Hay;
And as the verdure of the Herb decay.
Truſt thou in God; do good, and long in peace
Poſſeſs the Land; refreſh'd by her increaſe.
Be he thy ſole delight; He ſhall inſpire
Thy raiſed thoughts, and grant thy hearts deſire.
Relye, and to his care thy ways commend,
Who will produce them to a happy end.
He ſhall thy Juſtice, like the Light diſplay,
And make thy Judgement as the Height of Day.
Reſt on the Lord, and patiently attend
His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,
Becauſe the wicked in their courſes thrive;
And proſperouſly at their deſires arrive.
Abſtain from anger, heady wrath eſchew:
Nor fret thou, leſt ill Deeds ill Thoughts purſue.
God will cut off the Bad, the Faithful bleſs;
Who ſhall the ever-fruitful Land poſſeſs.

After a while th' Unjuſt ſhall ceaſe to be; *Part 2.*
Thou ſhalt his place conſider, but not ſee.
The Meek in heart ſhall reap the Lands increaſe,
And ſolace in the multitude of Peace.
Againſt the Godly wicked Men conſpire,
Gnaſh their malicious Teeth, and foam with ire;
But God ſhall laugh at their impiety;
Becauſe he knows their Day of Doom is nigh.
They draw their bloody Swords, their Bows are bent
To kill the Needy, Poor, and Innocent.

But

But their proud hearts ſhall periſh by the ſtroke
Of their own Steel, their Bow's aſunder broke.
That little which the Righteous hath, excells
Th' abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked ſwells:
For God the arms of violent Men will break:
But ſhield the Righteous, and ſupport the Weak.
His eyes behold the ſuff'rings of the Poor:
Their firm poſſeſſions ever ſhall endure.
They in the time of danger ſhall not dread;
But ſhall in Famin's rage be fill'd with Bread.
When vitious men ſhall ſpeedily decay:
And thoſe who ſlight Jehovah, melt away
As fat of Lambs, which ſacred Fires conſume;
And forthwith vaniſh like the riſing fume.

*Part* 3. The Wicked borrow, never to reſtore:
The Juſt are gracious and relieve the Poor.
Whom God ſhall bleſs, they ſhall the Land enjoy:
Whom God ſhall curſe, them vengeance ſhall deſtroy.
The ſteps of Righteous men the Lord directs;
For He, even He, their ordred paths affects.
Although they fall; yet fall to riſe again:
For his His Care and powerful Hand ſuſtain.
I have been young, am old; yet never ſaw
The Juſt abandon'd; nor thoſe, who draw
From him their birth, with beggery oppreſt.
He lends in mercy, and his Seed are bleſt.
Do good, ſhun evil, and remain unmov'd;
For Righteous Souls are of the Lord belov'd:
His undeſerted Saints protecting ſtill;
Their Plants up-rooting, who tranſgreſs his Will.
Juſt men inherit ſhall the promis'd Land;
And dwell therein, while Mountains ſtedfaſt ſtand.

The Righteous Soul of sacred Judgement speaks, Part 4.
And from his Lips a spring of Wisdom breaks.
Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
Nor shall his Feet in slippery places slide.
Men seek his blood; but God defends: nor shall
He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.
Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgress;
And evermore this pregnant Soil possess.
But those who in iniquity delight,
Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
The Wicked I have seen in wealth to flow,
Exceed in power, and like a Laurel grow:
Yet vanish hence, as he had never been;
I sought him, but he was not to be seen.
Observe the perfect, and the pure of heart;
They die in peace, and happily depart.
But the Ungodly are at once cut down,
And perish without pity, or renown.
The Lord is the salvation of the Just;
Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:
Will those assist, who on his aid depend;
Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.

## PSALM XXXVIII.

NOT in thy wrath against me rise; As the 4.
Nor in thy fury, Lord, chastise:
Thy Arrows wound,
Nail to the Ground,
Thy hand upon me lies.

No Limb from pain and anguish free;
Because I have incensed thee:
Nor rest can take,
My bones so ake;
Such sin abounds in me.

Like Billows they my head transcend;
Beneath their heavy load I bend:
My Ulcers swell,
Corrupt, and smell;
Of Folly the sad end.

Perplext in mind I pine away,
And mourning waste the tedious day;
My Flesh no more
Then all one Sore;
All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my strength o're-thrown;
Through anguish of my Soul I groan.
Lord, thou dost see
My thoughts and me;
My Sighs to thee are known.

My sad Heart pants, my nerves relent,
My Sight grows dim; and to augment
My miseries,
All my Allies
And Friends themselves absent.

Part 2. Who seek my life, their Snares extend;
Their wicked thoughts on Mischief bend:
Calumniate,
And lye in wait
To bring me to my end.

But I as deaf to them appear,
As mute, as if I tongueless were:
My passion rul'd,
Like one that could
At all not speak nor hear.

Bear

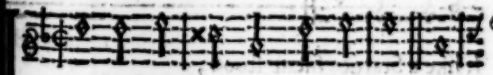
Because my hopes on thee relye:
My God, I said, O hear my cry;
Left they ſhould boaſt,
Who hate me moſt,
And in my ruin joy.

For O! I droop, with ſtruggling ſpent:
My thoughts are on my ſorrows bent.
My ſins exceſs
I will confeſs;
In ſhow'rs of tears repent.

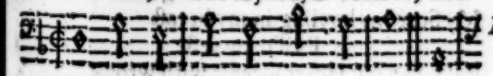
My foes are full of ſtrength and pride;
Who cauſeleſs hate, are multiply'd:
Who good with ill
Repay; would kill,
Becauſe I juſt abide.

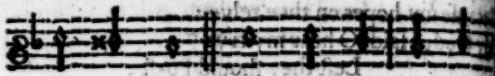
Depart not, Lord; O pitty take!
Nor me in my extreames forſake!
Salvation
Is thine alone;
Haſt to my ſuccour make.

## PSALM XXXIX.

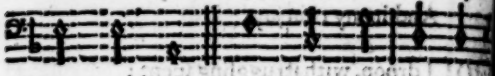



Said, I will my wayes obſerve, Left



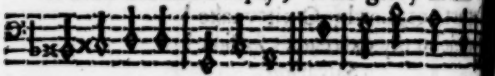


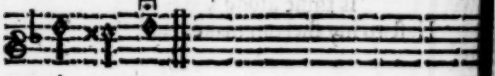
I ſhould ſwerve: With Bit and Reins my



Tongue keep in, Too prone to Sin. Nor

to their Calumnie reply, Who glory in Im-





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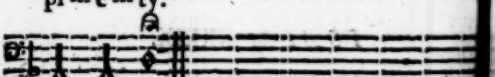


I, like a Statue, ſilent ſtood,
Dumb even to good:
My Sorrows boyling in my breaſt
Exil'd my reſt:
But when my Heart incenſt with wrong
Grew hot, I gave my Grief a tongue.

Of those few days I have to spend,
And my last End,
Inform me, Lord; that I may so
My Frailty know.
My time is made short as a Span;
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man nothing is but Vanitie,
Though thron'd on high;
Walks like a shadow, and in vain
Turmoils with pain:
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knows not who shall prove his Heir.

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope:
Him from his loath'd Transgressions free,
Who trusts in Thee:
Nor O subject me to the Rule,
And proud derision of a Fool!

With silence, since thy Will was such,
I suffered much:
O now forbear! lest instant Death
Force my faint breath.
When thou dost with thy Rod chastise
Offending man, his courage dies.

His Beauty wasted, like a cloth
Gnawn by the Moth:
Himself a short-liv'd vanitie,
And born to dye.
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Ear,
And thy afflicted Servant hear.

Nor these salt rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, despise:
A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I sojourn here.
O let me gather strength, before
I pass away, and be no more.

## PSALM XL.

Asthe 2. FOr God I patiently did look;
He to my crys inclin'd his Ear:
And when invironed with fear,
From that Abyss of horror took:
Drew from the Mud, and on a Rock
Establish'd, to indure the shock.

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praise, un-sung before.
Many shall see, with fear adore;
And trusting in th' Almighty, say:
Who on the Lord depend, are blest;
Who Liers, and the Proud detest.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The Works, O Lord, which Thou hast wrought:
What Thou to raise our joyes hast thought,
O who in order can declare!
'Twere lost endeavour to express
Their number, that are numberless.

Thou Gifts, nor Offerings dost desire;
But pierced hast thy Servants ear:
To Thee Oblations are not dear,
Nor Sacrifice consum'd with fire.

Then

Then said I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Laws are written in my Heart:
My Joy Thy Pleasure to fulfil.
I in the great Assembly still
Thy Righteousness to all impart.
My lips are unrestrain'd by me,
Which, Lord, is only known to Thee.

Thy Justice I have not conceal'd
Within the closure of my breast:
But Thy Fidelity profest;
And saving health at large reveal'd:
Amidst the Congregation
Thy constant Truth and Mercy shown.

Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aid; *Part 2.*
With Truth and Mercy still inclose:
For O! innumerable woes
On every side my Soul invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they ev'n blind my fearful eyes.

In number they my hairs exceed;
My fainting heart pants in my breast:
Be pleas'd to succour the Distrest;
And Lord deliver me with speed.
Let shame at once confound them all,
That seek my Soul, and plot my fall.

Be they repulst with Infamy,
Who persecute with deadly hate:
Deservedly left desolate,
Who Ha, Ha! in derision cry.

Let all who seek thy Help, rejoyce,
And praise Thee with a cheerful Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still say; The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I be poor, and cast aside;
Yet he regards me from above.
My Safety, my Deliverer,
No longer thy relief defer.

## PSALM XLI.

As the 7. WHo duly shall the Poor regard,
Hath his Reward:
The Lord in time of Trouble, shall
Prevent his fall:
He shall among the Living rest,
And with the Earths increase be blest.

Lord, render him not up to those,
Who are his Foes:
When he in sorrow languisheth,
Near unto Death;
Let him by Thee be comforted,
And in his Sickness make his bed.

I said, O Lord, thy Mercy show,
And Health bestow:
For O! my Soul the lothsome stains
Of Sin retains.
My Foes have said, When shall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

f any visit, they devise
Deceitful Lies:
Their hollow Hearts with Mischief load,
Divulg'd abroad:
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment
From Heav'n is sent:
He from the bed whereon he lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,
My Guest, his heel against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
My Health restore:
Raise me! that forthwith I may
Their Hate repay.
In this thy Love thou dost express,
That none triumph in my distress.

For thou art of my Innocence
The strong Defence.
Shall, inlightned by the Grace,
Behold thy Face.
Jehovah, Israels God, be blest;
While Day and Night the World invest.

*Amen, Amen.*

# A PARAPHRASE

## Upon the Second BOOK OF THE PSALMS of DAVID.

### PSALM XLII.

As the 34.

LOrd! as the Hart, imboſt with heat,
Braies after the cool Rivulet:
So ſighs my Soul for thee.
My Soul thirſts for the living God:
When ſhall I enter his Abode,
And there his Beauty ſee!

Tears are my Food both Night and Day;
While, Where's thy God; they daily ſay.
My Soul in plaints I ſhed;
When I remember, how in throngs
We fill'd thy Houſe with Praiſe and Songs;
How I their Dances led.

My Soul, why art thou ſo depreſt!
Why O thus troubled in my breaſt!

With Grief so overthrown!
h constant Hope on God await:
his Name shall celebrate,
For Mercy timely shown.

y fainting Heart within me pants:
y God, consider my Complaints;
My Songs shall praise thee still:
en from the Vale where *Jordan* flows;
here *Herman* his high Fore-head shows,
From *Mizar's* humble Hill.

eps unto Deeps in rage call, *Part 2.*
hen thy dark Spouts of waters fall,
And dreadful Tempest raves:
r all thy Floods upon me burst,
d billows after billows thrust
To swallow in their Graves.

t yet by Day the Lord will charge
s ready Mercy to inlarge
My Soul, surpris'd with cares:
gives my Songs their Argument;
d of my life, I will present
By night to thee my prayers.

d say; My God, my Rock, O why
n I forgot, and mourning die,
By Foes reduc'd to Dust!
eir words like weapons pierce my bones;
hile still they Eccho to my Groans,
Where is the Lord thy Trust?

y Soul, why art thou so depreſt!
why so troubled in my breast!

Sunk

Sunk underneath thy Load!
With constant Hope on God await;
For I his Name shall celebrate;
My Saviour, and my God.

## PSALM XLIII.

As the 34.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate:
O plead my Cause against their hate,
Who seek my utter spoil!
Deliver from the Mercileſs,
Who with bold Injuries oppreſs,
And proſper in their guile.

For of my Strength thou art the Lord.
Why like to one by thee abhorr'd
Doſt thou my Soul expoſe!
Why wander I in black araid!
My body worn, my mind diſmaid!
Purſu'd by cruel Foes!

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend;
Let them into my Soul deſcend,
Conducted by their light;
Conducted to thy holy Hill,
And Houſe bleſt with thy Preſence ſtill;
There to injoy thy ſight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring
An acceptable offering,
That doſt ſuch Joys afford:
There on a tuneful Inſtrument,
With Songs that joyn in ſweet conſent,
Thy ſacred praiſe record.

y Soul, why art thou so depreſt!
Why O thus troubled in my breaſt!
Sunk underneath thy load!
With conſtant hope on God await;
er I his Name ſhall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

## PSALM XLIV.

LOrd! we have heard our Fathers tell *As the* 3.
The Wonders wrought by thee of old,
To them by their great Grandſires told;
How by thy Hand the Heathen fell;

Of fruitfull *Canaan* diſpoſſeſt,
And *Iſrael* planted in their room;
They periſh'd by a fearful Doom,
While ours in growth and ſtrength increaſt.

Not their own Swords that pleaſant Land
Did conquer, and their Foes eject;
Nor did their arms their Lives protect:
It was thy Arm and powerful Hand;

It was the Splendor of thy Face;
And by thy Favour they o're-came.
My King, my God, O ſtill the ſame!
Salvation ſend to *Jacobs* Race.

For by thy Aid our Enemies
Lay bleeding on the ſtained ground;
And in thy Name we did confound
Who ever durſt againſt us riſe.

Our

Our Sword's unable to defend;
We will not trust in our weak Bows.
Thou, Lord, hast sav'd us from our Foes;
And brought them to a shameful end.

Part 2. For this with praises we adore;
And ever celebrate thy Name:
But now Thou casts us off to shame,
Nor lead'st our Armies as before.

Our faces from our Foes reverst;
A Spoil to such as hunt for blood:
Thou giv'st us up as Sheep for food,
Among th' uncircumcis'd dispersst.

For nought thou dost thy People sell,
Nor art inriched by their price;
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoice;
A Scorn to all that near us dwell.

A By-word to the Heathen grown,
Who shake their heads in our disgrace:
My shame is still before my face;
My Eyes to Earth with blushes thrown.

Sprung from the bold blasphemers taunts,
And proud Avengers threatning look:
Yet, Lord, we have not thee forsook,
Nor falsify'd thy Covenants.

Part 3. Our hearts have not their Faith dissolv'd;
Our Steps the Path prescribed keep:
Though Thou hast crusht us in the Deep,
And with the shades of Death involv'd.

r should we from the Lord depart,
Or to strange Gods our hearts uprear;
O would not this to him appear,
Who knows the Secrets of our Heart?

et for thy sake are daily slain;
For slaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheep.
Awake, O Lord, why dost thou sleep?
ife, nor for ever Us disdain.

O to thy Own at length return!
Why dost Thou hide thy chearful face?
With-drawing thy accustom'd Grace
rom such as in Affliction mourn?

or lo! our Souls, are wrapt in dust;
Our bellies to the Centre cleave:
O, for thy Mercies sake receive,
And succour those who in Thee trust!

## PSALM XLV.

As the 8.

WIth heat divine inspir'd, I sing
A Panegyrick to the King:
High Raptures in a numerous stile
I with a ready Pen compile.
Much fairer than our Humane Race;
Whose lips like Fountains flow with Grace:
For this the Lord thy Soul shall bless
With everlasting Happiness.
Gird, O most Mighty, on thy Thigh
Thy Sword of Awe and Majestie:
n triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
By Clemency and Justice drawn.

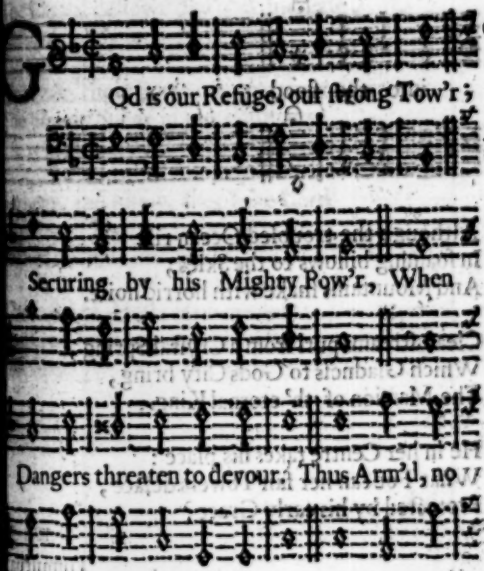
No

No mortal vigour shall withstand
The fury of thy dreadful Hand.
Thy piercing Arrows in the Kings
Opposers hearts shall dye their wings.
Thy Throne no wast of Time decays;
Thy Scepter sacred Justice sways.
Thou Virtue lov'st, but hast abhorr'd
Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord
Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed
The Oyl of Joy upon thy head.
Thy Garments, which in Grace excell,
Of Aloës, Myrrh, and Cassia smell;
Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
Which more than other Odors please.
Kings Daughters to augment thy State,
Among thy noble Damsels wait.
The Queen inthron'd on thy right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophyr's golden Sand.

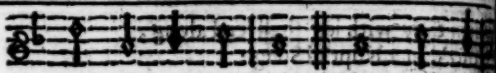
*Part* 2. Hark Daughter, and by me be taught;
Thy Countrey banish from thy thought,
Thy House and Family forget,
His Joy upon thy Beauty set.
He is thy Lord; O bow before,
And him eternally adore!
The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre
Shall bring their Purple, and desire
(Even they whom Wealth and Honour grace)
To see the sweetness of thy Face.
Her Mind all Beauties doth infold;
Her fair limbs clad in purfled Gold,
She shall unto the King be brought,
In Robes with *Phrygian* Needle wrought:
While Virgins on her Train attend,
Whose Faith and Friendship know no end:

om they with joy shall lead along;
miz'd in a Nuptial Song:
d with renew'd Applauses bring
o the Palace of the King.
s in thy Royal Fathers place,
Sons shalt see a numerous Race;
ho over all the Earth shall sway,
hile the cleer Sun directs the Day.
Song shall celebrate thy Name;
d to the World divulge thy Fame.

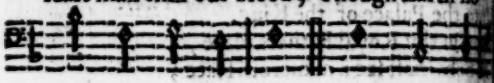
## PSALM XLVI.



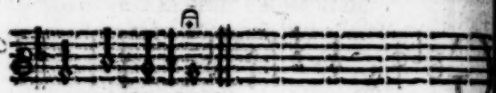

GOd is our Refuge, our strong Tow'r;
Securing by his Mighty Pow'r, When
Dangers threaten to devour. Thus Arm'd, no



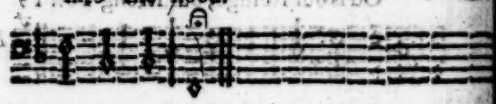
fears ſhall chill our blood; Though Earth no



longer ſtedfaſt ſtood, And ſhook her Hills



into the flood.



Although the troubled Ocean riſe
In foaming billows to the Skies;
And Mountains ſhake with horrid noiſe.

Clear ſtreams purl from a Cryſtal Spring,
Which Gladneſs to Gods City bring,
The Manſion of th' eternal King.

He in her Centre takes his place:
What Foe can her fair Towers deface,
Protected by his early Grace?

Tumultuar

Tumultuary Nations rose,
And armed Troops our walls inclose;
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

Come, see the wonders he hath wrought;
Who hath to desolation brought
Those Kingdoms, which our ruin sought.

He makes destructive War surcease;
The Earth, deflowr'd of her Increase,
Restores with universal Peace.

He breaks their Bows, unarms their Quivers,
The bloody Speer in pieces shivers,
Their Chariots to the Flame delivers.

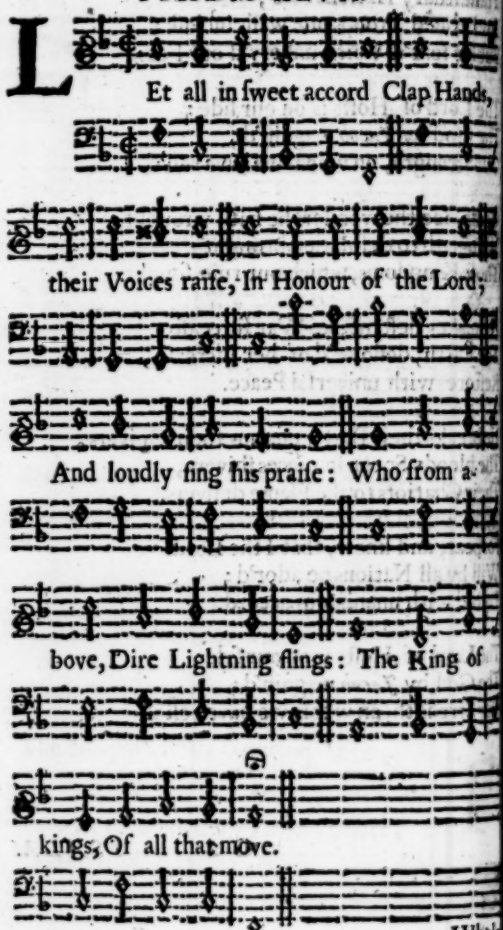
Forbear, and know, that I the Lord
Will by all Nations be ador'd;
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hosts is on our side;
The God by *Jacob* magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

## PSALM XLVII.

Cantus.

Bassus.




Whole

Whole Nations of our Foes
Beneath our Feet hath thrown:
A fair Possession chose,
For us that are his Own;
The dignitie
Of *Israel*;
Belov'd so well
By the most High.

In Triumph God ascends,
With Trumpet shrill, and Shalmes;
Praise him, who his defends;
O praise our King with Psalms!
For God is King
Of all the Earth;
With sacred Mirth
His Praises sing.

God o're the Heathen reigns;
Sits on his Holy Throne:
All whom the Earth sustains,
Shall worship him alone.
His Shield extends
In their Defence;
His Excellence
All height transcends.

## *PSALM* XLVIII.

THe Lord is most Majesticall; *As the 8.*
Most highly to be prais'd by all,
Within the City of our God,
And Mansion blest by his abode.
Fair *Sion* hath a pleasant Site;
Of Earth the Beauty and Delight:

Upon the North-side bordering,
The City of the Mighty King.
God dwells within her lofty Towers;
Secur'd from all assailing Powers.
Conspiring Kings her ruin sought;
Who armed Troops before her brought.

Part 2. At once they saw, admir'd, and fled;
Their hearts surpriz'd with sudden Dread.
Such fear, such pangs possest our foes,
As women suffer in their Throws.
At thy command black *Eurus* rores,
And spreads his wracks on *Tharsian* shores.
We, what we heard our Fathers tell,
Have seen, who in this City dwell;
The City of our God, which Hee
Shall ever from destruction free.
Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfulness
We in thy Temple still profess.
As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
So are thy Praises infinite;
And stretch to Earths remotest Bound:
Thy Hand for Justice far renown'd.
O *Sion*, *Judah*'s Diadem,
You Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
Unite your Joys, and glory in
His Judgement, which your eyes have seen.
Go walk the Round of *Sion*; tell
Her Towers; observe her Bulwarks well:
On her fair Buildings cast thine eye;
Declare it to Posteritie.
For God will still our God remain,
And us unto our Last sustain.

## PSALM XLIX.

ALL you who dwell upon the foodful Earth; *Aleph 1.*
Both Rich and Poor; of base and noble birth;
Attend: my Tongue deep wisdom shall impart;
And knowledge from the fountain of my heart.
I unto light dark Parables will bring,
And to my solemn Harp Ænigmaes sing.
In Misery and Age why should I fear,
When Sin pursues my steps, and Death draws near?
O you, who Riches as your God adore,
And glory in your scarce possessed Store:
Who can redeem his Brother for one Day,
Or to the Lord his high-prais'd Ransome pay?
(For O, not all the Gold, which Streams conceal,
Or Hills inclose, can banish'd Life repeal, )
That he might live unto Eternitie,
Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrails lye.
They see the Wise, and Fools, to Death descend,
While others their congested treasures spend:
Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
Proud Structures raise, and call them by their name.

But Man in honour is a Vanitie, *Part 2.*
That fleets away; and as a Beast must die.
In this vain course, they circularly move,
And their Posterity their words approve.
Death shall as Sheep devour them in the Dust;
Till that great Day subject them to the Just.
Their Strength and Beauty shall to nothing wast:
All naked, from their sumptuous Houses cast.
But God shall from the greedy Sepulchre
My Soul redeem, and to his Joys prefer.

Despair not, when a man grows Opulent,
And that the Glories of his House augment:
For with his thread of Life his Riches end;
Nor shall his Honours with his Soul descend.
Though here he live in luxury and ease;
And those are prais'd, who their own Genius please:
Yet as his Fathers, he shall set in Night;
Nor ever rise to see the cheerful Light.
Man high in honour, whose ignoble breast
No knowledge holds, shall perish like a beast.

## *PSALM* L.

*As the* 1.

THe God of gods, Jehovah, shall convent
All from the Orient to the Suns descent.
From *Sions* Towers (of Beauty the Divine
And full Perfection) shall his Glory shine.
Nor silent comes: devouring flames before,
And round about him horrid Tempests rore.
The righteous Judge, to judge his People, shall
High Heav'n and conscious Earth to witness call.
Assemble all my Saints, who with one mind
My Testaments with Sacrifice have sign'd.
Then thund'ring Skie shall make his Justice known,
When he our God ascends his Judgements Throne.
My People, hear; Thy God, O *Israel!*
Will thee convince, and thy Transgressions tell.
I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
Nor fumes, which rarely from my Altars rise:
I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steer,
Nor from thy Folds a Male-goat of that year:
For all are Mine, that Woods or Deserts breed,
And Herds which on a thousand mountains feed:

I know all Fowl, which Hill or Valleys yield,
And number all the Cattel of the Field.

Will I, if hungry, unto Thee complain, *Part 2.*
When all is Mine which Sea and Land contain?
Will I eat flesh of Bulls? or canst thou think,
That I the blood of shaggy Goats will drink?
A thankful heart upon my Altar lay;
And righteous Vows to high Jehovah pay.
Then call on me in trouble; I will raise
Thy Soul from Death, and thou my Name shall praise.
But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'st thou explain
My Law; My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
That scorn'st instruction; dost my Word despise;
Consent'st with Theeves, and hast adulterous eyes?
Deceit, and slander tip thy impious tongue:
Thy brother woundst with Infamy and Wrong.
Thus didst thou; this did I with silence see,
So as thou thought'st, that I was like to thee.
But I will thy Hypocrisie uncase;
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Consider this, O you, who God neglect:
Left I destroy you, when none can protect.
Who praise for Incense offer, honour Me;
And upright Souls shall my Salvation see.

## *PSALM* LI.

LOrd, to a sinner Mercy show: *As the 3.*
Which since in Thee so infinite;
Let all thy streams of Mercy flow,
And purifie me in thy sight.

O

O wash thou my polluted Soul!
O clense me from my bloody Deed!
That to my self appears so foul;
And now in true Contrition bleed,
My sins, unmask'd, before Thee lye;
Who have deserv'd thy wrath alone:
Which I confess, to testifie
Thy Truth, and make thy Justice known.
In sin conceiv'd, brought forth in sin;
Sin suck'd I from my Mothers breast:
Thou lov'st a heart sincere within,
Where Wisdom is a constant guest.
With Hysop purge, from blemish clear;
O wash, then falling Snow more white!
Lord, let me thy remission hear:
The Bones, which thou hast broke, unite.
Blot out my crimes; O separate
My trembling Guilt far from thy view!
A clean Heart in my breast create;
A Mind, to Thee confirm'd, renew.

Part 2. Nor cast me from thy Presence, Lord;
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!
But thy life-quick'ning Grace afford;
Inlarge my Will t' imbrace thy Law.
Then Sinners I with heav'nly Food
Will feed, directed in thy Wayes:
O my Redeemer, clense from blood
The Soul, that will thy Mercy praise.
Give thou my Verse an argument;
And they thy Goodness shall resound.
No Sacrifice will Thee content;
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd.
Else, I would Hecatombs impart:
True sorrow is thy Sacrifice.

roken and a contrite Heart,
My God, Thou never wilt despise.
y *Sion* with accustom'd Grace
(Lest my foul crimes her shame procure)
thy protecting Arms imbrace;
And fair *Jerusalem* immure.
en we, with due Solemnity,
To Thee our grateful Vows will pay;
d Bulls, which never Yoke did try,
Upon thy flaming Altar lay.

## *PSALM* LII.

*As the 32.*

O Thou in Mischief great,
Why boasts thou in deceit?
Gods greater Mercy will
Protect his Servants still.
Thy Tongue with fraud abounds,
And like a Rasor wounds;
All evil dost affect;
All that is good neglect.
Lies are thy low delight;
To Virtue opposite:
Thy words with treachery
The innocent destroy.
God shall repay thy hate,
Thy Structures ruinate;
And make thee curse thy birth:
Then tear thee from the Earth.
The Just thy fall shall see,
Fear Him, and laugh at thee.
Lo he, who God forsook,
Nor for his refuge took;

Self-

Self-ſtrength'ning with exceſs
Of Wealth, and Wickedneſs.
But I ſhall planted be,
Like a green Olive-tree,
In Gods own Houſe; and will
Truſt in His Mercies ſtill.
For this, I evermore
Shall thy great Name adore;
Thy Promiſes expect;
The joy of thy Elect.

## *PSALM* LIII.

*As the* 12.

FOols, flattering their own vices, ſay
Within their hearts; God is a Name
Devis'd to make the Strong obey;
To fetter Nature; quench her flame:
When all this Univerſal Frame
The hands of potent Fortune ſway.

Secure and proſperous in ill,
The fear and thought of God exile,
To follow their rebellious will;
Think nothing that delights them vile:
Their Souls with wicked thoughts defile;
And all their foul Deſires fulfill.

God from the Tow'r of Heav'n his Eyes
On men, and their endeavours, threw:
Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
That ſought him, or his Statutes knew:
All Vice with winged Feet purſue;
But none forſaken Virtue priſe.

deaf to good! in knowledge blind!
By Sin through clouds of errour led!
all sensual Forms, without a Mind!
Not slow, though certain, Vengeance dread!
The Righteous they devour like bread;
ll piety at once declin'd.

hese, idle terrours shall affright;
Their sleeps disturb'd by guilty fear.
od shall their Bones asunder smite,
Who impious Arms against him bear;
Nor they their Infamy out-wear;
nce despiseable in his sight.

) that unto thy *Israel*
The Day-star might from *Sion* spring!
nd all the shades of Night expel!
When Thou shalt us from Bondage bring,
How would we Lord thy Praises sing!
o joy shall *Jacobs* joy excell.

## *PSALM* LIV.

*As the 4.*

LOrd, for thy Promise sake defend,
And Thy All-saving Shield extend:
O hear my cries,
Which with wet Eyes
And sighs to Thee ascend!

or cruel men my life pursue;
nd who thy Statutes never knew.
Suppress my Foes:
O side with those,
Who to my soul are true!

With

With vengeance recompence their Hate,
And in an instant ruinate.
Then will I bring
My Offering,
And thy great Acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praised be;
Who from those snares hast set me free:
For loe, these eyes
My Enemies
Desir'd subversion see.

## PSALM LV.

As the 39.

LOrd, to my Prayers incline thine Ear;
Th' afflicted hear:
Nor be thou Deaf to my complaint;
For O I faint!
Regard the sighs, the groans, the cries,
Which from my pensive Soul arise.

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,
Which storm-like grow;
And by blood-thirsty Violence;
Truth my offence:
Who slander with their wounding Tongues,
And press me unto Death with wrongs.

My heart, a stranger unto rest,
Throbs in my breast:
The terrours of approaching Death
Exhaust my breath.
My sinews trembling Fear dissolves,
And Horror all my Powers involves.

O that with Dove-like wings I might
Take my swift flight,
To calm Retreats of rest, where I
Conceal'd might lie!
Then would I find some Wilderness,
Removed far from mans access.

Then all these Tempests, which arise
With hideous noise;
And with their dreadful Tumults make
My Heart to quake;
I would, far swifter than the Wind,
Or winged Lightnings leave behind.

Lord, swallow those, who swell with pride; *Part 2.*
Their Tongues divide:
For Strife, and Violence, bent to kill,
The City fill:
Both Day and Night they walk the Round;
Rape, Mischief, Tears, within abound.

Wild Outrages her streets profane,
And boldly reign:
Fraud lurking in her Palaces,
Conspires with these.
For I, had he his hate profest,
Had shunn'd, or should his wrongs digest.

But thou, my Friend, even of my Heart
The better Part;
To so intire a union grown,
As if but one:
Gods House we daily visited,
Both sweetly by one Counsel led.

Let

Let Death devour them; let them dive
To Hell alive.
With mischief their proud roofs abound
Their hearts unsound:
But God my Soul shall dis-enthrall;
For I upon his Name will call.

Part 3. My Prayers shall with the Suns uprise,
Ascend the Skies;
Renew'd, when he at Noon displays
His fervent Rays;
When he behind the Earth descends,
And Day, out-worn with labour, ends.

My Cries shall penetrate the Sphears,
And pierce his Ears.
He shall my captive Soul release,
And crown with Peace.
For in the Fervor of the Fight,
His Angels shall protect my Right.

Th' Eternal Judge, Jehovah, shall
Confound them all;
Who only change from bad to worse,
Nor fear his Curse.
Sweet Peace he violated hath,
And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words than Butter smoother farr;
His Thoughts of Warr:
Words softer than the fluent Oil;
Yet bent to Spoil.
But thou, my Soul, thy cares impose
On God, who will redress thy woes.

The Just he shall confirm with Joy;
Th' Unjust destroy.
Those who in blood and fraud delight,
Shall set in Night,
Before their Noon of Life be past.
But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

## PSALM LVI.

As the 4.

O Lord, protect me by thy Power,
From such as would my Life devour;
Who merciless
Strive to oppress;
Nor grant me Truce one hour.

That would devour me every Day,
And make my chased Life their prey:
Yet, Lord, will I
On thee relie;
When Dangers most dismay.

Thy Promise I will celebrate;
In constant hope thy Pleasure wait;
With patience bear
Thy Stay; nor fear
Frail man, or his vain hate.

My words and deeds they daily wrest,
And in their thoughts my fall digest;
Unite in ill,
And lurk to kill:
My Feet can find no rest.

O ſhall they with impunity
Eſcape, and thus their ſins enjoy!
Let Death thy rage
Alone aſſwage;
Them in their guilt deſtroy.

My Wand'rings thou haſt numbered;
Even every Tear mine Eyes have ſhed
Thy Vial holds:
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

Aſſur'd, that when on God I call,
My Foes ſhall by his Fury fall.
His Promiſe I
Will magnifie;
His Truth divulge to All.

To him my ready Vows will pay;
My Vows of Thanks, both night and day:
In whom I truſt:
Nor ſhall th' Unjuſt
My ſtedfaſt Hopes diſmay.

For he hath ſnatch'd me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright:
That I may ſtill
Obſerve his Will,
And ſee the cheerful Light.

## PSALM LVII.

O Thou, from whom all Mercy springs, *As the 10.*
Compassionate my Sufferings;
And pity me,
That trust in Thee!
O shelter with thy shady Wings,
Until these storms of Woe
Clear-up, or over-blow!

Thee I invoke, O thou Most High,
Thou All-performer! from the Skie
Thy Angels send;
Let them defend
My Soul from him that would destroy:
O send thy Mercy down;
With Truth thy Promise crown!

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whose Malice knows no bound;
Their cruel Words
More sharp than Swords;
Their Teeth like Spears and Arrows wound.
To Heav'n thy Glory raise;
Let Earth resound thy Praise.

They subtil snares prepared have,
And bow'd my Soul even to the Grave:
With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,
From which themselves they could not save:
But justly fell therein,
Intrapt by their own Sin.

My ravish'd Heart flames with desire;
I to the Musick of my Lyre,
Eternal King,
Thy Praise will sing.
Awake my Glory! Zeal inspire!
Awake my Harp and Lute,
Nor in his Praise be mute!

To thee, before the Morning rise,
My Lips their Calves shall sacrifice:
Thy Mercy far
The highest Star,
Thy Truth transcends the lofty Skies.
To Heaven thy Glory raise;
Let Earth resound thy Praise.

## PSALM LVIII.

Ps. 58. 46.

PErnicious Counsellors! Give you
Sincere advice? to Justice true?
Or Virtue but in show pursue?

Your Hearts are still on Mischief bent;
Your Hands impure and violent;
Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly stray;
Born, and perverted in one day;
Lie, slander, flatter, and betray:

Like Serpents, with black poyson swell;
And charm th' Inchanter ne're so well,
More deaf than Asps, his Charms repel.

Lord

Lord, ſlit their Tongues, before they ſpeak;
Strike out their Teeth, which tear the Weak;
And the young Lions grinders break.

As Sun-beat Snow, ſo let them thaw;
And when their weak'ned Bows they draw,
Let their crack'd Arrows flie like ſtraw.

Let them like Snails conſume away;
And as untimely Births decay,
Which never ſaw the cheerful Day.

Before their pots can feel the brier,
God in the Whirl-wind of his Ire,
Shall blaſt alive, and burn with fire.

Sin with Revenge at length ſhall meet;
The Godly ſhall rejoyce to ſee't;
And in their blood ſhall waſh their feet.

Then erring Mortals ſhall confeſs,
There are Rewards for Righteouſneſs,
And Plagues for ſuch as do tranſgreſs.

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## *PSALM* LIX.

LOrd, ſave me from mine Enemies; *As the 34.*
From thoſe, who thus againſt me riſe,
Like an incenſed Flood:
From thoſe, who in Impietie
Place their delight, and long to die
Their hands in guiltleſs blood.

Lo! for my Soul they lie in wait:
The Mighty joyn their power and hate,
Without my blame or crime.
Without my crime they weapons take;
And persecute my soul. Awake
My God! assist in time.

Great God of Hosts, of *Israel*,
These all-oppressing Tyrants quest;
Nor be to Mercy won:
At night their mischief they begin;
Incenst like snarling Dogs they grin,
And through the City run.

Behold! they vomit bitter words;
Between their lips they brandish swords;
Yet say; Can these be known?
But, Lord, thou shalt their threats deride;
The empty terrour of their pride
And Malice, vainly shown.

*Part* 2. I and my strength are in thy Power.
In thee I trust, my Shield! my Tower!
Thy Mercy, Lord, how great!
My Foes subjectest to my will:
Subdue, and scatter; but not kill,
Lest we thy Truth forget.

O be they in their Pride surpris'd!
Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
Their curses, and close Arts.
Consume them, from the Land expel:
To shew, God reigns in *Israel*,
To Earths remotest parts.

Hope

Hopeless let them return with Night,
Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite;
About the City rome:
Pale, meager, and half famished;
Like vagabonds howl they for bread;
Without or food, or home.

But I, before the Day-star spring,
Will of thy Power and Mercy sing;
My Safety in distress.
Thou art my Rock, my strong Defence;
My living Verse thy Excellence
And Bounty shall express.

---

## *PSALM* LX.

CAst off, and scattered in thine Ire: *Asiba 3.*
Lord on our woes with pity look.
The Lands inforc'd Foundations shook;
Whose yawning ruptures Sighs expire.
O cure the Breaches Thou hast rent,
And make Her firmly permanent!

Our Souls thou hast with sorrow fed;
And mad'st us drink of deadly Wine:
Yet now thy Ensigns giv'st to Thine,
Even when beset with trembling dread;
That we thy Banner may display,
Whil'st Truth to Conquest makes our way.

O hear us, who thy Aid implore;
Lord, with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved succour send.
God by his Sanctity thus swore;

I *Succoths* Valley will divide;
In *Shechems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

Mine *Gilead* is, *Manasseh* mine;
*Ephraim* my strength, in battel bold;
Thou *Judah* shalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on *Palastine*.
Base servitude shall *Moab* waste;
O're *Edom* I my shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troops direct,
To *Rabbah* strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy *Edom* guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that did'st reject,
Nor would'st before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

O then, when Dangers most affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls sustain!
For loe! the help of Man is vain.
Through Thee we valiantly shall fight:
Our flying Foes thou shalt tread down;
And Thine with wreaths of Conquest crown.

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## *PSALM* LXI.

*As the* 13.

MY God, thy Servant hear;
O lend a willing ear!
In exile my sad heart,
From Earths remotest part,
O'rewhelm'd with Miseries,
To Thee for succour cries.
To that High Rock O lead,
So far above my head!
That wert, and art my Tower,
Against oppressing Power.

For

For to thy sacred Court
I ever shall resort;
Secure beneath thy wings,
From all their menacings:
Even Thou my suit hast sign'd;
A King by Thee design'd,
To govern such as will
Thy Holy Law fulfill.
Whom Thou long life wilt give,
His Ages shall out-live;
He Throne shall stand before
Thy Face for evermore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
Him for thy Truth defend.
Then I in chearful Layes
Will celebrate thy praise;
And to Thee every day
My Vows devoutly pay.

## *PSALM* LXII.

LOrd, thou art the only Scope *As the 15.*
Of my never-fainting Hope;
My Salvation, my Defence,
Refuge of my Innocence:
Thou the Rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o're-thrown.
How long will you machinate!
Persecute with causless hate!
You shall like a tott'ring wall,
Like a batter'd Bulwark, fall.
All conspire to cast me down;
From my brows to tear my Crown:
Full of fraud, they bless in show,
When their Thoughts with curses flow.

Yet

Yet my Soul on God attends;
All my Hope on him depends;
He the Rock I built upon,
Not by man to be o're-thrown,
He my Glory, he my Tower,
Guards me by his saving Power.
You, who are sincere and just,
In the Lord for ever trust:
Powr your Hearts before his Throne;
His, who can protect alone.
All that are of high Descent,
To the Poor and Indigent,
Nothing are but Vanity;
Nothing but deceive and lye:
Balanc'd, altogether they
Lighter than a Vapour weigh.
In Oppression trust thou not;
Nor in Wealth by Rapine got:
If thy Riches multiply,
See thou prize them not too high.
God said once; twice have I heard;
Power is his, by Him conferr'd:
His is Mercy, He rewards,
And, as we deserve, regards.

## *PSALM* LXIII.

*As the* 34.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray,
Before the dawning of the Day.
My Soul and wasting flesh,
With thirsty Ardor Thee desire,
In Soils scorch'd with æthereal Fire,
Whose draught no show'rs refresh:

at in thy Sanctuary I
y see thy Power and Majesty,
Once more with ravish'd eyes:
y lips shall celebrate thy Praise;
y Goodness, more than length of daies,
Or life it self, I prise.

toll'd while I have utterance:
Thee will I my Palmes advance;
That wilt with marrow feast.
y Verse thy Wonders shall recite;
membred in the silent Night,
As on my Bed I rest.

ur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
ill in sacred Raptures sing;
And to thy Promise cleave.
y Hand upholds; but who with hate
y Soul seek to precipitate
Hells entrails shall receive.

e raging Sword shall shed their blood;
prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.
Yet God his King shall bless;
d such as swear by his great Name:
t those, whose Tongues the Just defame,
Confusion shall suppress.

PSALM

## PSALM LXIV.

As the 10.

THou great Protector, hear my Cry;
Save from my dreadful Enemy:
O vindicate
From their close hate,
Who for my Soul in ambush lie.
From their blind Rage protect,
Who Truth and Thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues, more sharp than Swo
Their Arrows draw, even bitter words;
To wound th' Upright,
With fierce delight,
When Time to their desire accords:
Then on a sudden shoot;
Nor fear divine pursuit.

Confirm'd in skilful Malice; they
Conspire, their Nets in secret lay:
And say; What eye
Can this descry?
First counsel take; and then betray:
On mischief set their hearts,
Pursu'd by wicked Arts.

But God shall let his Arrows flie;
Wound in the twinkling of an Eye:
Each deadly stung
By his own Tongue,
Shall with that fatall Poison die.
Who this behold, or hear,
Shall tremble with cold fear.

en shall their Eyes with wonder raise,
hearse his Deeds, and sing his Praise.
Eternity
Shall crown their Joy,
Who walk in his prescribed ways.
He to the Pure of Heart
His Glory shall impart.

## PSALM LXV.

DUe Honours, Lord, on Thee attend, *As the 8.*
Where *Sions* sacred Towers ascend:
There thy devoted *Israelites*
Shall pay their Vows, with solemn Rites.
o Thee shall all Man-kind repair:
nce thou vouchsaf'st to hear our Prayer.
ur Sins thy Mercies expiate,
hen burthen'd with their loathed weight.
hrice happy he, of whom thou mak'st
hy Choice; and to thy service tak'st;
hat may within thy Courts reside;
here with thy Goodness satisfi'd;
nd taste of that sincere Delight,
hich never cloys the Appetite.
rom thee, O God, our Safety springs;
hy Judgement threatens dreadful things.
heir Hope, whom Soils remote sustain;
ho flote upon the toiling Main.
reat is thy Power: propt by thy Hand,
loud-touching Mountains stedfast stand.
hou with thy Scepter dost appease
he roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
nd the tumultuary jarrs
f People breathing Blood and Warrs.

Who

Part 2. Who dwell upon the Earth's Confines;
They tremble at thy fearful Signs.
Where first the Sun his beam displays;
And where he sets his golden Rayes,
They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
Inriched by the Earth's increase.
He Rain upon her Bosom pow'rs;
His swelling Clouds abound with Show'rs:
And so prepares the lusty Soil
To recompence the Reapers toil.
Mellows the Glebe with fatning juyce,
Whose furrows hopeful blades produce:
With Plenty crowns the smiling Years,
Shed from the influence of the Sphears:
The Desert with sweet Claver fills;
And richly shades the joyful Hills.
Flocks cover all the higher Plain:
The ranker Vallies cloth'd with Grain.
These in Abundance solacing,
Without a tongue thy Praises sing.

## *PSALM* LXVI.

Act the 29. HAppy Sons of *Israel*,
Who in pleasant *Canaan* dwell,
Fill the Air with shouts of Joy;
Shouts redoubled from the Skie.
Sing the great Jehovah's Praise;
Trophees to his Glory raise:
Say; How wonderful thy Deeds!
Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
Conquest on thy sword doth sit;
Trembling Foes through fear submit.

Let the many-peopled Earth,
All of high and humble birth;
Worship our eternal King;
Hymns unto his honour sing.
Come, and see what God hath wrought;
Terrible to humane thought.
He the Billows did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either side;
While we passed safe and dry:
Then our souls were wrap'd with joy.
Endless his Dominion;
All beholding from his Throne.
Let not those, who hate us most;
Let not the Rebellious boast.
Bless the Lord; his Praise be sung,
While an Ear can hear a Tongue.
He our feet establisheth;
He our souls redeems from Death,

Lord, as silver purifi'd, *Part 2.*
Thou hast with Affliction try'd:
Thou hast driv'n into the net;
Burthens on our shoulders set:
Trod on by their Horses hooves;
Theirs, whom Pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames imbrac'd;
We through raging floods have pass'd:
Yet by thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy Land.
I will to thy House repair;
Worship, and thy Power declare:
Off'rings on thy Altar lay;
All my vows devoutly pay,
Utter'd with my heart and tongue,
When oppreſt with powerful Wrong.

Fatlings

Fatlings I will Sacrifice;
Incense in perfumes shall rise;
Bullocks, shaggy Goats and Rams
Offer'd up in sacred flames.
You, who great Jehovah fear,
Come, O come, you blest, and hear
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then, when neer to ruin brought.
Fervently to Him I cry'd;
His Goodness magnifi'd.
If I Vices should affect,
Would not He my Prayers reject:
But the Lord my Prayers hath heard,
Which my tongue with tears preferr'd.
Sourse of Mercy, be Thou blest,
That hast granted my Request.

## *PSALM* LXVII.

As the 47.

LOrd, show'r on us thy Grace,
Inrich with Gifts divine:
Let thy illustrious Face
Upon thy Servants shine:
That all below
The arched Skie,
May Thee, and thy
Salvation know.

Let all thy Praise rehearse,
With one united Voyce:
Sing in melodious Verse;
Eternally rejoyce.

Thy Power obey;
Whose Justice shall
Dispose of All;
All Scepters sway.

Let all extol thy Worth:
Then shall the smiling Earth
Her pleasant fruits bring forth;
Nor ever mourn in Dearth.
We who implore,
Thy Blessings find;
And all Mankind
With fear adore.

## PSALM LXVIII.

LEt God, the God of Battail, rise; *As the 8.*
And scatter his proud Enemies.
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoak, which driving tempests chace:
As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire;
So perish in his burning Ire.
But let the Just with joy abound:
In joyful Songs his Praise resound:
Who riding on the rowling Sphears,
The Name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his Face your joys express:
A Father to the fatherless.
He wipes the tears from Widows eyes;
The single Plants in Families;
Inlarging those who late were bound:
While Rebels starve on thirsty Ground.
When he our numerous Army led,
And march'd through Deserts, full of dread;

Heaven melted, and Earths Centre shook,
With his majestick Presence strook.
When *Israels* God in Clouds came down,
High *Sinai* bow'd his trembling Crown.

*Part* 2. He in th' approach of meager Dearth,
With show'rs refresht the fainting Earth:
Where his own Flock in safety fed;
The Needy unto plenty led.
By Him we conquer: Virgins sing
Our Victories, and Timbrels ring.
He Kings with their vast Armies foils;
While women share their wealthy spoils.
You who among the Pots have lain
In Soot and Smoak, shall shine again;
Bright, as the silver-feather'd Dove,
Whose wings with golden Splendor move.
When he the Kings had overthrown,
Our Land like snowy *Salmon* shone.
Gods Mountain *Bashans* Mount transcends;
Though he his many Heads extends.
Why boast you so, ye meaner Hills?
God with his Glory *Sion* fills:
This his beloved Residence;
Nor ever will depart from hence.

*Part* 3. His Chariots twenty thousand were,
Which Myriads of Angels bear;
He in the midst, as when he crown'd
High *Sinai*'s sanctified ground.
Lord, Thou thy Self hast rais'd on high;
Thou captivat'st Captivity.
Deck'd with the trophees of his Foes,
The gifts receiv'd on his bestows:

Reduc

educing those who did rebell;
hat both might in his *Sion* dwell.
O praised be the God of gods,
Who his with daily blessings loads:
he God of our Salvation,
on whom our hopes depend alone.
he Controverse of Life and Death
arbitrated by his Breath.
e on their heads his Foes shall wound;
heir hairy scalps, whose sins abound,
nd in their trespasses proceed.
hus spake Jehovah; *Jacobs* Seed
will from *Bashan* bring again,
nd through the bottom of the Main:
hat Dogs may lap their enemies blood;
nd they wade through a crimson Flood.

Part 4.

e in thy Sanctuary late,
y God, my King, beheld thy State.
he sacred Singers march'd before;
Who instruments of Musick bore,
order followed: Every Maid
pon her pleasant Timbrel plaid.
is Praise in your Assemblies sing,
ou, who from *Israels* Fountain spring.
or little *Benjamin* alone,
ut *Judah* from his Mountain-throne;
he far removed *Zebulun*;
nd *Naphtali* which borders on
d *Jordan*, where his stream dilates;
yn'd all their Powers and Potentates.
or us his winged Souldiers fought:
ord, strengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.
e that supports a Diadem,
o Thee, divine *Jerusalem*,

Shall in Devotion treasure bring,
To build the Temple of his King.

Part 5. Break through their Pikes; the multitude
Of Bulls, with savage strength indu'd;
Till they with gifts sweet Peace invite:
But scatter those, whom Wars delight.
Far off from Sun-burnt *Meroë*,
From falling *Nilus*; from the Sea
Which beats on the *Ægyptian* shore,
Shall Princes come, and here adore.
You Kingdoms, through the World renown'd,
Sing to the Lord; his praise resound:
He who Heavens upper Heaven bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides:
Whose voice the Clouds asunder rends;
In Thunder terrible descends.
O praise his Strength; whose Majesty
In *Israel* shines, his Power on high.
He from his Sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his Foes:
While us his Power and Strength invest.
O *Israel*, praise the Ever-blest.

## *PSALM* LXIX.

At the 22. LOrd, snatch me from the raging Floud;
Now in deep Eddies almost drown'd:
That struggle in the yielding mud,
There, where no bottom can be found:
The rising waves my head surround,
And with their terrors chill my Bloud.

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;
Sight fails my long-expecting Eyes:
My Hairs are not in number more
Than my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never took, restore.

My God, Thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithful blush for me,
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence:
Nor O! let those that call on Thee,
Their shame in my Confusion see;
Since Thou art our profest Defence.

For Thee I suffer Calumnies;
To Men become a general scorn;
Deserted by my near Allies;
By children of my Mother born:
Through zeal unto thy Honour worn,
While thy reproach upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;
My anguish in my looks exprest:
Yet this to my derision turn'd;
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:
Even Judges at my sorrow jest;
My Innocence by slander spurn'd.

Yet shall my Prayers and Sighs ascend *Part 2.*
Even in an acceptable hour.
Thy Mercy, gracious Lord, extend;
And save by thy Almighty Power.
Let not the swallowing mud devour:
Preserve from such a shameful end.

Deliver from th' insulting Foe;
My strugling Feet from sinking keep;
Let not the Billows overflow,
Nor Whirl-pits suck into their Deep,
O pity Thou the Eyes that weep:
And thy Transcendent Mercy show.

Hear, and redeem without delay;
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:
Lest I become a wretched prey
To such as have my Soul in chase.
My shame, indignities, disgrace
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc'd:
Was ever Sorrow half so great!
Compassion hath her Eyes averst;
My Grief no comfort could intreat:
They gave me bitter Gall to eat;
And Vinegar to quench my Thirst.

O be their board a snare to those!
Prosperity it self a Bait!
Their Eyes in clouds of darkness close;
And let them fall by their own weight:
Pour on them thy Eternal hate;
With vengeance multiply their woes.

Part 3. In Ruins let their Houses lie;
None in their silent Tents be found;
That would, whom thou hast smit, destroy;
And wounded Souls with slander wound.
Let their Iniquities abound,
Nor ever in thy Mercy joy.

Their

Their names out of thy Volume blot;
Nor with the Just inthrone their Daies.
Though poor; to misery begot;
Yet Thou shalt my dejection raise:
Then will I celebrate thy Praise:
My thankful Heart no time shall spot.

This will Jehovah more delight,
Than Bulls prepar'd for Sacrifice:
Their guilded Horns with Garlands dight.
This shall the Meek with pleased Eyes
Behold, and centuple their joys:
Their Day shall never set in Night.

For God the Poor regards, and those,
Who for his sake affliction try.
Round Earth, deep Seas, what Seas inclose;
You Orbs, that move so orderly;
Our great Jehovah magnify,
Who crowns his Saints with sweet Repose.

For God his *Sion* shall immure,
And *Judah*'s Cities build again:
Where they shall ever live secure;
A fair inheritance obtain:
There shall their blessed Seed remain;
And safely that rich Soil manure.

## PSALM LXX.

As the 5.

HAst, Lord; from such as would devour,
Defend by thy almighty Power:
Delay not in so fear'd an Hour.

But let confusion seize on those,
Who seek my soul; to shame expose:
Be sudden in their overthrows.

Let those with infamy return;
Dejected, and unpittyed, mourn;
Who laugh, and blast me with their scorn.

Who love thy Name, with joy invest:
Let them in shades of Safety feast;
And ever say, The Lord be blest.

But I am poor, and full of need:
Hast, Lord; deliver me with speed;
Our Strength, our Help, from Thee proceed.

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## PSALM LXXI.

As the 34.

I To thy Wing for refuge flie;
Protect me from foul Infamie;
Lord, in thy Justice save.
Deliver from their treacherous Snares:
O favourably hear my Prayers;
Snatch from the yawning Grave.

thou my Fortress of Defence;
ere let me fix my Residence.
O Thou, my Rock! my Tower!
ho hast thy Angels given in charge,
t they thy Servants should inlarge
From circumventing Power.

liver from their cruel might,
hose wicked hands in blood delight:
Lest I their pray become.
ou art my hope; even from my Youth
ve I rely'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the womb:

m thence extracted by thy Care.
ough, as a Prodigy they stare
On me with wondring eyes;
t Thee, my strength, my Song shall praise,
d to the Stars thy glory raise,
While Suns shall set and rise.

ast not off, when full of days; *Part 2.*
fake not, when my Strength decays:
Watch'd by conspiring Foes.
d hath abandon'd him, say they;
w let us make his life our prey:
Who shall our power oppose?

y God, close to thy servant stand,
d help him with a speedy hand:
Those in their pride confound,
ho persecute my wretched Soul;
Death their impious rage controul,
And with dishonour wound.

But

But I will ever hope, and raiſe
My Voice to multiply thy Praiſe;
Thy Righteouſneſs diſplay,
Thy manifold Deliveries:
Which O! no number can compriſe;
Thus ſpend the harmleſs Day.

I in thy Strength, though old and weak,
Will walk, and of thy Juſtice ſpeak;
Of thine, even thine alone.
Thou haſt inform'd me from my Youth:
I, to this hour, with ſingle Truth,
Thy wondrous works have ſhown.

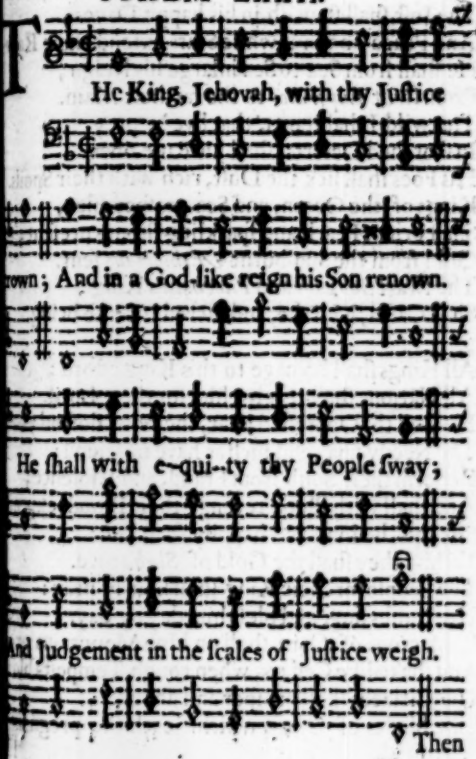
Part 3. Now in the Winter of my years;
When Time hath ſnow'd upon my hairs,
Abandon not, O Lord;
Till I unto this Age proclame
Thy Mighty Power; in Songs the ſame
Unto the next record.

Thy Counſels depth our ſearch exceeds:
How admirable are thy Deeds!
O who is like to Thee!
Thou haſt afflictions on me lain;
Yet ſhalt thou quicken me again,
And from Earths entrails free.

Still thou my glory wilt increaſe,
And comfort with the joys of Peace.
I, in a living verſe,
Unto my warbling Harp will ſing
Thy praiſes, O eternal King;
Thy noble Acts rehearſe.

to my Voice, and Inſtrument
all my exalted Soul conſent;
By Thee redeem'd from Death:
y Juſtice every Day proclame:
at now haſt cloth'd my Foes with Shame,
Diſperſed by thy breath.

## PSALM LXXII.



Then little Hills shall riot with increase;
And Mountains flourish in the fruits of Peace.
He shall the Poor from Violence protect;
Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.
They, while the restless Sun directs the Year;
While Moons increase and wain, thy Name shall fe
He shall descend like plenty-dropping Showers,
Which cloath the earth, and fill her lap with flow
The Just shall flourish in his happy Dayes,
And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Ra
He shall from Sea to Sea inlarge his Reign;
From swift *Euphrates* to the fartherst Main.
The wild Inhabitants, that live by prey
In scorched Deserts, shall his Rule obey.
His Foes shall lick the Dust, rich with their Spoils
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Isles,
Shall orient Pearl, and sparkling Stones present;
Gold from the Sun-burnt *Æthiopians* sent.
The swart *Sabæans* and *Panchaia*'s King,
Shall Cassia, Myrrhe, and sacred Incense bring.

Part 2. All Kings shall homage to this King afford;
All Nations shall receive him for their Lord.
He shall th' Oppressed hear, the Poor defend;
The Needy save, and such as have no friend:
Redeem their Souls from Fraud, and Violence;
And shall with Blood revenge their Bloods expen
For this, he long and happily shall live:
To him they shall the Gold of *Sheba* give.
The People for their King shall hourly pray:
His Praises sing, and bless him day by day.
Rank crops of Corn shall on high Mountains gro
And shake like Cedars, when rough Tempests blo
The Citizens shall prosper and abound;
Like blades of Grass, which cloath the pregnant
ground.

is Name shall last to all Eternitie:
ven while the Sun illuminates the Skie.
ll Nations shall in Him be blest: Him all
e habitable Earth shall blessed call.
praised be our God! that King of kings,
ho only can accomplisht wondrous things!
orever celebrate his glorious Name,
nd fill the World with his illustrious Fame.

*Amen, Amen.*

*Here end the Prayers of* David *the Son of* Jesse.

# A PARAPHRAS

## Upon the Third BOOK OF THE PSALMS of DAVID.

### PSALM LXXIII.

*At the* 1. THat Power of powers, who *Israel* protec
The Pure of heart eternally affects.
Yet I began to stagger in my Faith;
My Feet almost had swerved from his Pa
When I the Fool beheld with envious eyes;
Saw prosperous Vice to Wealth and Honour rise
Their Thread of Life is close and firmly spun;
Whom feeble Age, and pale Diseases shun.
They, while we suffer, surfeit in content;
As if alone exempt from punishment.
Pride hangs like precious Chains about their neck
And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
Their swoln eyes shine with uncontroll'd excess;
Who more, than what their hearts can wish, pos

en glory in their foul Impiety;
nd speak like Thunder from the troubled Sky.
e Blasphemies against high Heaven they cast;
suffering Earth their Pride and Slander blast.
e Good not seldom through their Scandal stray,
nd preſt with Miſeries, in Paſſion ſay;
how can we the Lord All-ſeeing call!
think he cares what unto men befall!
hen lo! the Wicked with ſucceſs are crown'd,
nd in the pleaſures of this world abound.
to no end have purg'd my heart of ſtain;
Innocence have cleans'd my hands in vain;
hat thus with daily puniſhments am worn,
nd ſtill chaſtiſed with the riſing Morn.

I gave words unto ſuch thoughts as theſe, *Part 2.*
hould th' aſſemblies of thy Saints diſpleaſe:
or then, what were it to be juſt, or good?
ly Soul this ſecret never underſtood;
ill I into thy Sanctuary came,
nd there beheld their Honour end in Shame.
hou haſt on ſlippery hights their greatneſs plac'd;
own Head-long from their Noon of glory caſt.
ow are they unto Deſolation brought!
onſumed in the moment of a thought!
ch as a pleaſant dream when Sleep forſakes
ur flattered ſenſe; ſo, when thy Wrath awakes,
hou in thy dreadful fury ſhalt deſtroy
heir empty and Imaginary joy.
heſe former thoughts did my weak Soul moleſt;
ignorant; ſo vain; ſo like a beaſt.
et I by thy Divine ſupportance ſtand:
hou held'ſt me up by thy Almighty hand.
hou by thy counſel ſhalt direct my waies;
nd after to eternal Glory raiſe.

For

For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above?
Or what on Earth can my Affections move?
My Thoughts and Flesh are frail: yet Lord, thou
My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart:
Who thee abandon, shall to Death descend;
And they whose knees to cursed Idols bend.
I as my duty, will to God repair;
On Him rely, and his great Acts declare.

## PSALM LXXIV.

As the 14.

LOrd; why hast Thou abandoned!
O why for ever! shall thine Ire
Consume, like a devouring Fire,
The Sheep which in thy pastures fed!

O think of those, who were thy own;
By Thee of old from bondage brought:
Th' Inheritance which thou hast bought,
And *Sion* thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and survey
What spoil the barbarous Foe hath made.
Lo! all in heaps of ruins laid;
Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like Lions, with sharp Famine whet,
They in thy Sanctuary roar;
All purple in thy Peoples gore;
And there their conquering Ensigns set.

It was esteem'd a great renown
With Ax to square the Mountain Okes:
Now they demolish with their strokes,
And hew the carved Fabrick down.

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beauty of the Earth devour:
Profanely proſtrate on the floor
That Temple ſacred to thy Name.

Now (ſaid they) with a ſudden hand,
Give we a general End to all.
By Fire the holy ſtructures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes; Part 2.
There are no Prophets to divine,
That might our miſeries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long ſhall our Enemies
Exult, and glory in our ſhame!
How long ſhall they Blaſpheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy ſlow Wrath deſpiſe!

Thy hand out of thy Boſome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou waſt our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders ſaw.

Thou ſtruck'ſt the Erythæan waves,
When Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'ſt the *Ægyptian* Dragons head,
And mad'ſt the joyning Floods their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beaſts and Serpents, which poſſeſs
The dry and foodleſs Wilderneſs,
Thee delivered for a Spoil.

Thou clav'ſt the Rock, from whoſe green wound
The thirſt expelling Fountain brake:
Thou mad'ſt the heady Streams forſake
Their Chanels, and become dry ground.

Part 3. The cheerful Day, Night cloth'd in ſhade;
The Moon and radient Sun are Thine:
Thy Bounds the ſwelling Seas confine;
Summer and Winter by Thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not thoſe
Who Thee reproachfully deſpiſe.
Remember, Lord, the Blaſphemies,
Caſt on thee by our frantick Foes.

O! to the wicked Multitude
Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:
Nor from thy tender care remove
The Poor, by powerful Wrong purſu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain:
For Darkneſs over-ſpreads the Face
Of all the Land; in every place
Deſtruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th' oppreſt return with ſhame;
But crown thee with deſerv'd applauſe:
O patronize thy proper Cauſe:
Remember, Fools revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrows never ceaſe,
Who blaſt Thee with their Calumnies.
The tumults of their Pride, who riſe
Againſt Thee, every day increaſe.

PSAL

## PSALM LXXV.

THy Praises; O eternal King,
Our Souls in sacred Verse will sing.
The wonders of thy Works declare
Thy Presence in thy Power and Care.
When I shall wear the *Hebrew* Crown,
High Justice shall my Reign renown.
The Land with weak'ning Discord rent,
The People without Government,
Faint and dissolve. Her Pillars I
Support, her Breaches fortifie.
Proud Man, I said, renounce thy Pride;
Thou Fool, thy Folly cast aside.
Do not so high your Horns erect;
Nor bellow, as with yoak uncheckt.
Preferment from the Orient,
Nor from the Evening-Suns Descent,
Nor Desert comes: God guides our Fates;
He raiseth, and He ruinates.
A cup of red and mingled Wine
He poureth out to me and mine:
But every Rebel in the Land
Shall drink the Dregs, squeez'd by his Hand.
His noble Acts I will relate;
The God of *Jacob* celebrate;
Suppress the Wicked, and their wayes;
The Just to Wealth and Honour raise.

## PSALM LXXVI.

As in 29.

GOd in *Judah* is renown'd;
*Salem* with his Temple crown'd:
He in sacred *Sion* dwells;
*Israel* his wonders tells.
He their flying Ensigns tears;
Shivers the *Assyrian* Spears.
He their Swords, Shields, Arrows, broke;
Kill'd, subdu'd, without a stroke.
Thou more excellent than they,
That on *Juries* Mountains prey:
Who the Great in battel foil'd;
Of their lives and honours spoil'd.
Not the Mighty could withstand,
Nor so much as find a hand.
Princes, by thy only Breath,
With the Vulgar, sleep in Death.
Terrible unto thy Foes:
O, who can thy Wrath oppose!
When as they thy Thunder hear,
Mortals stand amaz'd, and fear:
When from thy eternal Rest
Thou descend'st, to save th' Oppress.
Malice but it self betrayes;
And converts into thy praise.
Future rage thou shalt restrain,
Making their indeavours vain.
*Jacobs* Seed, with one accord,
Pay your Vows unto the Lord.
Holy Levites, Offerings bring;
Of his glorious Conquest sing.
He, who Princes overthrows,
O, how fearful to his Foes!

PSALM

## PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd; He heard my cries: *As the 5.*
Again, when plung'd in miseries,
Renew'd with raised hands and eyes.

My festred wounds ran all the Night;
No comfort could my Soul invite
To relish long out-worn delight.

I call'd upon the Ever-blest:
And yet my troubles still increast;
Almost to Death by sorrow prest,

Thou keep'st my galled eyes awake:
Words fail my grief; sighs only spake,
Which from my panting bosome brake.

Then did my Memory unfold
The wonders, which thou wrought'st of old,
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I sung;
When deeply by affliction stung;
These thoughts thus mov'd my desperate tongue;

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forsake!
Nor pity on th' afflicted take!
O shall thy mercy never wake!

Wilt thou thy promise falsifie!
Must I in thy displeasure die!
Shall Grace before thy Fury flie!

This ſaid; I thus my Paſſions checkt:
His changes on their ends reflect,
To puniſh and reſtore th' Elect.

Part 2. His great Deliverance ſhall dwell
In my Remembrance; I will tell
What in our Fathers days befell.

His counſels from our reach are ſet;
Hid in his ſacred Cabinet.
What God like ours! ſo Good! ſo Great!

Who wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To *Jacob*'s Seed, and *Joſeph*'s known.

The yielding Floods confeſs thy Might;
The Deeps were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in ſtorms of rain deſcend;
The Air thy hideous Fragors rend;
Thy arrows dreadful flames extend.

Thy Thunders rorings rake the Skies;
Thy fatal Light'ning ſwiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy Ways even through the Billows lye:
The Floods then left their Chanels dry;
No Mortal can thy ſteps deſcry.

Like Flocks through Wilderneſs of Sand,
Thou led'ſt us to this pleaſant Land;
By *Moſes* and by *Aarons* hand.

## PSALM LXXVIII.

MY People, hear my Words; I will unfold *As the 42.*
Dark Oracles, and Wonders done of old;
By our great Ancestors both heard and known,
Successively unto their Children shown;
Which we will to Posterity relate;
That People, yet unknown, may celebrate
Gods Power, his Praise, and glorious Acts: since He
Will's this Tradition by Divine Decree;
Until one Day shall give the World an end:
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
Nor ever let his noble Actions sleep
In dark oblivion, but his Statutes keep.
Unlike their rebel Sires, a stubborn Race;
Who fell from God, nor sought his slighted Grace.
The *Ephraimites*, though expert in their Bows,
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
Nor in the ways of his prescription trod,
Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders shown
In *Zoan*; and the Plains by *Nile* o'reflown.
He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;
The parted Waves like solid Mountains stood.
By day with leading Clouds affords a shade;
By night a flaming Pyramis displaid.
Hard Rocks, He in the thirsty Deserts, clave,
And drink out of their stony Entrails gave:
Even from their barren sides the waters gusht,
And down in rivers through the vallies rusht.

Yet still they sinn'd, and meat to satisfie *Part 2.*
Their Lust demand, provoking the most High.

Blaſpheming thus; Can God our wants redreſs?
A Table furniſh in the Wilderneſs?
Though from the cloven Rocks freſh Currents dri
Can he give Bread? with Fleſh the hungry fill?
Thus tempted by their hourly murmurings,
He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:
Their infidelity inrag'd the Juſt,
That would not to his ſure Protection truſt.
Who all the Curtains of the Skies withdrew,
And made the clouds reſolve into a dew.
With Manna, Food of Angels, Mortals fed;
And fill'd with plenty of cæleſtial Bread.
Then caus'd the early Eaſtern winds to riſe,
And bad the dropping South obſcure the Skies:
Whence ſhow'rs of Quails deſcend; as thick as ſan
On Sea-waſh'd ſhores, or duſt on Sun-dry'd Land;
Which fell among their Tents: They their delights
Injoy, and feaſt their deadly appetites.
For lo! while they thoſe fatal Dainties chew,
And their inordinate Deſires purſue;
The Wrath of God ſurpriz'd them, and cut down
The choice of all; even thoſe of moſt renown.
Nor, by their own miſ-haps admoniſhed,
Would they his Works believe, or Judgments dread.
So he their ſpirits quench'd with daily fears;
In Vanity and Toil conſum'd their years.

Part 3. But when by Slaughter waſted, the forlorn
Return'd, and ſought Him in the early Morn:
They then confeſt, and ſaid; Thou art our Tower,
Our Strength; alone proteſteſt by thy Power.
Yet their ſlie Tongues did but their Souls diſguiſe;
Full of deluding flatteries and lies.
Their faithleſs hearts revolted from his Will;
Nor ever would his juſt Commands fulfill.

How

w oft would He, whose Mercy hath no bound,
eir pardon sign! nor in their Sins confound!
w oft did He his burning wrath asswage!
w oft divert the fury of his Rage!
nsider'd them as flesh, in frailty born;
passing Wind, that never can return.
t still would they his sacred Laws transgress;
ovok'd him in th' unpeopled Wilderness:
nfin'd the Holy One of *Israel*;
ainst their Saviour frantickly rebel;
rgetful of his Power, nor ever thought
f that great day, when from long bondage brought.
s dreadful Miracles to *Ægypt* known,
d Wonders in the Field or *Zoan* shown.
e River chang'd into a Sea of Blood;
en faint for thirst, t' avoid th' infected Flood.
ge swarms of unknown Flies display their wings,
hich wound to death with their invenom'd stings.
th'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound;
d with their filthy slime pollute the ground.

eir early Fruits the Caterpillers spoil: Part 4.
d Grashoppers devour the Plow-mans toil.
g Vines with storms their dangling burdens lost:
broad-leav'd Sycamores destroy'd with frost.
ir Flocks beat down with Hail-stones, breathless
eir Cattel by the stroke of Thunder die. (lie:
e Vengeance of his Wrath all forms of woes,
e Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throws
om evil Angels to their sins betray.
to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way;
would with man or sinless beasts dispense;
by the Arrows of his Pestilence.
all the flower of Youth; their First-born Sons;
re where old *Nilus* in seven chanels runs.

But

But like a flock of Sheep his People led;
Safe and secure through Deserts, full of dread;
Even through unfathom'd Deeps, which part close
Their tumbling waves to swallow their proud Fo
Then brought them to his consecrated Land;
Even to his Mountain purchas'd by his Hand.
Cast out the Giant-like Inhabitants;
And in their rooms the Tribes of *Israel* plants.
Yet they (O most ingrateful!) falsifie
Their vows, and still exasperate the most High:
Who in their faithless Fathers traces goe;
And start aside; like a deceitful Bow.
Their Altars on the tops of Mountains blaze,
While they their hands to cursed Idols raise.

*Part* 5. These objects fuel to his wrath afford:
Whose Soul revolted *Israel* abhor'd.
The ancient Seat of *Shiloh* then forsook;
Nor longer would that hated Mansion brook.
His Ark even to Captivity declin'd;
His Strength and Glory to the Foe resign'd:
And yielded up his People to the Rage
Of barbarous swords; nor would his wrath assw
Devouring flames their able Youth confound;
Nor are their Maids with Nuptial Garlands crow
Their Mitred Priests in heat of Battel fall;
No Widows weeping at their Funeral.
Then as a Giant, folded in the Charms
Of Wine and Sleep, starts up and cries, To arms:
So rous'd, his Foes behind, Jehovah wounds;
And with Eternal Infamy confounds:
Yet would in *Josephs* Tents no longer dwell;
Nor *Ephraim* chose, who from his Cov'nant fell:

*Judah*'s Mountain for his Seat elects;
d sacred *Sion*, which he most affects.
ere our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
n as the Centre, never to be ras'd.
d from the bleating Flocks his *David* chose,
hen he attended on the yeaning Ews;
d rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
s people; *Israel*'s selected Seed.
ho fed them faithfully; and all the Land
rested with a just and equal hand.

## *PSALM* LXXIX.

*As the 39.*

THe *Gentiles* waste thy *Canaan*, Lord,
With Fire and Sword.
Thy holy Temple they prophane;
With Slaughter stain.
eath her ruins *Salem* groans;
w nothing but a heap of Stones.

dead no Funeral pomp attends,
Nor weeping friends:
ir carkases our barbarous Foes
To Beasts expose:
ravenous Wolves become their tomb
else the greedy Vultures womb.

th blood of Saints, the Streams grow red,
Like Water shed:
People now a general
Reproach to all.
*Syrian*, and base *Edomite*
ide, and in our woes delight.

How

How long, Lord, ſhall thy jealous ire
Devour like Fire!
Thy Anger, in a dreadful ſhow'r
Of vengeance, pow'r
On thoſe, who know not thy great Name:
And think thy Worſhip but a ſhame.

Part 2. For they have laid our Country waſte:
Our Cities ras't.
Lord, O remember not the crimes
Of former times!
But for thy tender mercy ſave
Our ſouls; now humbled to the grave.

Lord, for the glory of thy Name,
Redeem from ſhame.
O purge us, and propitious be!
From thraldom free.
Why ſhould the *Heathen* thus blaſpheme,
And ſay, Your God is but a Dream!

Againſt them let thy Vengeance riſe;
Before our eyes:
And for our blood, ſhed by their guilt,
Let theirs be ſpilt.
O hear the ſighing Priſoners cry!
And ſave, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our ſpiteful Neighbours, Lord, deride
Thee, in their pride.
With ſeven-fold vengeance recompenſe
Their inſolence.
So we, thy flock, our God will praiſe;
And to the Stars thy Glory raiſe.

PSALM

## PSALM LXXX.

THou Shepherd of thy *Israel*, *As the 3.*
That, Flock-like, leadest *Josephs* Race:
Who 'twixt the Cherubims dost dwell,
O hear! shew thy inlightning Face.
ult thy saving power before
*Manasseh, Ephraim, Benjamin:*
from Captivity restore!
And let thy beams upon us shine.
reat God of Battail, wilt thou still
Be angry, and our prayers despise?
read, steep'd in tears, our stomachs fill;
We drink the rivers of our eyes.
r scoffing Neighbours fall at strife
Among themselves, to share our right:
reat God, restore the dead to life;
And comfort by the quick'ning light.

is Vine, from *Ægypt* brought, (the Foe *Part 2.*
Expel'd) was planted by thy hand:
ou gav'st it room and strength to grow,
Untill her branches fill'd the Land.
e Mountains took a shade from these,
Which like a grove of Cedars stood:
tending to the *Tyrian* Seas,
And to *Euphrates* rowling Flood.
why hast thou her Fences ras't?
Whilst every Stragler pulls her Fruit:
e browsing Heard her branches waste;
And salvage Boars plow-up her root.
reat God, return; this trampled Vine
From Heaven behold with mild aspect:
e planted by that Hand of thine;
The branches of thy own Elect.

Which

Which now cut down, wild Flames devour;
Through thy fierce wrath to ruin brought:
Protect thy People by thy Power;
And perfect what thy self hath wrought.
Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore;
Nor ever from thy Pleasure swerve.
O from Captivity restore,
And by thy powerful grace preserve!

## PSALM LXXXI.

*Asher* 8. TO God our Strength your voices raise:
In sacred numbers sing his praise.
The warbling Lute, sweet Viol bring,
And solemn Harp: loud Timbrels ring.
The new Moon seen, shrill Trumpets sound;
Your sacred Feasts with Triumph crown'd.
These Rites our God established,
When *Israel* He from *Ægypt* led:
Their necks with Yokes of bondage wrung;
Inured to an unknown tongue.
Your burdens I have cast away,
Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:
Then sav'd, when in your fears you cry'd;
And from the thundring Cloud reply'd.
I try'd you; heard your murmurings,
At *Meribah*'s admired Springs.
You Sons of *Israel*, give ear;
I will instruct you, would you hear.
Beware; no foreign gods adore;
Nor their adulterate Powers implore.

*Part* 2. I Thee alone brought from the Land
Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.

now, and will supply thy need;
hen naked, cloath; when hungry, feed.
t would not they my Counsel brook;
desperately their God forsook:
hom I unto their lusts resign'd,
d errors of their wandring Mind.
hat they had my voice obey'd,
from the paths of Virtue straid!
en Victory their brows had crown'd:
eir slaughter'd Foes had spread the ground:
en had I made their enemy
mit, and at their mercy lye:
emselves blest with eternal Peace;
iched with the Earths increase:
ith flour of Wheat, and Honey fill'd,
m breaches of the Rock distill'd.

## PSALM LXXXII.

GOd sits upon the Throne of Kings, *As the 4.*
And Judges unto judgement brings:
Why then so long
Maintain you wrong,
And favour Lawless things?

fend the Poor, the Fatherless;
eir crying injuries redress:
And vindicate
The Desolate,
Whom wicked men oppress.

r they of Knowledge have no Light,
or Will to know; but walk in Night.

Earth's

Earths Bases fail;
No Laws prevail;
Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the most High;
Yet you, like common men, shall die;
Like Princes fall.
Great God, judge all
The Earth, thy Monarchy.

## *PSALM* LXXXIII.

*As the* 1. LOrd, sit not still, as deaf unto our cries:
For lo! our Enemies in tumults rise.
Even those, who thy Omnipotence deny,
And hate thy Name, advance their Crests on high:
Dark counsels take, and secretly contrive
Their slaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.
Come, say they, let us with incessant strokes,
Hew down this Nation, like a grove of Okes,
Till they no longer be; and *Israel* die
Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
They all, in one confederacy, have made
A solemn League; supply'd with foreign aid.
Fierce *Idumæans*, who in *Nomades* stray,
And shaggy *Ismaelites*, that live by prey;
Th' incestuous Race, that border on the Lake
Of salt *Asphalthis*: Savage Thieves, who take
Their name from servile *Hagar*; they, who dwell
In *Gebal*; *Ammonites*, who Peace expell;
Stern *Palæstines*; and wild *Amalekites*;
False *Tyrians*; *Ashur* with *Lots* Sons unites.

Let them like *Midian* fall, by mutual wounds; *Part 2.*
Like *Sisera*; fall like *Jabin*, on the bounds
Of *Endor*, where swift *Kison* takes his birth;
Who lay like Dung upon the fatned Earth:
Like *Zeb*, and *Orebs* Princes; made a prey
For Wolves: like *Zeba* and proud *Zalmuna:*
Who said, let us these *Israelites* destroy,
And all the Cities of their God enjoy.
O let them, like a wheel be hurried round;
Like chaff, which whirlwinds ravish from the ground;
As Woods grown dry with age, imbrac'd with fire,
Whose flames above the singed Hills aspire:
So in the Tempest of thy Wrath pursue;
And with thy Storms thy trembling Foes subdue.
O fill their hearts with grief; their looks with shame;
Till they invoke thy late blasphemed Name.
Confound them with eternal Infamie;
That they, through anguish of their Souls, may die.
That men Jehovah's Wonders may rehearse;
The great Commander of this Universe.

## *PSALM* LXXXIV.

O How amiable are *Ps. the 29.*
Thy Abods, great God of War!
How I languish through restraint!
How my longing Spirits faint!
Lord, for thee I daily crie;
At thy absence hourly die.
Sparrows there their young ones rear;
And the Summers Harbinger
By thy Altar builds her nest,
Where they take their envy'd rest.

O my King! O thou most High!
Arbiter of Victorie!
Happy men! who spend their Days
In thy Courts; there sing thy Praise!
Happy! who on Thee depend!
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
Who through *Baca* travelling,
Make that thirsty Vale a Spring;
Or soft Show'rs from Clouds destill,
And their empty Cisterns fill:
Fresh in strength, their course pursue,
Till they thee in *Sion* view.
Lord of Hosts, incline thine Ear.
O thou God of *Jacob* hear!
Thou our Rock, extend thy Grace;
Look on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone.
Far exceeds a Million.
Let me be contemn'd and poor;
In thy Temple keep a Door:
Then with wicked men possess
All that they call Happiness.
O thou Shield of our Defence!
O thou Sun, whose influence
Sweetly glides into our Hearts!
Thou, who all to thine imparts!
Happy! O thrice happy he,
Who alone depends on Thee!

## PSALM LXXXV.

AT length thou hast thy Mercy shown; *Ar the 2.*
Drawn from the *Babylonian* yoke;
Our Sins remov'd, which did provoke
Thy Wrath; even that now overblown.
Great God, our ruin'd State restore;
And let thy Anger flame no more.

O shall it like a Comet reign!
Extending to the yet unborn!
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorn;
That thine in Thee may joy again!
O show'r thy Mercy from above;
Preserve, and fix us in thy love!

I will the Voice of God attend,
Who to his People speaks of Peace.
Such as in Sanctity increase;
Nor to their Sins again descend:
These soon with Freedom shall be blest,
That Glory may our Land invest.

Those Dayes shall consummate our Bliss:
Sweet Clemency with Truth shall meet;
High Justice gentle Peace shall greet,
Saluting with a holy Kiss:
For Truth shall from the Earth arise,
And Righteousness look from the Skies.

Then shall Jehovah distribute
His Blessings with a liberal Hand:
The rich, and ever grateful Land
Abundantly produce her fruit.
For Justice shall before him go,
And her fair steps to Mortals show.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

As the 13.

MY God, thy Suppliant hear;
Afford a gentle Ear:
For I am comfortless,
And labour in distress.
My righteous Soul relieve,
So ready to forgive.
Thy Servant, Lord, defend;
Whose hopes on Thee depend.
Me from the Grave restore,
Who daily Thee implore:
From wasting Sorrow free
The Heart long vow'd to Thee.
For thou art God alone,
To tender pity prone,
Propitious unto all,
Who on thy Mercy call.
O hear my fervent prayer,
And take me to thy care:
Then ready to be found,
When troubles most abound.
What God, like Thee, O Lord,
Of all by men ador'd!
Or underneath the Sun,
Such miracles hath done.

Part 2.

Zeal shall all hearts inflame
T' adore and praise thy Name.
For thou art God alone;
Thy Power in Wonders shown.
Direct me in thy Way;
So shall I never stray.

My thoughts from Tempests clear;
United in thy Fear.
My Soul shall celebrate
Thy Praise; thy Power relate,
That hast advanc'd my head,
And rais'd me from the Dead,
The Proud against me rise,
And pow'rful Enemies
(All Rebells to thy Will)
My guiltless blood would spill.
But, O thou King of kings,
From Thee sweet Mercy springs;
Still gracious, slow to wrath;
True to thy Servants Faith.
Lord, for thy Mercies sake,
Into thy Bosome take:
Thy Hand-maids Son O save
From the devouring Grave!
Some happy Sign expose
To my ashamed Foes;
That they thy Hate may see
To them; thy Love to me.

## *PSALM* LXXXVII.

THe Lord hath with his Temple crown'd *As the 8.*
*Moriah*, by his Choice renown'd.
Not all the Tents of *Israel*,
Or Mountains which in height excel,
He so affects, or celebrates,
As lofty *Sions* stately Gates.
*Jerusalem*, thou Throne of Kings,
Of Thee they utter glorious things.

Not by *Judea*'s narrow bounds
Prescrib'd; the Land which *Nile* surrounds,
Great *Babylon*, proud *Palestine*,
Rich *Tyre*, which circling Seas confine;
And black-brow'd *Æthiopians*,
Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
All sorts of People, foreign-bred,
As Natives there indenized;
In *Sion*, built by immortal Hands:
Firm as the Mountain where it stands.
The Lord in his eternal Scroll,
Shall these, as Citizens, inroll.
Their Musick shall the Affections raise,
And Songs sung in Jehovah's praise;
Whose Blessings on this City shall,
Like Streams from Heavenly Fountains, fall.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

*As the 39.*

MY Saviour! both by night and day
To Thee I pray.
O let my Cries transcend the Sphears,
And pierce thy Ears!
Lest Sorrow stop my fainting breath;
Now near the Jaws of greedy Death.

My light extinguish'd, numbered
Among the Dead:
Like men in battail slain; the womb
Of Earth their Tomb:
Forgotten, as if never known;
By thy tempestuous Wrath o're thrown.

By

By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deeps,
Where Horrour keeps;
In Dungeons, where no Sun displaies
His cheerful Raies.
Crush'd by thy Wrath; on me thy Waves
Rush, like so many rolling Graves.

My old Familiars, now my Foes,
Deride my Woes.
My House becomes my Goal; where I
In Fetters lie.
Blind with my tears; with crying hoarse;
Hands rais'd in vain; a walking Coarse.

Wilt thou to those thy Wonders show, *Part 2.*
Who sleep below?
The Dead from their cold Mansions raise,
To sing thy Praise?
Shall Mercy find us in the Grave?
Or wilt thou in Destruction save?

Wilt thou thy Wonders bring to light,
In Deaths long Night?
Or shall thy Justice there be shown,
Where none are known?
I have, and still to Thee will pray;
Before the Sun restore the Day.

O, why hast thou withdrawn thy Grace,
And hid thy Face;
From me, who from my Infancy
But daily die?
Whilst I thy Terrours undergo;
Distracted by these storms of woe,

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devours
My trembling Powers:
With troops of Terrours circled round;
In Sorrow drown'd;
Depriv'd of those, that lov'd me most;
To all in dark oblivion lost.

## PSALM LXXXIX.

As the 72. OUr grateful Songs, O thou eternal King,
Shall ever of thy boundless Mercies sing;
And thy unalterable Truth rehearse
To after Ages, in a living verse.
For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
Shall orderly, and faithfully succeed:
Even like those never resting Orbs above,
Which on firm hinges circularly move.
Thus God unto his servant *David* swore;
This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
Thy seed establish, and thy Throne sustain;
Whilst Seas shall flow, or Moons increase, and wain,
The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth shall praise;
The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.
For who is like our God above the Clouds!
Or who so great, whom humane frailty shrowds!
He to his Angels terrible appears;
And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with fears.
Great God! how great, when dreadful Armies joyn!
What God so strong! what Faith so firm as thine!

Part 2. Thy Bounds the Billows of the Sea restrain;
Thou calm'st the tumults of th' incensed Main.
Proud *Rahab*, like a Coarse, with blood imbru'd;
Hew'n down; the strong with greater strength
subdu'd.

Thine

ne are the Heavens; those Lamps which guild
the Skies;
nd earth, broad seas, and all which they comprise.
ou mad'st the Southern and the Northern Pole,
hereon the Orbs cœlestial swiftly rowl.
*mon* invested with the Morning Raies,
d *Tabor* with the Evenings, sing thy praise.
y Arm excells in Strength: thy hands sustain
e World they made: And guide it with a rein.
ice with Judgement joyn'd, thy Throne uphold:
ercy and Truth thy sacred brows infold.
nce happy they, who, when the Trumpet calls,
rong to thy celebrated Festivalls!
ey of thy Beauty shall injoy the sight,
d guide their Feet by that informing light:
y Name shall daily in their mouths be found;
d in thy Justice shall their Joys abound.
r Ornament in Peace, our Strength in Wars; *Part* 3.
y Favour shall exalt us to the Stars.
ou, Holy One of *Israel*, our King;
ou, our defence; secure beneath thy Wing.
s spake Jehovah by his Prophets voice;
strenuous *David* have I made my choice,
that Heroë powr'd my Sacred Oyl)
guide my People, and preserve from spoil.
ll support him with my powerful Arm;
Foe shall tribute force: nor Treason harm:
enemies before his Face shall flie,
d those, who hate his Soul, by slaughter die.
Truth and Clemency shall crown his Daies,
d to the Firmament his Glory raise.
rom the Billows of the *Tyrian* Main,
wift *Euphrates* shall extend his Reign.
o in his oft renew'd Devotions shall,
Father, God, and great Protector call.

My

My Favorite he shall be, and my First birth;
Rais'd above all the Princes of the Earth.
My Mercy him for ever shall preserve:
And from my Promise I will never swerve.
His Seed shall alwaies reign; his Throne shall last
While days have light, and nights their shadows c

Part 4. If they my Judgements slight, forsake my Law,
My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw;
Then I with whips will their offences scourge,
With labour, misery, and sorrows urge:
Yet will not utterly my King forsake;
My Vow infringe, or alter what I spake.
I by my Sanctity to *David* sware,
That he, and his should never want an Heir,
To sway the *Hebrew* Scepter, while the Sun
His usual Race should through the Zodiack run;
While Men, the Moon and radiant Stars should s
The faithful witnesses of my Decree.
But thou art angry with thy own Elect,
And dost thy late affected King reject;
Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant sworn;
Thou from his Brows his Diadem hast torn,
Cast down the Rampier, which his strength renow
And all his Bulwarks levell'd with the ground:
Whom now his Neighbours scorn; a common pre
And spoil to all that travail by the way.

Part 5. Thou addest strength and courage to his Foes,
Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes;
Rebatest his sharp Sword, unnerv'st his might,
And mak'st him shrink in fervour of the fight:
His splendor hast Eclipsed; his renown
In ruins buried, and his Throne cast down:

Youth consumed with untimely Age;
t'd out for shame; the object of thy Rage.
long shall he in thy displeasure mourn!
shall thy Anger like a Furnace burn?
all to mind the shortness of my daies;
dream of Man, which like a Flow'r decays.
o lives, that can the stroke of Death defend;
hall not to the silent Grave descend?
re is thy ancient Love! thy plighted Troth,
firm'd to *David* by a solemn Oath!
emember the Reproaches I have born;
se of the Mighty; and their bitter scorn:
duced; by thy enemies abhorr'd.
, O my pensive Soul, praise thou the Lord.

*Amen, Amen.*

A

# A PARAPHRASE

## Upon the Fouth BOOK OF THE PSALMS of DAVID.

### PSALM XC.

*Ad ver. 34.*

O Thou the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th' Originall;
That wert our God, before
The aëry Mountains had their birth,
Or Fabrick of the peopled Earth;
And art for evermore.

But frail man, daily dying, must
At thy Command return to Dust:
Or should he Ages last;
Ten thousand years are in thy sight
But like a quadrant of the Night,
Or as a Day that's past.

by thy Torrent swept from hence;
empty Dream, which mocks the Sense,
And from the Phansie flies:
s the beauty of the Rose,
ich in the dewy Morning blows,
Then hangs the head and dies.

ough daily anguish we expire:
anger a consuming Fire,
To our offences due.
r sins (although by Night conceal'd,
shame, and fear) are all reveal'd,
And naked to thy view.

in thy wrath our years we spend;
like a sad discourse they end,
Nor but to seventy last:
if to eighty they arrive,
then with Age, and Sickness strive;
Cut off with winged hast.

ho knows the terror of thy wrath, Part 2.
to thy dreadful anger hath
Proportion'd his due fear?
ch us to number our frail Daies,
t we our hearts to Thee may raise,
And wisely sin forbear.

d, O how long! at length relent!
d of our miseries repent;
Thy Early Mercy shew:
t we may unknown comfort taste:
those long daies in sorrow past,
As long of joy bestow.

The

The works of thy accustom'd Grace
Shew to thy Servants: on their Race
Thy chearful beams reflect,
O let on us thy Beauty shine!
Bless our attempts with aid divine,
And by thy Hand direct.

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## PSALM XCI.

Acts 9. WHo makes th' Almighty his retreat,
Shall rest beneath his shady Wings;
Free from th' oppression of the Great,
The rage of War, or wrath of Kings.
Free from the cunning Fowlers train;
The tainted airs infectious breath:
His Truth in perils shall sustain,
And shield thee from the stroke of Death.
No terrors shall thy sleeps affright;
Nor deadly flying Arrows slay:
Nor Pestilence devour by Night,
Or Slaughter massacre by Day.
A thousand and ten thousand shall
Sink on thy Right hand and thy Left:
Yet thou secure shall see their fall;
By vengeance, of their lives bereft.
Since God thou hast thy Refuge made,
And do'st to him thy Vows direct;
No evil shall thy strength invade,
Nor wasting plagues thy roof infect.
Thee shall his Angels safely guide;
Upheld by winged Legions,
Lest thou at any time shouldst slide.
And dash thy Foot against the Stones.

u on the Basilisk shalt tread;
The Mountain Lion boldly meet,
d trample on the Dragons Head;
The Leopard prostrate at thy Feet.
e he hath fix'd his love on me,
aith God, and walked in my wayes;
ll his Soul from danger free,
And from the reach of Envy raise.
him I his desires will give;
From danger guard; in honour place:
long, long happily shall live,
And flourish in my saving Grace.

## *PSALM* XCII.

THou, who art inthron'd above; *As the 29.*
Thou, by whom we live, and move;
O how sweet, how excellent,
Is't with tongue and hearts consent,
nkful hearts and joyful tongues,
renown thy Name in Songs!
hen the Morning paints the Skies,
hen the sparkling Stars arise;
y high favours to rehearse,
y firm faith, in grateful Verse.
ke the Lute, and Violin;
the solemn Harp begin;
truments strung with ten strings;
hile the Silver Cimbal rings.
n thy Works my joy proceeds:
w I triumph in thy Deeds!
ho thy Wonders can express!
thy Thoughts are fathomless;

Hid

Hid from Men in Knowledge blind;
Hid from Fools to Vice inclin'd.
Who that Tyrant Sin obey;
Though they ſpring like Flowers in *May*;
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Froſt,
Soon ſhall fade, for ever loſt.

Part 2. Lord, thou art moſt Great, moſt High;
Such from all Eternitie.
Periſh ſhall thy Enemies,
Rebels that againſt thee riſe.
All, who in their Sins delight,
Shall be ſcatter'd by thy Might.
But thou ſhalt exalt my Horn,
Like a youthful Unicorn;
Freſh and fragrant Odors ſhed
On thy crowned Prophets head.
I ſhall ſee my Foes defeat,
Shortly hear of their retreat:
But the Juſt like Palms ſhall flouriſh,
Which the Plains of *Judah* nouriſh:
Like tall Cedars mounted on
Cloud aſcending *Lebanon*.
Plants ſet in thy Court, below
Spread their roots, and upwards grow;
Fruit in their Old-age ſhall bring;
Ever fat and flouriſhing.
This Gods Juſtice celebrates;
He, my Rock, Injuſtice hates.

## PSALM XCIII.

NOw great Jehovah reigns, *As the 47.*
With Majesty aray'd;
His Power all powers restraines,
By men and gods obey'd.
The round Earth hung
In liquid Air;
Establish'd there
But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old than Time,
And after, as before.
The Floods in billows clime,
And foming loudly rore.
With horrid Noise
The Ocean raves,
And breaks his Waves
Against the Skies.

But thou more to be fear'd,
More terrible than these:
Thy Voice in Thunder heard;
Thy Nod rebukes the Seas.
Thee Truth renowns;
Pure Sanctity
Eternally
Thy Temple crowns.

## PSALM XCIV.

At the 10.

GReat God of Hosts, revenge our Wrong
On those, who are in Mischief strong.
Upon thy Foes
Inflict our woes:
For Vengeance doth to Thee belong.
Judge of the World, prevent
The Proud and Insolent.

How long shall they the Just oppress,
And triumph in their Wickedness!
How long supplant!
Ah! how long vaunt,
And glory in their dire success!
Thy Saints asunder break,
Insulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poor Widows kill;
The blood of wretched Orphans spill:
And say, Can he
Or hear, or see?
Doth God regard what's good or ill?
Brute Beasts, without a mind!
O Fools in knowledge blind!

Shall not th' Almighty see and hear,
Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Ear?
Who Nations slew,
Not punish you?
Who taught, not know? to him appear
Dark Counsels, secret Fires,
Vain Hopes, and vast Desires.

But O! thrice bless'd he, whom God Part 2.
Chastiseth with his gentle Rod;
Informs, and aws
By sacred Laws.
In storms brought to a safe aboad:
While the Unrighteous shall
By winged Vengeance fall.

For he will not forsake th' Elect;
Nor who adore his Name reject:
But Judgement then
Shall turn again
To Justice, and her Throne Erect:
Who are in Heart upright
Shall follow that clear Light.

What mortal will th' Afflicted aid?
Defend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadst not thou,
My Soul e're now
In silent shades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

When Grief my labouring Soul confounds;
Thou powrest Balm into her wounds.
Shall Tyranny
With thee comply?
Who Mischief for a Law propounds?
Who swarm to circumvent,
And doom the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
My Refuge, and my Recompence.
The Vicious shall
By Vices fall;
By their own Sins be swept from hence.
God shall cut off their breath,
And give them up to Death.

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## *PSALM* XCV.

*As the* 34.

COme Sing the great Jehovah's Praise,
Whose Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
Sing with a joyful voyce.
With bending Knees, and raised Eyes
Adore your God: O sacrifice;
In sacred Hymns rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
Transcending all in eminence:
His Hand the Earth sustains;
The Depths, the lofty Mountains made;
The Land and liquid Plains displaid,
And curbs them with his Reins.

O come, before his Foot-stool fall,
Our only God, who form'd us all;
Through Storms of danger led.
He is our Shepherd, we his Sheep;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keep,
In pleasant Pastures fed.

The Voice of God thus spake this Day;
Repine not as at *Meribah*,

As in the Wilderness:
Where your Fore-fathers tempted me;
Who did my Works of Wonder see,
And to their shame confess.

When vex'd for forty years, I said;
This People in their hearts have stray'd;
Rebellious to command:
To whom I in my Anger swore,
That Death should seise on them, before
They knew this pleasant Land.

## PSALM XCVI.

NEw composed Ditties sing *Acts 29.*
To our Everlasting King:
You, all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nourish'd by the Earth,
Celebrate Jehovah's Praise,
Daily his Deliveries blase.
His Glory let the *Gentiles* know;
To the World his wonders show.
O how gracious! O how great!
Earth his Foot-stool, Heaven his Seat.
To be fear'd and honour'd more
Than those gods, whom Fools adore;
Idols by their Servants made:
But our God the Heavens display'd,
Honour, Beauty, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuary shine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give;
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mighty Deeds proclame.

Offerings on his Altar lay;
There your Vows devoutly pay.

Part 2. In his beauteous Holiness
To the Lord your Prayer address.
All, whom Earths round shoulders bear,
Serve the Lord with Joy and Fear.
Tell Mankind, Jehovah reigns:
He shall bind the world in Chains,
So as it shall never slide;
And with sacred Justice guide.
Let the smiling Heavens rejoyce;
Joyful Earth exalt her Voice:
Let the dancing Billows rore;
Ecchoes answer from the Shore:
Fields their flowry Mantles shake;
All shall in their Joy partake:
While the Woods Musicians sing
To the ever-youthful Spring.
Fill his Courts with sacred Mirth;
He, He comes to judge the Earth.
Justly He the World shall sway,
And his Truth to men display.

## *PSALM* XCVII.

At ver 8. O Earth! joy in Jehovah's Reign;
You numerous Isles, clasp'd by the Main.
Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold.
Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold.
Who fiery Darts before him throws;
With winged flames consumes his Foes.
His Lightning made a day of night;
Earth trembled at so fear'd a sight.

The

The Mountains at his Presence sweat,
Like pliant Wax dissolv'd with Heat;
At his Descension from the Skie,
Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie.
The Heavens declare his Righteousness;
His Glory wondering men confess,
Let those with shame to Hell descend,
Whose Knees to cursed Idols bend;
Whose rocks for Deities implore:
O all you gods, our God adore.
Rejoycing *Sion* heard her King:
Her Daughters of his Judgements sing.
Thou art exalted above all
Mankind, and Pow'rs Angelicall.
Those Saints thy shady Wings protect,
Who Sin abhor, and thee affect.
For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,
And joy, which shall invest th' Upright.
You Just, your joyful Hearts elate;
His blest Memorial celebrate.

---

## *PSALM* XCVIII.

SIng to the King of kings, *As the 47.*
Sing in unusual Laies;
That hath wrought wondrous things,
His Conquest crown with Praise:
Whose Arms alone,
And sacred Hands,
Their impious Bands
Have overthrown.

He Justice brings to light;
His saving Truth extends,
Even in the *Gentiles* sight,
To Earths remotest Ends.
His Heavenly Grace
At full display'd,
And promise made
To *Jacobs* Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth
Their high Affections raise,
With universal Mirth,
And loudly sing his Praise:
To Musick joyn
The warbling Voice,
Let all rejoyce
With Joy divine.

The sprightly Trumpet sound;
The shrill-voic'd Cornet bring;
Let all with Joy abound
Before the Lord our King.
Rore out you Seas,
You spangled Skies,
All you comprise,
Rejoyce with these.

Floods clap your thronging waves;
You Hills exalt your mirth:
He, who his People saves,
Now comes to judge the Earth:
The round World shall
With Justice trie;
His Equitie
Dispenst to all.

PSALM

## PSALM XCIX.

Et our Foes with terrour quake; Ashbi 18.
Let the Earths Foundations shake:
Now the Lord his Reign begins,
Thron'd between the Cherubins.
how great in *Sions* Towers!
igh above all Mortal Powers.
reat and terrible his Name:
ce so holy, praise the same.
dgement his great Power affects;
t by Equity directs.
ese celestial Twins imbrace;
ese reflect on *Jacobs* Race.
how holy! above all
nour; at his Foot-stool fall,
ses; *Aaron* heretofore
mong those who Mitres wore:
*uel* by Vow desir'd,
mong those who were inspir'd.
ese to him their Prayers preferr'd,
ese by him as soon were heard.
ese his Statutes rarely brake:
o these th' Almighty spake
the Pillar of a Cloud:
his Service ever vow'd.
did their Petitions hear,
rciful, and yet severe.
e Holy, on his Holy Hill
orific, and worship still,

PSALM

## PSALM C.

4th M. 47.

ALL from the Suns uprise,
Unto his Setting Raies,
Resound in Jubilees
The great Jehovah's Praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your Gifts, and sing
Before his Throne.

Man drew from Man his Birth,
But God his noble Frame
Built of the ruddy Earth,
Fill'd with cælestial Flame.
His Sons we are;
Sheep by him led,
Preserv'd, and fed
With tender care.

O, to his Portals press
In your divine resorts:
With Thanks his Power profess,
And praise him in his Courts.
How good! how pure!
His Mercies last:
His Promise past
For ever sure.

## PSALM CI.

OF Justice I and Mercy sing, (spring; *As the 46.*
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountain
The Graces that adorn a King.

re Wisdom shall my steps direct,
Vice my heart nor Roof infect.
en wilt thou visit thine Elect!

pleasure shall mine eyes misguide:
o from the Tract of Virtue slide,
Hate shall from my Soul divide.

o mischief in their Hearts contrive,
ight in Wrong, in Factions strive,
n my peaceful Court will drive.

o hath his Friend with Slander strook,
ll cut off; nor ever brook
oud Heart, and a haughty Look.

e Eyes the Faithful shall observe;
se in my Family shall serve,
o never from pure Virtue swerve.

who are exercis'd in Guile,
se Tongues malicious Lies defile,
n my Presence will exile.

all the Wicked in the Land
cut off with a timely Hand;
shall they in Gods City stand.

PSALM

## PSALM CII.

Heb. 12. ACcept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
Of my Afflictions ſtop thine Ear:
Lord, in the time of Miſery
And ſad reſtraint ſerene appear:
The Sighings of my Spirit hear;
And when I call, with ſpeed reply.

As Smoak, ſo fleets my Soul away;
My marrow dry'd, as Hearths with heat:
My heart ſtruck down, like withered Hay;
Through Sorrow I forſake my meat,
While meagre cares my Liver eat:
The clinging Skin my Bones diſplay.

Like Deſert-haunting Pelicans;
In Cities not leſs deſolate:
Like Screech-Owls, who with ominous ſtrains
Diſturb the Night, and day-light hate:
A Sparrow, which hath loſt his Mate,
And on a Pinacle complains.

Reviling Foes my Honour blaſt,
And frantick men my ruin ſwear.
For Bread, I roll'd-on aſhes taſt;
Each drop I drink mixt with a tear.
For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can bear,
Thou raiſeſt, and doſt head-long caſt.

My Dayes ſhort, as the Evening ſhade;
As Morning dew conſume away:
As Glaſs cut down with Sithes, I fade,

Or like a flower crop'd yesterday:
But, Lord, thou suffer'st no decay:
y Promises shall never vade.

thou shalt from thy Rest arise,
(Since now th' appointed time draws near)
d look on *Sions* miseries,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings rear;
Whose ruins to thy Saints are dear;
r they her Dust as sacred prise.

y Name then shall the *Gentiles* praise; *Part 2.*
All Kings thy Honour celebrate:
r when the Lord shall *Sion* raise,
His Glory shall ascend in State:
So prone to hear the Desolate,
d succour them in all assaies.

to eternal Memory
Our Histories shall this record;
d all that are created by
His pow'rful Hand, shall fear the Lord,
Who doth such Grace to his afford,
d on the Earth looks from on high;

o hear the pensive Captives grone;
The Sons of Death by him unbound:
is Name again in *Sion* known,
That *Salem* may his Praise resound:
When in his Service all the Round
f Earth shall there be joyn'd in one.

et, Lord, amidst these Hopes thou hast
Consum'd my strength, abridg'd my years:
fore my Noon of Life be past

Let

Let me not die thus drown'd in tears.
Time wasts not thee, which all out-wears;
Thy happy Daies for ever last.

Thou mad'st the Earth, thou didst display
The Heavens in various motion roll'd:
These and their Glories shall decay;
But thou shalt thy existence hold:
They like a Garment shall grow old,
And in their changes pass away.

But thou art still the same: before
The World, and after shalt remain.
You blessed Souls, who God adore,
With Patient Hope your harms sustain:
For you shall prosper in his Reign
And yours, subsist for evermore.

## *PSALM* CIII.

*As the 8.*

MY Soul, and all my Faculties
Jehovah praise; sing till the Skies
Re-eccho his ascending Fame:
My Soul, O celebrate his Name!
Nor ever let the memory
Of his surpassing Favours die.
He gently pardons our misdeeds,
And cures the Wounds which inward bleeds.
Hath from the Chains of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he subdues:
And Eagle-like our Youth renues.
His Justice he extends to all;
Oppressors by his Vengeance fall.

s sacred Paths to *Moses* shown;
s Miracles to *Israel* known:
on Him the Springs of Mercy flow;
ift to forgive, to anger slow.
r he will not for ever chide;
r constant to his Wrath abide:
r mildly from his Rage relents,
d shortens our due Punishments.
r as the Heavens in amplitude
reed the Centre they include:
mple is his Clemency
all who on his Grace rely.

far as the bright Orient *Part 2.*
distant from the Suns Descent;
far he sets from his Aspect
eir Guilt, who him with fear affect.
d as a Father to his Child,
soft, so quickly reconcil'd.
e knows the Fabrick of us all;
at dust is our Original.
n flourisheth like Grass, a Flower
at blows and withers in an hour:
scorching heat, by blasting Wind
flower'd, and leaves no print behind.
t his firm Mercy shall imbrace
s Saints for ever, and their Race:
ose who his equal Laws fulfill,
member, and perform his Will.
Heaven the great Jehovah reigns,
d governs all that Earth contains:
ou Angels, who in strength exceed,
ho him obey with winged speed;
ou ordred Hosts of radiant Stars;
you his flaming Ministers;

All

All, whom his Wisdom did create;
Through his large Empire celebrate
His glorious Name with sweet accord:
Joyn thou, my Soul, to praise the Lord.

---

## *PSALM* CIV.

*As the 72.*

MY ravish'd Soul, great God, thy praises sings;
Whom Glory circles with her radiant Wings,
And Majesty invests: then Day more bright;
Cloth'd with the beams of new-created Light.
He, like an all-infolding Canopy,
Fram'd the vast concave of the spangled Skie:
And in the Air-imbraced Waters set
The Basis of his hanging Cabinet.
Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;
And with a reign the flying Tempest guides.
Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made;
By flame-dispersing Seraphims obey'd.
The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Flood;
In whose calm bosome unseen Mountains stood;
At his rebuke it shrunk with suddain dread,
And from his voices Thunder swiftly fled.
Then Hills their late concealed Heads extend,
And sinking Vallies to their Feet descend.
The trembling Waters through their bottoms wind
Till they the Sea, their Nurse and Mother, find.
He to the swelling Waves prescribes a bound,
Lest Earth again should by their rage be drown'd.

Spri

ings through the pleasant Medows pour their
drills,
hich Snake-like glide between the bordring
Hills;
l they to Rivers grow; where beasts of prey
eir thirst asswage, and such as man obey.

neighbouring Groves the Ayr's Musicians sing, Part 2.
d with their Musick entertain the Spring.
e from cœlestial Casement showers distills,
d with renew'd increase his Creatures fills.
e makes the food-full Earth her fruit produce;
r Cattel Grass, and Herbs for humane use.
e spreading Vine long purple clusters bears,
hose juyce the hearts of pensive Mortals chears:
e Olives smooth our brows with suppling Oyl;
d strengthning Corn rewards the Reapers toil.
s Fruit affording trees with sap abound.
e Lord hath *Lebanon* with Cedars crown'd:
ey to the warbling Birds a shelter yield,
d wandring Storks in lofty Fir-trees build.
ild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flie;
d Conies in the Rocks dark entrails lie.
e guides the changing Moons alternate face:
e Suns diurnal and his annual Race.
was he that made the all-informing Light;
d with dark shadows cloaths the aged Night.
en Beasts of prey break from their Mountain
Caves;
e roaring Lion pinch'd with hunger craves
d from his hand. But when Heavens greatest
Fire
scures the Stars, they to their Dens retire.
n with the Morning rise, to labour prest;
l all the Day, at Night return to rest.

Part 3. Great God! how manifold, how infinite
Are all thy Works! with what a clear fore-sight
Didst thou create and multiply their birth!
Thy riches fill the far extended Earth.
The ample Sea; in whose unfathom'd Deep
Innumerable sorts of Creatures creep:
Bright scaled Fishes in her Entrails glide,
And high-built Ships upon her bosome ride:
About whose sides the crooked Dolphin plays,
And monstrous Whales huge spouts of water raise.
All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred,
On Thee depend; in their due season fed.
They gather what thy bounteous Hands bestow,
And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.
When thou contract'st thy clouded Brows, they mourn;
And dying, to their former dust return.
Again created by thy quickning breath,
To re-supply the Massacres of Death.
No Tract of Time his Glory shall destroy:
He in th' Obedience of his Works shall joy:
But when their wild revolts his Wrath provoke,
Earth trembles, and the airy Mountains smoke.
I all my life will my Creator praise;
And to his Service dedicate my Daies.
May he accept the Musick of my Voice,
While I with sacred Harmony rejoyce.
Hence you profane, who in your Sins delight;
God shall extirp, and cast you from his Sight.
My Soul, bless thou this all-commanding King:
You Saints and Angels, Hallelujah sing.

PSAL

## PSALM CV.

TO God, O pay your vows; invoke his Name, *At the* 72.
And to the World his noble Acts proclame!
O sing his praises in immortal Verse,
And his stupendious Miracles rehearse!
ou Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
is power adore; for ever seek his Face.
*Abrahams* Seed, you Sons of the Elect;
ou *Israelites*; O you, who God affect,
port the Wonders by his finger wrought,
hen in your cause th' inferiour creatures fought.
hovah rules the many-peopled Earth;
is judgement known to all of humane birth.
e never will forget his Promise past;
is Covenants inviolable last,
hich he to faithful *Abraham* made before,
d after to the holy *Isaac* swore:
*Jacob* sign'd, confirm'd to *Israel*;
at their large Off-spring should in *Canaan* dwell.
hen they, but few in number, wandered
nknown Regions, and their Cattel fed:
e did their lives from violence protect,
d for their sakes even mighty Princes checkt.
uch not, said he, my Anointed; fear to wrong
ose sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.

hen raging Famine in these Climates reign'd, *Part* 2.
e broke the Staff of Bread, which life sustain'd:
t *Joseph* sent before them; sold to save
is Brethren, by whose envy made a slave.
ere for th' Accusers guilt in prison thrown;
ith galling fetters bound, for crimes unknown;

Try'd with affliction, at the time decreed,
At once by *Pharoah* both advanc'd and freed.
He of his Houſhold gave him the command,
And made him Ruler over all his Land:
His Princes to his government Subjects.
The prudent Youth grave Senators directs.
Then aged *Jacob* into *Egypt* came,
And ſojourn'd in the fruitful Fields of *Ham*.
God in that Land his people multiply'd;
Their Focs, which now their greater ſtrength envy'd,
Hate what they fear; he alienates their hearts,
To ſeek their ruin by deceitful Arts.

Part 3. Then *Moſes* on a ſacred Embaſſie
And *Aaron* ſent; th' Elect of the moſt High.
There wrought his dreadful Wonders; from the Iſle
Of Sea-girt *Pharo's*, to the Falls of *Nile*.
He bade *Cimmerian* darkneſs dim the Day:
Th' aſſembled Vapours his commands obey.
He their ſeven chanell'd Waters turn'd to Blood;
The Fiſhes ſtrangled in their native Flood.
Frogs from the ſlimy Earth in Millions ſpring;
And skip about the Chambers of the King.
All parts with ſwarms of noiſome Flies abound:
And Lice, like quickned duſt, crawl on the ground.
He ſtorms of kiſling Hail, for Showers, beſtows;
And from the breaking clouds his lightning throws
Blaſts all the Vines, and Fig-trees in the Land;
The Woods, with Tempeſts torn, or naked ſtand.
Innumerable Locuſts theſe ſucceed;
And Caterpillars on their leavings feed:
They bite the tender Herb, the bud, and flower;
And all the verdure of the Earth Devour.

The

Their Strength (the First-born) slew: which fill'd
their ears
With Female screeches, and their hearts with fears.

Then He the *Hebrews* out of *Goshen* brought, Part 4.
In able health, with Gold and Silver fraught.
Th' Inhabitants, whose tears augment the *Nile*,
At their departure Joy, and Fear exile.
A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread;
And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led.
At their request he sends them showers of Quails;
And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hails.
Cleaves the hard Rocks, from whence a Fountain
flows,
And unknown Rivers to those Deserts shows:
For he his sacred Promise call'd to mind,
To *Abraham* his Friend and Servant sign'd.
Thus he his People brought from servitude,
Whose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.
From hence the *Heathen* by our Weapons chac'd;
And us his sons in their possessions plac'd:
That from his Statutes we might never swerve.
O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve!

## *PSALM* CVI.

WIth grateful hearts Jehovahs praise resound; As the 72.
In goodness great; whose Mercy hath
no bound.
What Language can express his mighty deeds,
Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds!
Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe,
Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.

Great God, O with benevolent aspect
(Even with the love thou bear'st to thine Elect)
Behold and succour; That my ravish'd Eyes
May see a period of their miseries,
Who Thee adore: that I may give a voice
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.
We as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;
Revolted, and our Souls with Sin defil'd.
They, of thy Miracles in *Egypt* wrought,
So full of Fear and Wonder, never thought;
Thy Mercies, than their hairs in number, more:
But murmur'd on the *Erythraean* Shore.
Yet for his Honour sav'd them from the Foe,
That all the World his wondrous Power might know.
There the commanded Sea asunder rent,
While *Israel* through his dusty Chanel went:
Whom He from *Pharoah* and his Army saves;
The swift-returning Floods their fatal Graves.

*Part 2.* Then they his Word believ'd, and sung his Praise;
Yet soon forgot: and wandred from his Waies.
Who long for flesh to pamper their excess;
And tempt him in the barren Wilderness.
He grants their wish, and with a Flight of Fowls,
Sent meager Death into their hungry Souls.
They, *Moses* gentle Government oppose;
And envy *Aaron*, whom the Lord had chose.
The yawning Earth then in her silent womb
Did *Dathan* and *Abirams* Troops intomb.
A swiftly-spreading Fire among them burns,
And those Conspirators to Ashes turns.
Yet they, the slaves of Sin, in *Horeb* made
A Calf of Gold, and to an Idol pray'd.

The

The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
For th' Image of a Beast that feeds on Hey:
Forgot their Saviour, all his Wonders shown
In *Zoan*, and the Plains by *Nile* o're-flown;
The Wonders acted by his pow'rful Hand;
Where the Red-Sea obey'd his stern Command.
God hath pronounc'd their ruin: *Moses* then,
His Servant *Moses*, and the best of Men,
Stood in the Breach, which their Rebellion made;
And by his Prayer the hand of Vengeance staid.

Yea they this fruitful Paradise despis'd, *Part* 3.
Nor his so-oft-confirmed Promise priz'd:
But mutined against their faithful Guide,
And basely wish'd, they had in *Ægypt* dy'd.
For this, the Lord advanc'd his dreadful Hand,
To overthrow them on th' *Arabian* Sand;
To scatter their rebellious Seed among
Their Foes; expos'd to poverty and Wrong.
Besides; *Baal-Peor* they ador'd, and fed
On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.
Thus their Impieties the Lord incense,
Who smote them with devouring Pestilence.
But when with noble anger *Phineas* slew
The bold Offenders, He his Plagues with-drew.
This was reputed for a righteous Deed,
Which should for ever consecrate his Seed.
So they at *Meribah* his Anger mov'd;
The sacred Prophet for their sakes reprov'd:
Their Cries his Saint-like sufferance provoke;
Who rashly in his Souls distemper spoke,
Nor ever entred the affected Land.
They, still rebellious to divine Command,
Preserv'd those Nations by his Wrath subdu'd;
Mixt with the *Heathen*, and their Sins pursu'd.

Their curſed Idols ſerve with Rites profane,
(Snares to their Soul) and from no Crime abſtain.

Part 4. Their Sons and Virgin daughters ſacrifice
To Devils; and look on with tearleſs eyes.
Defil'd the Land with innocent blood, which ſprung
From their own loins, on flaming Altars flung.
Unto adulterate Deities they pray'd,
And worſhipped thoſe Gods their hands had made.
Theſe crying Sins exaſperate the Lord;
Who now his own Inheritance abhorr'd:
Given up unto the *Heathen* for a Prey;
Slaves to their Foes; who hate them moſt, obey.
Deliver'd oft; as oft his Wrath provoke,
And with increaſing Sins renew their Yoke.
Yet he compaſſionates their miſeries,
And with ſoft pity hears their mournful Cries:
His former Promiſe calls to mind, relents;
And in his Mercy, of his Wrath repents.
In ſalvage Hearts unknown Compaſſion bred,
By whom but lately into thraldome led.
Great God of gods, thy Votaries protect,
And from among the Barbarous recollect:
That we to Thee may dedicate our Daies,
And joyntly triumph in thy glorious Praiſe.
Bleſt, O for ever bleſt, be *Iſraels* King:
All you his People, Halelujah ſing.

*Amen, Amen.*

# A PARAPHRASE Upon the Fifth BOOK OF THE PSALMS of *DAVID*.

## *PSALM* CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore, *As the 8.*
Whose Sea of Mercy hath no Shore.
O you by Tyrants late oppreſt,
Now from your ſervile Yokes releaſt;
raiſe him, who your Redemption wrought,
nd home from barbarous Nations brought.
rom where the Morn her Wings diſplays;
rom where the Evening crowns the Dayes;
neath the burning Zone, and near
he Influence of the freezing Bear.
hey in unpeopled Deſerts ſtraid;
he Heavens their Roof, the Clouds their ſhade:
heir Souls with thirſt and hunger faint;
one by, to pity their Complaint:
hen to the Lord their God they cry'd,
s Mercy their extreams ſuppli'd.

He

He led them through the Wilderness,
And gave them Cities to possess.
O you, his Goodness celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
For he in foodless Deserts fed
The Hungry with cœlestial Bread.
From wondring Rocks new Currents roul,
To satisfie the thirsty Soul.

Part 2. Those Rebels, who his Counsel slight,
Imprison'd in the shades of Night;
Horrors of Guilt their Souls surprise:
When humbled with their miseries,
They to the Lord addrest their Prayers;
His Mercy comforts their Despairs,
From Darkness draws, dissolves their Grieves;
And from Deaths Jaws preserves their lives.
O you his Goodness celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate?
He breaks Steel-bars, and Gates of Brass,
To force a way for His to pass.
Those Fools, whom pleasing Sins intice,
Are punish'd by their darling Vice.
Their Souls all sorts of Food distast:
Whom Troops of pale Diseases waste.
When they to God direct their Prayers,
His Mercy comforts their Despairs.
His Word restores them from their Graves,
And from a dreadful Ruin saves.
O you his Goodness celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
Due Praises to his Altar bring,
And of your great Redemption sing.

Part 3.

ho sail upon the toiling Main,
d traffick in pursuit of Gain,
such his Power is not unknown,
r wonders in the Ocean shown.
t his Command black Tempests rise;
en mount they to the troubled Skies,
ence sinking to the Depths below.
e Ship Hulls as the Billows flow;
d all Aboard at every seel,
ke Drunkards on the Hatches reel.
hen they to God direct their Prayers,
is Mercy comforts their Despairs.
rbwith the bitter Storms asswage,
d foming Seas suppress their Rage:
n, singing, with a prosperous Gale,
their desired Harbour sail.
you his Goodness celebrate!
s Acts to all the World relate!
s Fame in your Assemblies raise,
d in the sacred Senate praise.

Part 4.

e Rivers turns t'a Wilderness;
ings dry'd up by the Suns access.
scourge their Sins, he makes the Soil
grateful to the Owners toil:
rns sandy Deserts into Pools,
d parched Earth with Fountains cools:
ere plants his hungry Colonies,
here strongly-fenced Cities rise:
e Fields their yellow Mantles wear,
d spreading Vines full clusters bear.
y infinitely multiply:
ir Heards of no diseases die.
when their Sins his Wrath incense,
n Famine, War, and Pestilence,

Their

Their miſerable Lives devour;
Their Princes he deprives of Power,
Who in the Path-leſs Wilderneſs
Conceal'd themſelves from Mans acceſs.
The Poor he raiſeth from the ground;
Their Families like flocks abound.
The Juſt ſhall this with Joy behold;
Th' Unjuſt with fear and ſhame controll'd.
The Wiſe theſe Changes will record,
That they may know and ſerve the Lord.

---

## *PSALM* CVIII.

*As the 2.*

MY Thoughts the Lord their Object mate
Before the ruddy Morning ſpring,
My Glory of his Praiſe ſhall ſing:
Awake, my Lute; my Harp, awake;
While I to all the World rehearſe
His praiſes in a living Verſe.

Thy Mercy (O how great!) extends
Above the Starry Firmament;
Still unto tender pity bent:
Thy Truth the ſoaring clouds tranſcends.
Thy Head above the Heavens erect;
Thy Glory on the Earth reflect.

O hear us, who thy aid implore;
And with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved Succour ſend.
God by his Sanctity thus ſwore;
I *Succoths* Valley will divide:
In *Sichems* Spoils be magnifi'd.

*Manaſſe*

Manasseh, *Gilead*, both are mine:
*Ephraim* my Strength, in Battail bold.
Thou *Judah*, shalt my Scepter hold.
I will triumph o're *Palestine*.
Base Servitude shall *Moab* waste.
O're *Edom* I my Shooe will cast.

Who will our forward Troops direct
To *Rabbah* strongly fortifi'd?
Or into sandy *Edom* guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didst reject,
Nor wouldst before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Host against the Foe?

When Death and Horrour most affright,
Do thou our troubled Souls sustain.
For O, the help of Man is vain!
Lead; and we valiantly shall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes shall trample down;
Thy Hands our Brows with Conquest crown.

## *PSALM* CIX.

MY God, my Glory, leave not in Distress; *Ass. 1.*
Nor let prevailing fraud the truth oppress.
They who delight in subtilties and wrongs,
Afflict me with the poison of their tongues,
With Slander and Detraction gird me round,
And would, without a Cause, my life confound.
Good turns with evil proudly recompence,
And Love with Hate; my Merit, my offence.
But I in these Extremes to thee repair,
And pour out my perplexed Soul in Prayer.

Subject

Subject him to a Tyrants stern command;
Subverting Satan place at his Right hand;
Found guilty, when arraign'd: in that fear'd time
Let his rejected Prayers augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely dye,
And let another his Command supply.
Let his distressed Widow weep in vain;
His wretched Orphans to deaf Ears complain.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deserts seek their bread.
Let griping Usurers divide his spoil;
And Strangers reap the harvest of his toil.

Part 2. In his long misery may he find no Friend;
None to his Race so much as Pity lend.
Let his Posterity be overthrown;
Their Names to the succeeding Age unknown.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;
His Mothers Infamy before him set.
O let them be the Object of his Eye,
Till he out-root their hated Memory:
That to the wretched would no Mercy show;
But cruelly pursu'd his Overthrow.
Laid Trains to kill the Broken and Contrite.
On his own head let his dire Curses light.
He hated Blessing; never be he blest:
Let cursing like a Robe his Loins invest;
And like a fatal Girdle gird him round;
As he with Execrations did abound.
Let them like Water in his Bowels boil,
And eat into his Bones like burning Oyl.
Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
Who seek to blast me with malicious lies.

But

, Lord, in my deliverance proclame Part 3.
y Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
c I am poor, with misery oppreſt;
y wounded heart bleeds in my panting breſt.
ike the Evening ſhadow am declin'd,
nd like the Locuſt, toſs'd with every wind.
y feeble Knees beneath their burden bend;
y Fleſh with faſting falls, my Bones aſcend.
eproach hath ſeiz'd on me; my Foes revile;
nd in deriſion, ſhake their heads, and ſmile.
y God, O ſnatch me from the ſwallowing grave!
hy ſervant with accuſtom'd Mercy ſave:
hat they may know it was thy powerful Hand;
nd how I by divine Supportance ſtand.
ill may they vainly curſe whom thou doſt bleſs;
nd pine with envy at my good ſucceſs.
et them be cloth'd with ſhame: O be their own
onfuſion on them like a Mantle thrown.
ut I thy praiſe will duly celebrate;
nd to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
hat haſt th' afflicted Soul from ſorrow freed,
nd from their ſnares who had his death decreed.

## PSALM CX.

THe Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake, As the 34.
Sit at my right hand, till I make
A Foot-ſtool of thy Foes.
He will thy Rod from *Sion* ſend,
nto whoſe Power all powers ſhall bend,
That dare thy Rule oppoſe.

Thy

Thy People willingly ſhall pay
Their vows in that triumphant Day,
With their united Powers:
Aray'd in Ephods; nor ſo few
As are thoſe Pearls of Morning-dew,
Which hang on Herbs and Flowers.

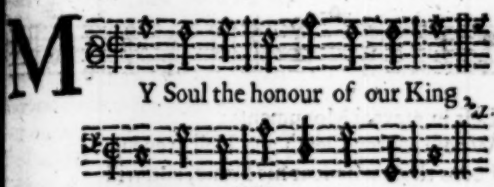
He ſwore, who never Oath did break,
Of th' order of *Melchiſedeck*,
That thou a Prieſt ſhould'ſt raign:
Even while the Sun diſperſt his Light;
While Moons ſhall rule th' alternate Night,
Or Stars their courſe maintain.

God, in that Day at thy right hand,
Their Blood, who Tyrant-like command,
Shall in his fury ſpill.
He, in his Juſtice ſhall confound
The *Heathen*, and the purple ground
With heaps of ſlaughter fill.

Who over many Nations ſway,
And only their own Wills obey,
Shall ſink beneath his rage.
Then ſhall this all-ſubduing King
With Water of the Cryſtal ſpring
His burning thirſt aſſwage.

PSAL

## PSALM CXI.

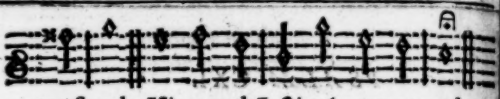



MY Soul the honour of our King

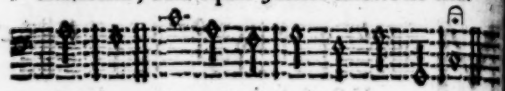
Shall in the great Assembly sing. Great are the

wonders He hath shown; With joy by their

admirers known. His glorious deeds all praise



transcend; His equal Justice knows no end.



Left in eternal Monuments;
Whose Mercy Death and Hell prevents:
Feeds those who fear his Name, and will
His Promise faithfully fulfill.
Who planted with a powerful Hand
His People in this pleasant Land.
Just Judgement executes; directs
By sacred Laws; and Truth affects.
These fretting Time shall never waste;
But squar'd by Justice ever last.
His Word to us confirm'd by deed;
So often from oppression freed.
His Name is terrible to all:
His fear is the Original
Of Wisdom; and they only wise
Who make his Laws their Exercise.
His praise, while men have memory,
And power of speech, shall never dye.

## *PSALM* CXII.

*Hallelu-jah.*

*As the* 111

THat man is blest who fears the Lord,
And cheerfully obeys his Word.
His Seed shall flourish on the Earth;
Their Off-spring happy from their birth.

His

His House with riches shall abound:
His truth with endless honour crown'd.
To him in darkness light ascends:
Mild, gracious, just in all his ends.
His bounty for the poor provides:
Discretion all his actions guides.
No violence shall cast him down;
No time deface his just renown;
Nor rumours shake his confidence:
The Lord his Hope, and strong Defence:
Confirm'd in fearless fortitude,
Till he have all his Foes subdu'd.
He the necessitated feeds.
The honour of his vertuous Deeds
Shall live in sacred memory;
His Glories shall ascend on high.
Th' unjust inrag'd their teeth shall grinde,
And languish with the grief of minde:
Pale envy shall their flesh consume,
And all their hopes convert to fume.

## *PSALM* CXIII.

*Halleln-jah.*

O You, who serve the living Lord, *As the 113*
Due praises to his Name afford:
Now and for ever celebrate;
Let all his noble Acts relate.
Then from the purple Morn's uprise,
Where the Evening flecks the Skies.
All power to his Dominion bends:
His Glory the bright Stars transcends.

What God can be compar'd with ours?
Who Thron'd in Heavens superiour towers
Submits himself to guide and move
All that is done in Heaven above:
And from that height vouchsafes to throw
His eyes on us, who creep below.
The poor he raiseth from the Dust:
Even from the Dunghill lifts the Just;
Whom he to height of honour brings,
And sets him in the Thrones of Kings.
He fructifies the barren Womb;
The Childless, Mothers now become.

*Hallelu-jah.*

## PSALM CXIV.

*As the* 111

WHen *Israel* left th' *Egyptian* Land,
Freed from a tyrannous command;
God his own People sanctifi'd,
And he himself became their Guide.
Th' amazed Seas, this seeing, fled;
And *Jordan* shrunk into his Head:
The cloudy Mountains skipt like Rams;
The little Hills like frisking Lambs.
Recoyling Seas, what caus'd your dread?
Why *Jordan*, shrunk'st thou to the Head?
Why, Mountains, did you skip like Rams?
And why you little Hills, like Lambs?
Earth, tremble thou before his Face;
Before the God of *Jacobs* Race;
Who turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake;
When Springs from flinty intrails brake.

## PSALM CXV.

WE nothing can of merit clame: *As the 9.*
Not for our sakes thy aid afford;
But for the honour of thy Name,
Thy Mercy, and unfailing Word.
Why should th' insulting *Heathen* cry;
Where's now the God they vainly praise?
Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,
All underneath at pleasure swaies.
Their Gods but Gold and Silver be,
Made by a frail Artificer:
For they have eyes, that cannot see;
Dumb mouths and ears, that cannot hear.
Fools on their Altars incense throw,
Who nothing smell; their Feet are bound,
Nor have they power to move or goe:
Their throats give passage to no sound.
Their hands can neither give nor take;
Unapt to punish or defend:
As senseless they who Idols make,
Or to their carved Statues bend.

Your hopes on God, O *Israel*, place; *Part 2.*
He is your Help, and strong Defence:
Behe, you Priests of *Aarons* Race,
The object of your confidence.
In him, all you that fear him, trust;
He shall protect you in distress.
The Lord is of his Promise just,
And will his faithful Servants bless:

The House of chosen *Israel*,
And *Aarons* holy Family:
The poor, and who in power excel;
That love, and on his aid rely.
They shall a mighty People grow;
Their Children happy from their birth:
He will increase of gifts bestow,
Whose hands created Heaven and Earth.
He in the Heaven of Heavens resides,
And over all his Creatures reigns:
Among the sons of men divides
The Earth, and all that Earth contains.
Who sleep within the vaults of Death,
No Offerings to his Altars bring:
O praise his Name, while we have breath;
And loudly Halelu-jah sing.

---

## *PSALM* CXVI.

*As the 4.*

MY Soul intirely shall affect
The Lord, whose ears my grones respect
In misery
He heard thy cry;
To him thy Prayers direct.

Sorrows of Death my Soul assail'd;
The greedy jaws of Hell prevail'd:
Depreſt with grief,
When all relief,
And humane pity fail'd;

I cry'd; My God, O look on me;
Thou ever Just, th' afflicted free.
O from the Grave
Thy Servant save;
For mercy lives in thee.

The Innocent, and long distrest;
The humble mind by wrongs oppreſt;
Thy Favour ſtill
Preſerves from ill:
My Soul then take thy reſt.

God ſtaid my feet, and dry'd my tears;
Redeem'd from Death, and deadly fears;
That ſtill I might
Walk in his ſight,
And number many years.

Thus with a firm belief I pray'd: *Part 2.*
Yet in extreams of trouble ſaid;
All on the Earth
Of mortal birth,
Even all of Lies are made.

What ſhall I unto God reſtore
For all his Mercies? Fall before
His holy Throne,
And him alone
With ſacred Rites adore.

I will perform my Vows this day,
Where they frequent, who God obey.
Right precious is
The Death of His:
He ſees, and will repay.

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids Seed;
By Thee from raging Tyrants freed.
My Prayers shall rise
In Sacrifice;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will perform my Vows this day,
Where they frequent who God obey:
Even in his Court;
Within thy Fort,
Renowned *Solyma.*

---

## *PSALM* CXVII.

*As the 47.*

YOu Nations of the Earth,
Our great Preserver praise.
All you of humane birth,
To Heaven his Glory raise:
Whose Mercy hath
No end, nor bound:
His Promise crown'd
With constant Faith.

---

## *PSALM* CXVIII.

*As the 111*

PRaise our good God, that King of kings,
From whom eternal Mercy springs.
Let *Israel*, let *Aarons* Race,
Let all that flourish in his Grace,
Confess, that from the King of kings
Eternity of Mercy springs.
He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
And freed me from their deadly snares:

He

e fights my Battails; then how can
fear the Power of feeble Man?
ists my Friends; my Enemies
all with their slaughter feast mine eyes.
r better to have Confidence
God, than trust to mans Defence:
n him much safer to relie,
han on the strength of Monarchy.
he Nations all at once assail'd;
t by his Aid my Sword prevail'd.
heir Armies had beset me round;
with their Bodies strew'd the ground.
hough they like Bees about me swarm;
s holy Name and pow'rful Arm
all soon consume their numerous powers,
s Fire the crackling Thorn devours.

ad men! his Fall you seek in vain, *Part 2.*
hom great Jehovah's Hands sustain.
e is my Strength; his Praise my Song:
him preserv'd from powerful Wrong.
r Tents with publick Joy shall ring:
e Just of their Deliverance sing.
with his own Right hand hath fought;
s own Right hand hath Wonders wrought.
all not dye, but live to praise
e Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.
with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
t from the Darts of Death protects.
u to his Service sanctifi'd,
e Temple Doors set open wide;
t I may enter in his Name,
d celebrate his glorious Fame.
se are the Doors, at which all they
ll enter, who his Will obey.

He

His

His Praise with Hymns immortallize!
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.

Part 3. That Stone the Builders from them cast;
Is highest on the corner plac't.
God hath reveal'd these Mysteries,
So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.
This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
Of everlasting Memory.
Great God of gods, thy King protect;
Propitious prove to thy Elect.
O blest be he, whom God shall send!
We, who within his Courts attend,
You from his Sanctuary bless;
And daily pray for your success.
God, even the Lord, hath shed his light
Into our Souls, and clear'd our sight.
Bind to the Altars horns, a Lamb,
New-weaned from the bleating Dam.
Thou art my God; my Songs shall praise,
And to the Stars thy Glory raise.
Praise our good God, The King of kings;
From whom eternal Mercy springs.

---

## *PSALM* CXIX.

### *ALEPH.*

As the 1. BLest are the Undefil'd, who God obey;
Seek with their hearts, nor from his Precepts stray.
No tempting Vice shall those from Virtue draw,
Who with unfainting Zeal observe his Law.

Lo

rd, by thy sacred Rule my steps direct.
ose shall not blush who thy Commands affect.
y Justice learnt, my Soul shall sing thy Praise.
rsake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

*BETH.*

ung man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide: *Part 2.*
m these let not thy zealous Servant slide.
y Word, writ in my heart, shall curb my Will.
teach me how I may thy Laws fulfill!
ise, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.
y Testaments by me more pris'd than Gold.
these I meditate, admire; there set
y Souls delight: these never will forget.

*GIMEL.*

let me live t' observe thy Laws: mine Eyes *Part 3.*
minate to view those Mysteries.
, a poor Pilgrim, with thy Truth inspire:
whom my Soul even sainteth with desire.
e Proud is curst, who from thy Precepts straies.
s, and preserve my Soul, which these obeies.
hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
Study, my Delight, my Counsellers.

*DALETH.*

down-cast Soul, as thou hast promis'd, raise. *Part 4.*
u know'st my Thoughts; direct me in thy waies.
m, and I thy Wonders will profess.
rengthen me, that labour in Distress!
thy clear Paths, false Errors mist remov'd.
e thy chosen Truth and Judgements lov'd.

To

To these I cleave: O shield me from Disgrace.
Inlarge my heart to run that heavenly race.

*HE.*

Part 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will observe:
Nor from that sacred Knowledge ever swerve.
My Soul to those delightful Paths confine:
From Avarice purge, and to thy Laws incline.
Divert from vain desires, my darkness clear:
Confirm the Soul devoted to thy Fear.
Free from fear'd shame: thy Judgements are upright
O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

*VAU.*

Part 6. His Soul protect, who on thy Word relies;
And silence my reproachful Enemies.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preserve:
So I thy Laws for ever shall observe;
Will freely walk in thy affected way:
Will boldly before Kings thy Truth display.
For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;
Those study, love, and with my Soul imbrace.

*ZAIN.*

Part 7. Think of thy Promise, which my Hopes hath fed
All storms appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.
Nor for proud scoffs have I thy Laws declin'd:
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Laws desert, incense my rage:
Sung in the mansion of my Pilgrimage.
Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others slep
This comfort had, since I thy Statutes kept.

CHET

## CHETH.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore, Part 8.
Thy Laws observe, and promis'd Grace implore.
My Actions by thy sacred Rules direct;
And thy Commands with forward Zeal effect.
The Wicked rob; but I thy Statutes prise:
At Midnight to applaud thy Justice rise.
Who fear and keep thy Laws, such are my Friends.
Instruct; thy Mercy through the World extends.

## TETH.

Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy Word: Part 9.
Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodness, that my Soul conforms
Unto thy Statutes, by Afflictions storms.
The Proud, fat at the Heart, base Slanders raise:
But I will trust in thy affected Waies.
Me blest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Laws more pris'd than Ships with treasure fraught.

## JOD.

Inform me, my Creator, in thy Laws; Part 10.
That thine may see thy Observer with applause.
Thou ever just, in favour dost correct.
With promis'd Mercy comfort thine Elect.
That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;
Those keep: the Proud, who causless hate, destroy.
Who fear and know thy Laws, to me unite:
O, lest I perish, guide me by their light!

CAPH.

## CAPH.

Part 11. With Expectation faint, and blind; yet still
My Soul expects. Thy Promise, Lord, fulfill.
I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
Confound my Foes: when shall my Sorrows end?
The Proud have pitch'd their toils; infring'd thy Laws:
O sacred Justice, snatch me from their jaws.
They had almost devour'd; but I affect
Thy Precepts: quicken, and by those direct.

## LAMED.

Part 12. Thy faithful Promises are fixt above;
Firm as the Poles, or Earth; which never move:
By thy eternal Ordinance dispos'd.
Thy Laws my Life; else Grief my eyes had clos'd.
Nor will I these forget; by these renew'd.
Thy chosen save, who hath thy Truth pursu'd.
The Wicked chase my Soul, which thee obeys.
Thy Word shall last, when Heaven and Earth decays.

## MEM.

Part 13. O how I love thy Laws! those exercise!
By them made wiser than my Enemies.
More than my Teachers know, more than the Old:
With Virtue these inflame, from Vice with-hold.
That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart.
And from thy Preceps never will depart:
Then *Hermons* Honey to my taste more sweet.
By-ways I hate; by thine become discreet.

NUN

## NUN.

y Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way. Part 14.
vare t' observe thy Truth, and will not stray.
y wounded Soul with promis'd mercy heal:
xcept my offerings, and thy Will reveal.
hough inclos'd with Death; though Foes have laid
ares for my Soul; yet have I thee obey'd.
y comforts, my eternal Heritage.
may I keep them, till I die through age.

## SAMECH.

ove thy Law; my hate to sin is great: Part 15.
thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat!
y Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane.
rd, save my Soul, nor let me hope in vain.
hold; and I thy Justice shall applaud.
ou hast intrap'd thy Foes in their own fraud;
st out like Dross. My heart affects thy path,
t trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

## AIN.

leave me not to my outragious Foes: Part 16.
r to their scorn my righteous Soul expose.
ine Eyes even fail, while I thy aid expect.
merciful, and in thy Wayes direct.
arge my mind, thy Wayes to understand:
s time; for they infringe thy just Command,
hich more than Gold; than Gold refin'd I prise;
all upright. But hate deceitful lies.

PE.

## PE.

Part 17. Thy Word, the Gate of Life, even Babes inspire
With Knowledge: this my obsequious Soul admires:
This I with thirsty appetite devour.
Thy streams of Mercy on thy Servant pour.
Compose my steps: so shall not sin subject,
Nor man oppress: for I thy Laws affect.
Shine on my Soul; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
Shed show'rs of tears, when men thy Laws despise.

## TSADDI.

Part 18. As Thou thy Self, so all thy Laws are just:
Faithful to those, who in thy Promise trust.
Zeal hath consum'd me, for my Foes neglect
Of thy pure Laws, which I in heart affect.
Those to observe, though mean and scorn'd, intend
Truth crowns thy Word; thy Justice without end.
These in my grief, and trouble comfort give.
Inform with Knowledge, that my Soul may live.

## COPH.

Part 19. O hear my cries! preserve his life, who will
Thy Laws obey, and just Commands fulfill.
My Eyes out-watch the Night; my cries prevent
The early Morn, in due Devotion spent.
Hear, and revive; thy Justice execute
On lawless men: preserve from their pursuit.
Thy oft-tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.
Thy Judgements on eternal Bases stand.

RESC

## PRESCH.

hold my sorrows; patronize my cause, Psal. 26. 11.
y Word perform to him, that keeps thy Laws.
eath shall devour, who thy Commands neglect.
hou, great in Mercy, my sought life protect,
all extreams I have thy Will observ'd;
iev'd, when Transgressors from thy Statutes
swerv'd.
me, who love thy Laws, thy Grace extend:
y Truth began with Time, and knows no end.

## SCHIN.

rants oppress; thy Word restrains my Mind: Part 21.
herein I joy, like those who Treasure find.
aud I abhor; inamour'd on thy Waies.
ven times a Day my Lips thy Justice praise.
ho love thy Laws, sweet Peace, and Safety bless.
Thee I hope, nor thy just Will transgress.
y Word observe: thy Statutes I affect;
hich through these humane Seas my course direct.

## TAU.

cept my Prayers: with Knowledge, Lord, indue; Part 22.
om Death redeem; since to thy Promise true.
y Statutes taught, I will thy Praise resound.
y Word extol, and Laws with Justice crown'd.
ese are my choice: uphold with thy right Hand;
ho feed on Hope, and joy in thy Command.
olong my life, that I thy Praise may sing.
rd, thy stray'd Sheep back to thy Pasture bring.

## PSALM CXX.

As the 5. DIstrest, and in my mind dismay'd,
When destitute of humane aid,
To Thee successfully I pray'd.

Lord, shield me from the Fraudulent;
From those that are on malice bent;
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou false tongue, steep'd in the gall
Of Serpents! what reward, for all
Thy mischief, shall to thee befall!

Like Arrows shot from *Parthian* strings,
Fir'd Juniper, and Scorpions stings;
Such art thou, O thou worst of things!

Wo's me, that I from *Israel*
Exiled, must in *Mesech* dwell;
And in the Tents of *Ismael*!

O how long shall I live with those,
Whose savage minds sweet Peace oppose;
Where Fury by dissuasion grows:

## PSALM CXXI.

As the 15. TO the Hills thine Eyes erect,
Help from those alone expect.
He who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from *Sion* send thee aid.

Go

God thy ever-watchful Guide,
Will not suffer thee to slide.
He, even he, who *Israel* keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
He, thy Guard, with Wings display'd,
Shall refresh Thee in their Shade:
Suns shall not with heat infect,
But their temperate beams reflect:
Nor unwholsom Serene shall
From the Moons moist influence fall.
When thou travel'st on the way,
When at home thou spend'st the Day,
When sweet Peace thy life delights,
When imbroyl'd in bloody Fights,
God shall all thy steps attend,
Now, and evermore defend.

## *PSALM* CXXII.

*As the* 122

O Happy Summons! to the Court
And Temple of the Lord resort.
*Jerusalem*, our Feet shall tread
Within thy Walls: O thou the Head
Of all the Earth and *Judah*'s Throne;
Three Cities strongly joyn'd in one!
The Tribes in throngs to Thee ascend;
The Tribes which on the Lord depend:
Fat Offerings to his Altar bring,
And his immortal Praises sing.
There shall he his Tribunal place,
The Judgement-seat of *Davids* Race.
Your joys shall with your days increase,
Who love and pray for *Salems* Peace.

May Peace within thy Walls abound;
Thy Palaces with joy resound:
Even for my Friends and Kindreds sake,
May never War thy Bulwarks shake:
Even for the hope of *Israel*,
And House, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

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## *PSALM* CXXIII.

*As the 34.*

THou mover of the rolling Sphears,
I through the Glasses of my Tears,
To Thee my Eyes erect:
As Servants mark their Masters hands;
As Maids their Mistresses commands,
And liberty expect:

So we, depreſt by enemies,
And growing troubles, fix our Eyes
On God, who sits on High:
Till he in mercy shall descend
To give our miseries an end,
And turn our tears to joy.

O save us, Lord, by all forlorn;
The subject of contempt and scorn.
Defend us from their pride,
Who live in fluency and ease;
Who with our woes their malice please,
And miseries deride.

PSALM

## PSALM CXXIV.

BUt that God fought for us, may *Israel* say; *As the 72.*
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day;
When men inflam'd with wrath; against us rose:
We had alive been swallowed by our Foes:
Then had we sunk beneath the roaring Waves,
And in their horrid entrails found our graves:
Then had their violence, like torrents pour'd
From melting Hills, our wretched lives devour'd.
O blest be God! who hath not given our blood
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food.
Our Souls, like Birds, have scap'd the Fowlers Net;
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
Our only confidence is in his Name,
Who made the Earth, and Heavens immortal frame.

## PSALM CXXV.

THey, who the Lord their Fortress make, *As the 9.*
Shall like the Towers of *Sion* rise;
Which dreadful Earth-quakes never shake,
Nor raging tumults of the skies.
Lo! as the Hills of *Solyma*
Divine *Jerusalem* enclose:
So shall his Angels in the Day
Of danger, shield them from their Foes.
The Wicked shall not long subject
Their holy Race; lest through despair
They should the Laws of God neglect,
And be as their Commanders are.

Lord, to the Good be good; the Just
Protect: Their punishments increase,
Who follow their rebellious lust:
But crown thy *Israel* with Peace.

## *PSALM* CXXVI.

*As the* 111

WHen God had our deliverance wrought,
And *Sion* out of Bondage brought;
It seem'd to us a Dream; who were
Distracted between Hope and Fear.
Then sacred Joy fill'd every Breast:
In flowing Mirth, and Songs expreſt.
The wondring *Heathen* oft would say;
How good! how great a God have they!
Great things for us the Lord hath wrought;
Above the reach of humane thought:
We therefore will his praises sing.
The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring;
As Rivers through the parched Sand,
Or show'rs which fall on thirsty land.
Who sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy.
We after long Captivity,
Unto our native Soil retire;
The scope and crown of our desire.

## *PSALM* CXXVII.

*As the* 7.

UNless the Lord the house sustain,
They build in vain;
In vain they watch, unless the Lord
The City guard.
In vain you rise before the Light,
And break the slumbers of the Night.

In

In vain the bread of sorrow eat,
Got by your sweat;
Unless the Lord with good success
Your labours bless:
For he all good on his bestows,
And crowns their eyes with sweet repose.

Increasing sons, his Heritage,
Renew their age;
The pledges of their fruitful love,
Given from above:
As formidable to the Foe,
As Arrows from a Giants bow.

He is belov'd of God, and blest
Above the rest;
Whose Quivers with such Shafts abound;
By men renown'd:
Nor shall his adversary dread;
When they at the Tribunal plead.

## PSALM CXXVIII.

HAppy he, who God obeys, *As the 15.*
Nor from his direction strayes:
Thou shalt of thy labours feed;
All shall to thy wish succeed:
Like a fair and fruitful Vine,
By thy House, thy Wife shall joyn:
Sons, obedient to command,
Shall about thy Table stand;
Like green plants of Olives, set
By the moistning rivulet.

He who fears the Power above,
Thus shall prosper in his love.
God shall thee from *Sion* bless;
Thou shalt joy in the success
Which the Lord will *Salem* give,
While thou hast a day to live:
Thou shalt see our *Israels* peace,
And thy childrens large increase.

## *PSALM* CXXIX.

*As the* 111

OFt from my early youth have they
Afflicted me, may *Israel* say:
Oft from my early youth assail'd;
As oft have their endeavours fail'd.
My back with long deep furrows wound;
As Plow-shares ear the patient ground.
The ever Just hath broke their bands,
And sav'd me from their cruel hands.
Let *Sions* Foes with infamy
Be clothed, and untimely dye.
Be they like Corn on Houses tops,
Which Reapers sickle never crops,
Nor Binder in his bosome bears:
But withers still before it ears.
No Travailer their labours bless,
Nor say, We wish you good success.

*PSALM*

## PSALM CXXX.

OUt of the horrour of the Deep, *Ariba 10.*
Where fear and sorrow never sleep,
To the my cries
In sighs arise:
ord from despair thy servant keep:
O lend a gracious ear,
And my petitions hear.

if thou should'st our sins observe:
nd punish us, as we deserve:
Not one of all
But then must fall;
ce all from their obedience swerve:
Yet art not thou severe,
That we thy Name might fear.

y Mercies our misdeeds transcend:
y hopes upon thy Truth depend:
Disconsolate
On thee I waite;
weary Centinels attend
The chearful Morns uprise
With long-expecting eyes.

you that are of *Jacobs* Race,
him your Hopes, and Comforts place;
His praises sing;
The living Spring
f Mercy and redundant Grace:
For he will *Israel*
Redeem from Sin and Hell.

PSALM

## *PSALM* CXXXI.

*As the 32.*

THou Lord my witness art;
I am not proud of heart;
Nor look with lofty eyes;
None envy, nor despise;
Nor to vain pomp apply
My thoughts, nor sore too high:
But in behaviour mild;
And as a tender child,
Wean'd from his Mothers breast,
On thee alone I rest.
O *Israel*, adore
The Lord for evermore:
Be He the only scope
Of thy unfainting hope.

## *PSALM* CXXXII.

*As the 72.*

REmember *David*, Lord; remember Thou
His Troubles; thy Redemptions; and the
Vow
He to the mighty God of *Jacob* made;
Bound by an Oath; and in these words convey'd:
No Roof shall cover me, nor sweet repose
Refresh my Limbs, or sleep my eye-lids close,
'Till I have found a place for his abode;
Even for the Temple of the living God.
The Ark, we heard, in *Ephrata* long stood;
And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.
We will into thy Tabernacle go,
And there our selves before thy Foot-stool throw
Asc

ſcend to thy eternal Reſt at length;
ou, and the Ark of thy admired ſtrength.
let thy Prieſts be cloth'd with ſanctity,
d all thy Saints ſing with triumphant joy:
r *Davids* ſake, receive into thy Grace:
om thy Anointed never turn thy Face.
r thus thou ſwor'ſt who never wilt forget;
y Son ſhall long poſſeſs thy royal Seat:
d if thy Children my commands obſerve,
r from the rules of my preſcription ſwerve;
eir Off-ſpring ſhall the *Hebrew* Scepter ſway,
en while the Sun illuminates the Day.
r *Sion* I have choſen; *Sion* great
my affections; my eternal Seat.
ill abundantly increaſe her ſtore;
d with the flow'r of Wheat ſuſtain her poor:
r Prieſts ſhall bleſſings to her People bring;
r joyful Saints in ſacred meaſures ſing.
ere ſhall the Horn of *David* freſhly ſprout;
eir lamp of glory never ſhall burn out:
s *Diadem* ſhall flouriſh on his head:
t Nets of ſhame his Foes ſhall over-ſpread.

## *PSALM* CXXXIII.

O Bleſt eſtate! bleſt from above! *As the* 111
When Brethren joyn in mutual love.
'Tis like the precious Odors ſhed
On conſecrated *Aarons* head:
hich trickled from his Beard and Breaſt,
wn to the borders of his Veſt.
s like the pearls of Dew that drop
*Hermons* ever-fragrant top:

Or

Or which the ſmiling Heavens diſtill
On happy *Sions* ſacred Hill.
For God hath there his favours plac't,
And joy, which ſhall for ever laſt.

## *PSALM* CXXXIV.

*As the 47.*

YOu, who the Lord adore,
And at his Altar wait;
Who keep your watch before
The threſhold of his Gate;
His praiſes ſing:
By ſilent Night,
Till cheerful light
In th' Orient ſpring.

Your hands devoutly raiſe
To his divine Receſs;
The Worlds Creator praiſe,
And thus the People bleſs;
The God of Love,
From *Sions* Towers,
To you and yours
Propitious prove.

## *PSALM* CXXXV.

*As the 72.*

O You, who Ephods wear and Incenſe fling
On ſacred flames; Jehovah's praiſes ſing.
You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate
His glorious Name; his noble Acts relate
How great a joy with ſuch ſincere delight
To crown the Day, and entertain the Night!

r *Israel* is his choice; and *Jacobs* Race
s treasure, and the object of his Grace.
power how infinite! how much before
ose mortal gods, whom frantick men adore!
l on his Will depend; all homage owe,
Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.
t his command exhaled Vapors rise,
nd in condensed clouds obscure the Skies.
om thence, in show'rs He horrid Lightning flings;
nd from their Caves the strugling Tempests brings.
e the first-born of Men and Cattle slew;
ch streams of blood the Towns and Plains imbrew.
'Inhabitants that drink of *Nilus* flood,
t his confounding Wonders trembling stood.

Part 2.

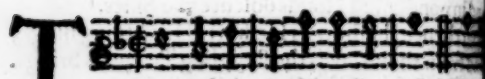
reat Princes, who excell'd in fortitude,
nd mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.
rong *Sihon*, whom the *Amorites* obey'd;
nd strenuous *Og*, who *Bashans* Scepter sway'd;
ith all the Kingdoms of the *Canaanites*,
ho to the Conquerours resign their rights:
o whom he their dismantled Cities grants,
nd in those fruitful fields his *Hebrews* plants.
hy Name shall last unto Eternity;
nd thy immortal Fame shall never dye.
hou dost thy Servant pardon and protect;
dvance the Humble, and the Proud deject.
hose helpless gods, ador'd in foreign Lands,
re Gold and Silver; wrought by humane hands:
ind Eyes have they, deaf Ears, still silent Tongues:
or breath exhale from their unactive Lungs.
ho made, resemble them; and such are those,
ho in such senseless stocks their hopes repose.
praise the Lord, you who from *Israel* spring;
is Praises, O you Sons of *Aaron*, sing:

You

You of the House of *Levi* praise his Name:
All you who God adore, his Praise proclaime:
From *Sion* praise the only Good and Great;
Who in *Jerusalem* hath fixt his Seat.

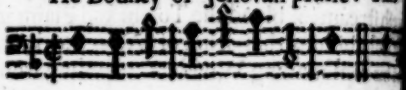
## *PSALM* CXXXVI.

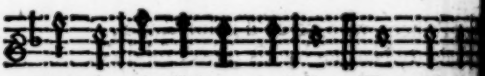
*Cantus.*



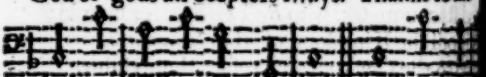
THe Bounty of Jehovah praise: This

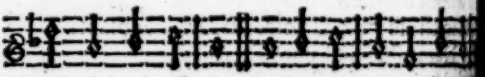
*Bassus.*



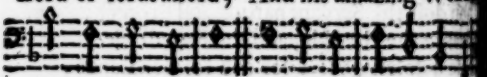


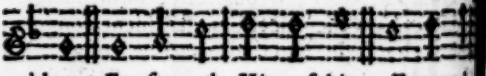
God of gods all Scepters sways. Thanks to the



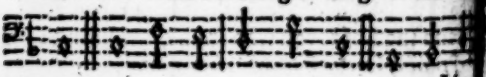


Lord of lords afford; And his amazing Wonders





blaze: For from the King of kings E-ter-nal



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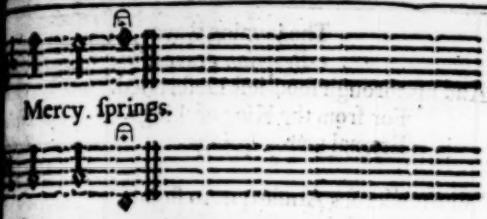


n praiſe, who fram'd the arched Sky;
hoſe Orbs that move ſo orderly.
Firm Earth above,
The Floods that move
ſplay'd, and rais'd the Hills on high.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

ho Sun and Moon inform'd with Light,
o guide the Day, and rule the Night:
The fixed Stars,
And Wanderers
reated by divine fore-ſight.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

he firſt-born of *Ægyptians* ſlew;
hoſe wounds the thirſty Earth imbrew:
And from that Land,
With powerful hand,
h' oppreſſed ſons of *Jacob* drew.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy ſprings.

he parted Seas before them fled,
ho in their empty chanels tread:

The

The joyning waves,
*Ægyptian* graves:
And his through food-less Deserts led.
For from the King of kings
Eternal mercy springs.

Who numerous Armies put to flight,
And mighty Princes slew in fight:
*Og* prostrate laid,
Who *Bashan* swai'd;
And *Sihon* the crown'd *Amorite.*
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy springs.

By his strong hand those Giants fell;
And gave their Lands to *Israel:*
Confirm'd by deed
Unto their Seed:
Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy springs.

Remembred us in our distress;
And freed from those, who did oppress.
He food doth give
To all that live.
The God of Heaven, O *Israel*, bless.
For from the King of kings
Eternal Mercy springs.

---

## *PSALM* CXXXVII.

*As the 1.* AS on *Euphrates* shady banks we lay,
And there, O *Sion*, to thy Ashes pay
Our funeral tears: our silent Harps, unstrung,
And unregarded, on the Willows hung.

Lo

Lo, they who had thy desolation wrought,
And captiv'd *Judah* unto *Babel* brought;
Deride the tears which from our Sorrows spring;
And say in scorn, A Song of *Sion* sing.
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
Or holy Hymns sing in a forrein Land?
O *Solyma!* thou that art now become
A heap of stones, and to thy self a Tomb!
When I forget thee, my dear Mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget:
When I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive;
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave.
Remember *Edom*, Lord; their cruel pride,
Who in the Sack of wretched *Salem* cry'd;
Down with their Buildings, rase them to the ground,
Nor let one Stone be on another found.
Thou *Babylon*, whose Towers now touch the Skye,
That shortly shalt as low in ruins lye;
O happy! O thrice happy they, who shall
With equal cruelty revenge our fall!
That dash thy Childrens brains against the stones:
And without pity hear their dying groans.

## *PSALM* CXXXVIII.

MY Soul, applaud our glorious King; *Ashi 46.*
Before the Gods his praises sing:
His Mercy an eternal Spring.

For this, on consecrated ground
Will I adore; thy Truth resound;
Thy Word above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'st me, when to thee I cry'd;
When Danger charg'd on every side;
Thy thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All those, who awful Scepters bear,
When they of thy Performance hear,
Shall worship thee with reverent fear.

They shall his Truth and Mercy praise,
Who all the World with Justice swaies;
Whose Wonders Adoration raise.

Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly casts his eyes,
But doth the Insolent despise.

Though storms of Troubles me inclose;
Yet thou shalt save me from my Foes,
And raise me in their overthrows.

For God his Promise will effect;
The Faithful faithfully protect;
Nor ever his own Choice reject.

## PSALM CXXXIX.

As the 111

THou know'st me, O thou only Wise;
Seest when I sit, and when I rise;
Can'st my concealed thoughts disclose;
Observ'st my Labours and Repose;
Know'st all my Counsels, all my Deeds,
Each word which from my Tongue proceeds:
Behind, before, by thee inclos'd;
Thy Hand on every part impos'd.
Such knowledge my capacity
Transcends; so wonderful, so high!
O which way shall I take my flight?
Or where conceal me from thy sight?
Ascend I Heaven; Heaven is thy Throne:
Dive I to Hell; there art thou known.

Shou

Should I the Mornings wings obtain,
And flie beyond th' *Hesperian* Main;
Thy powerful Arm would reach me there,
Reduce, and curb me with thy fear.
Were I involv'd in shades of Night;
That Darkness would convert to Light.
What Clouds can from discovery free!
What Night, wherein thou canst not see!
The Night would shine likes Dayes clear flame;
Darkness and Light, to Thee the same.
Thou sift'st my reins, even thoughts to come:
Thou cloth'dst me in my Mothers womb.
Great God, that hast so strangely rais'd
This Fabrick, be thou ever prais'd.

O full of Admiration *Part 2.*
Are these thy Works! to me well-known.
My Bones were to thy view displaid,
When I in secret shades was made;
When wrought by thee with curious art,
As in the Earths Inferiour part.
On me, an Embryon, didst thou look:
My members written in thy Book
Before they were: which perfect grew
In time, and open to the view.
Thy Counsels admirable are;
And yet as infinite as rare.
O could I number them, far more
Than Sands upon the murmuring shore!
When I awake, thy Works again
My thoughts with wonder entertain.
The Wicked thou wilt surely kill.
Hence you, who blood with pleasure spill.
Their tongues thy Majesty profane;
They take thy sacred Name in vain.

Lord, hate not I thy Enemies?
And grieve, when they against thee rise?
I hate them with a perfect hate;
And, as my Foes, would ruinate.
Search and explore my heart: O try
My thoughts, and their Integrity.
Behold, if I from Virtue stray:
And lead in thy eternal Way.

## PSALM CXL.

As the 14.

LOrd, save me from the Violent;
From him who takes delight in ill:
Whose heart Deceit and Mischief fill;
On bloody War and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents whet;
Poyson of Asps their Lips inclose.
O save from fierce and Wicked Foes;
Who toils, to overthrow me, set!

The Proud have hid their cords and snares;
Spread all their Nets; their Gins have laid.
To God, Thou art my God, I said;
O gently hear thy Suppliant's prayers.

My strong Preserver in the fight,
As with a Helm, my head defends.
Let not the Wicked gain their ends;
Lord, lest their pride rise with their might.

Themselves let their own Slanders wound:
Destroy Him who their fury leads.
Let burning coals fall on their heads;
And quenchless flames imbrace them round.

Cast them into the Depths below;
From thence, O never let them rise!
Let Death the Slanderer surprise;
And Mischief salvage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th' Afflicted aid will give;
The Poor defend from Death and Shame.
The Just shall celebrate thy Name;
And ever in thy Presence live.

## PSALM CXLI.

TO Thee I cry; Lord, hear my cries; *As the 22.*
O come with speed unto my aid:
Let my sad Prayers before Thee rise,
Like Incense on the Altar laid;
Or as when I, with hands displaid,
Present my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian set;
My Lips with barrs of Silence close.
O let me not thy Laws forget;
And wickedly combine with those,
Who Thee, and all that's good, oppose;
Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Just wound and reprove;
Such stripes and checks, an argument
Of their sincere and prudent love;
Like Odours of a fragrant Scent,
Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
My prayers shall for their safety move.

Mongst Rocks their Chiefs in ambush lye,
Yet have my suff'rings understood.

Our ſevered bones are ſcattered by
The mouths of graves, like clefts of Wood.
Lord, ſave from thoſe, that hunt for blood:
On Thee with faith I caſt mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,
That would my guiltleſs Soul betray;
From thoſe who in my wrongs agree,
And for my life their engins lay.
May they by their own craft decay;
But let me thy Salvation ſee.

## *PSALM* CXLII.

*As the 4.*

WIth ſighs and cries to God I praid;
To him my ſupplication made;
Pour'd out my tears,
My cares and fears;
My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting ſpirits almoſt ſpent:
He knew the path in which I went.
Yet in my way
Their ſnares they lay,
With mercileſs intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw;
None ſee, that will th' Oppreſſed know;
No refuge left;
Of hope bereft;
Vain pity none beſtow.

Then unto God I cry'd, and ſaid,
Thou art my Hope, and only Aid;
The Portion
I build upon,
While with frail fleſh araid.

O

O Sourse of Mercy, hear my cry;
Left I with wasting sorrow die:
Shield from my foes,
Who now inclose;
Since of more strength than I.

My Soul out of this Prison bring,
That I may praise thee, O my King.
Who trust in thee,
Shall compass me,
And of thy Bounty sing.

## PSALM CXLIII.

LOrd, to my cries afford an ear, *As the 39.*
Th' afflicted hear;
According to thy Equity,
And Truth reply;
Nor prove severe: for in thy sight
None living shall be found upright.

The Foe my Soul besiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground:
In darkness hath inveloped,
Like men long dead:
My mind with sorrow overthrown;
My heart within me stupid grown.

I call to mind those ancient Daies
Fill'd with thy praise:
Thy Works alone possess my thought,
With wonder wrought.
To thee I stretch my zealous Hand;
Desir'd like rain by thirsty land.

Part 2. Approach with speed; my Spirits fail;
Thy Face unveil:
Least I forthwith grow like to those,
Whom graves inclose.
O let me of thy Mercy hear,
Before the morning Sun appear.

My God, thou art the only scope
Of all my hope:
O shew me thy prescribed way,
Left I should stray.
For to thy Throne I raise mine eyes;
My Soul, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes: to Thee loe I
For refuge flie:
Inform me, that I may fulfill
Thy sacred Will.
My God, let thy good Spirit lead,
That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,
Who trust in Thee:
Out of these Straights, for Justice sake,
Thy Servant take.
In mercy cut thou off my Foes,
Whose hate hath multiply'd my woes.

---

## *PSALM* CXLIV.

*As the* 111 THe Lord, my Strength, be only prais'd;
The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd:
In doubtful Battle given me might,
And skill how to direct, and fight.

My

y Fautor, Fortreſs, high-built Tower;
y Rock, Redeemer, Shield and Power;
y only Confidence; who ſtill
bjects my People to my will.
ord, what is Man, or his frail Race,
hat thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a vapour grace!
an nothing is but vanity;
ſhadow ſwiftly gliding by.
reat God, ſtoop from the bending Skies,
e Mountains touch, and Clouds ſhall riſe;
om thence thy winged Lightning throw;
out and confound the flying Foe;
retch down thy hand, which only ſaves,
nd ſnatch me from the furious Waves.
ee from rebellious Enemies,
ur'd to perjuries and lies:
eir Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong.
en will I in a new-made Song,
to the ſoftly-warbling ſtring,
f thy Illuſtrious Praiſes ſing.

ou Kings preſerv'ſt; haſt me preſerv'd; *Part 2.*
n *David*, who thy Will obſerv'd;
e from rebellious Enemies,
ur'd to perjuries and lies:
ul deeds their violent hands defile;
nds prone to treachery and guile:
t in their Youth our Sons may grow
e Lawrel Groves; our Daughters ſhow
e poliſh'd pillars deck'd with Gold;
hich high and Royal roofs uphold:
r Magazines abound with Grain,
viſion of all ſorts contain:
reaſing Flocks our Paſtures fill,
d well-fed Steers the Fallows till;

That

That no incursions Peace affright;
No Armies joyn in dreadful fight;
No daring Foe our Walls invest,
Nor fearful shrieks disturb our rest.
Blest People! who in this estate
Injoy your selves without debate:
And happy, O thrice happy they,
Who for their God, the Lord obey!

## PSALM CXLV.

As the 111

I Still will of thy Glory sing;
Thy Name extoll, my God, my King.
No day shall pass without thy praise;
Prais'd while the Sun his Beams displays.
Great is the Lord, whose praise exceeds:
Inscrutable are all his Deeds.
One Age shall to another tell
Thy Works, which so in power excell.
The Beauty of thy Excellence,
And Oracles intrance my Sense.
Men shall thy dreadful Acts relate;
My Verse thy Greatness celebrate;
To memory thy Favours bring,
And of thy noble Justice sing.
For in Thee Grace and Pity live;
To anger slow, swift to forgive.
All on thy Goodness, Lord, depend:
Thy Mercies all thy Works transcend;
Even all thy Works shall praise thy Name;
Thy Saints shall celebrate the same:
Of thy far-spreading Empire speak;
Thy Power, to which all Powers are weak:

ake thy Acts to Mortals known,
l glory of thy awfull Throne.

Kingdom never ſhall have end: *Part 2.*
Rule beyond Times flight extend.
Lord ſhall thoſe, who fall, ſuſtain;
d Souls dejected raiſe again.
ſeek from Thee their livelyhood;
u in due ſeaſon giv'ſt them food:
liberal Hand, Men, Birds, and Beaſts,
all that live, with plenty feaſts.
Lord is Juſt in all his Waies,
o Mercy in his Works diſplaies;
rſent by his power with all,
o on his Name ſincerely call:
he will their deſires effect;
rd their cries; from Foes protect.
o love Him, Safety ſhall enjoy:
Lord the Wicked will deſtroy.
Tongue his Goodneſs ſhall proclame.
kind, for ever praiſe his Name.

## *PSALM* CXLVI.

*Hallelu-jah.*

My Soul, praiſe thou the Lord: *As the 29.*
Whilſt thou liv'ſt, his praiſe record.
Whilſt I am, eternal King,
I will of thy praiſes ſing.
hope in Princes place;
in none of humane race;
can give no help at all,
revent his proper fall.

When

When his parting breath expires,
He again to Earth retires.
Ev'n in that uncertain day
All his thoughts with him decay.
Happy he, whom God protects;
He, on whom his Grace reflects.
Happy he, who plants his trust
On the only Good and Just.
He who Heavens blew Arch display'd;
He who Earths Foundation laid;
Spread the Land-imbracing Main;
Made what ever all contain:
True to what his Word profest;
He revengeth the oppreſt;
Hungry Souls with food ſuſtains,
And unbinds the Priſoners chains:
To the blind reſtores his ſight;
Rears, who fall by wicked might.
Righteouſneſs his Soul affects.
Friendleſs Strangers he protects,
Widdows, and the Fatherleſs;
Thoſe confounds who theſe oppreſs.
Zion, God, thy God ſhall raign,
While the Poles their Orbs ſuſtain.
*Hallelu-jah.*

## *PSALM* CXLVII.

*As the* 111

JEhovah praiſe with one conſent.
How comely! ſweet! how excellent,
To ſing our great Creators praiſe!
Whoſe hands late ruin'd *Salem* raiſe,
Collecting ſcattered *Iſrael*,
That they in their own Towns may dwell:

cures the sorrows of our minds;
wounds imbalms, and softly binds.
numbers Heavens bright-sparkling Flames,
calls them by their several Names.
eat is our God, and great in might;
Knowledge O most infinite!
Humble unto Thrones erects;
Insolent to Earth dejects.
lent your thanks to our great King;
solemn Harps his Praises sing;
ho Heaven with gloomy Vapors hides,
d timely Rain for Earth provides.
ith grass he clothes the pregnant Hills,
d hungry beasts with Herbage fills.
feeds the Ravens croaking brood,
ft by the Old) that cry for food.

cares not for the strength of Horse, *Part 2.*
or mans strong limbs, and matchless force:
those affects, who in his Path
eir feet direct with constant Faith.
*Salyma*, Jehovah praise;
God thy Voice, O *Sion*, raise:
ho hath thy City fortify'd;
y streets with Citizens supply'd:
m peace in all thy borders set,
d fed thee with the flower of Wheat.
e sends forth his Commands, which flie
ore swift than Lightning through the Skie:
e Snow-like Wool on Mountains spreads;
d hoary Frosts like Ashes sheds;
hile solid Floods their course refrain,
hat Mortal can his cold sustain?
t his Command, by Wind and Sun
ssolv'd th'unfetter'd Rivers run.

His

His Laws to *Jacob* he hath ſhown;
His Judgements are to *Iſrael* known.
Not ſo with other Nations deals,
From whom his Statutes he conceals.

## *PSALM* CXLVIII.

*Hallelu-jah.*

*As the 29.*

YOu, who dwell above the Skies,
Free from humane miſeries;
You whom higheſt Heaven imbowers,
Praiſe the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your clear Voices raiſe;
Him you Heavenly Armies praiſe:
Sun, and Moon with borrow'd light;
All you ſparkling Eyes of Night:
Waters hanging in the air;
Heaven of Heavens his Praiſe declare.
His deſerved Praiſe record;
His, who made you by his Word;
Made you evermore to laſt,
Set your bounds not to be paſt.
Let the Earth his Praiſe reſound:
Monſtrous Whales, and Seas profound;
Vapors, Lightning, Hail, and Snow;
Storms, which when he bids them, blow:
Flowry Hills, and Mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the Skie;
Trees that fruit in ſeaſon yield;
All the Cattle of the Field;
Salvage beaſts; all creeping things;
All that cut the Air with wings.
You who awful Scepters ſway;
You inured to obey;

Prince

inces, Judges of the Earth;
ll of high and humble birth;
ouths, and Virgins, flourishing
the beauty of your spring:
ou who bow with Ages weight;
ou, who were but born of late:
raise his Name with one consent:
how great! how excellent!
han the Earth profounder far;
igher than the highest star.
e will his to honour raise.
ou his Saints, resound his Praise;
ou who are of *Jacobs* Race,
nd united to his Grace.
*Hallelu-jah.*

## *PSALM* CXLIX.

TO the God, whom we adore, *As the 29.*
Sing a Song unsung before:
His immortal Praise rehearse,
Where his Holy Saints converse.
*rael*, O thou his Choice,
thy Makers Praise rejoyce:
*Zions* Sons, rejoyce, and sing
o the Honour of your King.
the Dance his Praise resound;
rike the Harp, let Timbrels sound.
od in Goodness infinite,
his People takes delight.
od with safety will adorn
hose, whom men afflict with scorn.
et his Saints in glory joy;
ing as in their Beds they lye:

Highly

Highly praiſe the living Lord;
Arm'd with their two-edged Sword,
All the *Heathen* to confound;
And the Nations bordering round;
Binding all their Kings with cords;
Fettring their captived Lords:
That they in divine purſuit,
May his Judgements execute;
As 'tis writ, ſuch Honour ſhall
Unto all his Saints befall

*Halleln-jah.*

## *PSALM* CL.

*Halleln-jah.*

*As the 29.*

PRaiſe the Lord inthron'd on high;
Praiſe him in his Sanctity;
Praiſe him for his mighty Deeds;
Praiſe him who in Power exceeds;
Praiſe with Trumpets, pierce the Skies;
Praiſe with Harps and Pſalteries;
Praiſe with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes;
Praiſe with Violins, and Lutes;
Praiſe, with ſilver Cymbals ſing;
Praiſe on thoſe which loudly ring.
Angels, all of humane birth,
Praiſe the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

*Halleln-jah.*

*FINIS.*

# A Paraphrase UPON ECCLESIASTES.

## CHAP. I.

'His Sermon the much-knowing Preacher made:
King *David*'s Son; who *Judah*'s Scepter ſwai'd.
reſtleſs vanity of Vanities!
ll is but vanity, the Preacher cries.
hat profit have we by our Labors won,
f all beneath the Circuit of the Sun?
he Earth is fixt, we fleeting: as one Age
parts, another enters on the Stage.
he ſetting Sun reſigns his Throne to Night:
en haſtens to reſtore the morning Light.
e Wind flies to the South, ſhifts to the North;
d wheels about to where it firſt brake forth.
ll Rivers run into th'inſatiate Main;
m thence, to their old Fountains creep again.
ceſſantly all toil. The ſearching Mind,
e Eye, and Ear, no ſatisfaction find.
hat is, hath been; what hath been ſhall enſue:
d nothing underneath the Sun is new.

Of what can it be truly said, Behold
This never was? The same hath been of old.
For former Ages we remember not:
And what is now, will be in time forgot.
Lo I, the Preacher, King of *Israel*;
Who in ability and power excel;
In wisdoms search apply'd my Industry,
To know what ever was beneath the skie:
(For God this toil, on Mans ambition layes,
To travel in so intricate a Maze.)
I all their works have seen: all are but vain; (pa
Conceiv'd with sorrow, and brought forth w
The crooked never can be rectifi'd;
Nor the defective numbred, or supply'd.
Thus in my Heart I said; Thou art arriv'd
At Honors height; more wisdom hast atchiev'd
Than all that liv'd in *Solyma* before:
Thy Knowledge, Judgment, and Experience mo
As wisdom, so I folly did pursue;
And madness try'd: these were vexations too:
Much wisdom great anxieties infest:
And grief of Mind by Knowledge is increast.

## *CHAP.* II.

I Said in my own Heart, Go on, and prove
What Mirth can do: taste the delights of Lo
In Pleasures change thy careless Hours imploy:
This also was a false and empty Joy.
Avaunt, said I, O Laughter thou art mad!
Vain Mirth, what canst thou to contentment a
Then sought the cares of Study to decline
With liberal Feasts, and flowing Bowls of W
With all my wisdom exercis'd, to try
If she at length with folly could comply:

A

And to discover that Beatitude,
Which Mortals all their lives so much pursu'd.
Great works I finish'd; sumptuous Houses built:
My Cedar Roofs with Gold of Ophir gilt.
Choice Vineyards planted: Paradises made;
Stor'd with all sorts of fruits, with Trees of shade:
And water'd with cool Rivolets, that dril'd
Along the Borders: these my Fish-pools fil'd.
For service, and delight, I purchased
Both Men and Maids: more in my House were bred.
My Flocks and Heards abundantly increast:
So great, as never King before possest.
Silver and Gold, the Treasure of the Seas,
Of Kings, and Provinces, foment mine ease:
Sweet Voices, Musick of all sorts, invite
My curious Ears; and feast with their delight.
In greater fluency no Mortal raign'd:
In height of all, my wisdom I retain'd.
I had the Beauties which my Eyes admir'd;
Gave to my Heart what ever it desir'd:
In my own works rejoic'd. The recompence
Of all my Labours was deriv'd from thence.
Then I survey'd all that my hands had done:
My troublesome delights. Beneath the Sun
What solid good can mans indeavour find?
All is but vanity, and grief of Mind.
At length I wisdom pond'red in my thought;
And madness weigh'd: for folly is distraught.
What man can my untraced Steps pursue?
Or do that Act which to the King is new?
Then found, how wisdom folly did excel;
As much as brightest Heaven the Shades of Hell,
The wisemans Eyes are towred in his head:
The Fool in Darkness walks, by Error led:
Yet equal Miseries on either wait;
And both we see obnoxious to one fate.

Thus in my heart I said; The Fool, and I
Suffer alike, and must together Die:
Why then vex I my brains to grow more wise?
Even this was not the least of Vanities.
Both must be swallowed by Oblivion;
What is, will not to after times be known:
The wise and foolish to the Earth descend;
And in the Grave their various travels end.
For this I hated Life, which only feeds
Increasing Sorrows: fruitless are our Deeds;
And wearisom; Man no content can find:
For all is vanity, and grief of Mind.
I hated all the Glory I had won;
My State, my Structures; all my hands had done
Fore-seeing how that certain hour would come,
When I must leave them; Nor yet know to whom
Who can divine if prudent or a Fool?
Yet he must over all my Labours Rule;
Of all my wisdoms purchases possest:
This vanity was equal with the rest.
I therefore sought to make my Heart despair;
To slight the frail success of all my Care.
What by Integrity, and honest toil,
A wise man gathers; must become his spoil
Who only pleas'd his Sense: this is a great
Vexation, and an undiscern'd deceit.
What hath a Man for all his Industry,
And grief of Soul, sustain'd beneath the sky?
All is but sorrow from the Hour of Birth;
Till he with age return unto the Earth:
His Travel, pain; night yields him no repose:
This vanity from our first Parents flows.
To eat, to drink, t'enjoy what we possess
With freedom, is the greatest Happiness
That Mortals can attain unto: A good
Deriv'd from God, by Men not understood.

Who feasted more than I? who spent his store
More liberally? or cheer'd his Genius more?
God wisdom gives, gives Knowledge and Delight,
To those whose hearts are perfect in his sight:
To Sinners trouble; who their time employ
To gather what the Righteous shall enjoy;
By their own Avarice in plenty pin'd:
This is a vanity, and grief of Mind.

## *CHAP.* III.

TO all things have their times, by God decreed
In Natures changes; all things which proceed
From Mans Intentions under the vast skie:
A Time when to be born, a Time to Die:
A time to plant, to extirp; to Kill, to Cure:
A time to batter down, a time to immure:
A time of laughter, and a time to turn
Our smiles to tears: a time to dance, to mourn:
To scatter Stones, to gather them again;
A time to embrace, embraces to refrain:
A Time to get, to lose; to save, to spend:
To tear asunder, and the torn to mend:
A time to speak, from speaking to surcease:
A time for Love, for Hate; for War, for Peace.
What good can humane Industry obtain,
When all things are so changeable and vain?
For God on Man these various Labours throws;
To afflict him with variety of woes.
He in their times all beautiful hath made;
The World into our narrow hearts convay'd:
Yet cannot they the causes apprehend
Of his great works; the Original, nor End.
What other good can Man from these produce,
But to take pleasure in their present use?

To eat, to drink, t'enjoy what is our own;
Is such a gift as God bestows alone.
His purpose is Eternal; nor can we
Add or Substract from his Divine Decree:
That Mortals might their bold Attempts forbear
And curb their wild affections by his fear.
What hath been, is; what shall be, was before:
And what is past, the Almighty will restore.
Besides; the seats of Justice I survay'd:
There saw how favour and corruption sway'd.
Then said I in my heart; God surely shall
Reward the just; the unjust to Judgment call,
All Purposes and Actions have their Times:
A time for Vengeance to pursue our Crimes.
As much as sense concerns, God manifests
To Men how little they dissent from Beasts:
One end to both befals; to equal Death
Are liable; and breath the self same Breath.
Then what preheminence hath Man above
A Beast; since both so Transitory prove?
Both travel to one home: are Earth, and must
Return to their Originary Dust.
Who knows that Souls of men ascend the sky?
That those of Beasts with their frail Bodies dy?
What Mortal then can make so good a choice,
As in his own acquirements to rejoice?
This is his Portion: for of things to come,
None can inform him in the Graves dark Womb.

## CHAP. IV.

THen I observ'd the Bold oppressions done,
In Presence of the all-survaying Sun:
Beheld the tears that fell from Sorrows Eyes:
No Comforter t'asswage her Miseries:

Wit

With all th'oppressors powerful Violence;
While weak Integrity found no defence.
For this, before the Living I preferr'd
Those whom the quiet Caves of Death interr'd:
Before them both, such as have yet not been;
For these diversities of evil seen:
Again observ'd, how our best Actions bred
Ignoble Envy; by our Vertue fed:
For friendship could so great a vice controul.
This was a Vanity, and grief of Soul.
The Fool sits with his Arms a-cross; his hours
Sloth consumes, and his own flesh devours.
Better, saith he, a handful is obtain'd
With happy ease, than two by trouble gain'd.
While I this chace of Vanity pursue;
Worse presents her folly to my view:
Lo, one who hath no Second, Child, nor Heir,
Wears out his Life in restless toil and care,
To gather Riches; nor can satisfie,
With all his store, the Avarice of his Eye:
Nor thinks, for whom do I my Soul deceive?
And injur'd Nature of her Dues bereave?
This is a sore disease, if truly known:
And such a vanity, as yields to none.
Two better are than one; of more regard:
Their Labour less, and greater their Reward.
If either fall, one will the other raise;
When he who walks alone, his Life betrays.
If two together lie, both warmth beget;
But he who lies alone receives no heat.
If one prevails; two may that one resist:
Cords hardly break, which of three lines consist.
More real worth a poor wise Child adorns;
Than an old Foolish King, who counsel scorns.
He from a Prison, to a Throne ascends:
This, born a Prince, his Life obscurely ends.

His Subjects after his Successor run;
As from the setting to the rising Sun.
The vulgar are inconstant in their choice;
Nor in the present Government rejoice:
The following, as the first, to change inclin'd,
This is a vanity, and grief of mind.

## CHAP. V.

WHither thou goest conceive, and to what end
When thy bold feet the House of God ascend.
There rather hear his Life-directing Rules;
Than offer up the Sacrifice of Fools.
For sinful are their gifts, who neither know
What they to God should give, or what they owe.
The Ryot of thy tongue let fear restrain:
Nor with rash Orisons his Ears profane.
God sits in Heaven, with Rays of Beauty crown'd;
Thou a poor Mortal creep'st upon the ground:
Since nothing lies concealed from his view,
Nor scapes his knowledge, let thy words be few.
As Dreams proceed from multitude of Cares:
So multitude of words a Fool declares.
Perform thy vows to God without delay:
Fools please not him: thy vows sincerely pay.
Since they are offerings of the grateful will;
Vow not at all, or else thy vows fulfil.
Let not thy tongue oblige thy flesh to sin:
Nor say, I err'd: by that pretext to win
Thy Angels Pardon. Why shouldst thou incense
Thy God, and draw his wrath on thy offence?
In multitudes of words and Dreams appear
Like vanities: my Son, *Jehovah* fear.
Nor let it quench thy Piety, when thou
Shalt see the poor beneath the mighty bow;

All

l Laws perverted, Justice cast aside;
s if the Universe had lost her guide:
hat Power to whom all are subordinate,
all crush them with an unsuspected fate.
he Mother Earth, to all her bosom yields:
en Princes are beholding to the fields.
ho Silver Covet, and Excess of Gain,
ll ever want: this folly is as vain.
Riches multiply; even so do they
ho feed thereon, and on their Plenty prey.
hat profit to the owner can arise,
t to behold them with his careful Eyes?
eet is the sleep, which honest toil begets;
hether he liberally, or little eats:
hen ever-troublesome Abundance keeps
e wealthy waking, and affrights his sleeps.
hat Penury than Riches can be worse,
l by the Owner turn'd into a Curse?
t to consuming Vice become a spoil?
ho Sons begets to misery and toil.
ked he issu'd from his Mothers Womb:
d naked must descend into his Tomb.
all, with travel got, and kept with fear,
nothing to the House of Death shall bear:
t must return as Empty as he came;
s Entry, and his Exit, but the same.
hat boots it then to Labour for the wind?
is is a sore affliction to the Mind.
feeds his sorrow in continual Night:
plear with Anguish, Fury, and Despight.
s truth have I found out in her pursuit:
feed our Bodies, to enjoy the fruit
our enricht endeavours, and to give
r selves their comforts, whil'st on Earth we live;
good and Pleasurable: this alone
ll we have, that can be call'd our own.

For,

For, to have Riches, and the Power withal
To use them freely, is the Principal
Of Earthly Benefits: for God on those
He most affects, this Happiness bestows.
That man retains no sense of former Ills:
Whose Heart the Lord of Life with gladness fi

## CHAP. VI.

THis, as a Common Misery, have I
With sorrow seen beneath the ambient Sky
God Riches and Renown to men imparts;
Even all they wish: and yet their narrow hea
Cannot so great a fluency receive;
But their fruition to a Stranger leave.
What falser vanity, or worse disease,
Could ever on the life of Mortals seize?
Though he a hundred Children should beget,
Though many years should make his Age comple
Yet if he to himself his own deny,
Then want a Grave, and violently die:
Better were an abortive, born in vain,
That in obscurity departs again,
Enveloped with shrouds of endless Night;
Who never saw the Sun display his Light,
Nor Good or Evil knew: he is more blest;
And soon descends to his perpetual Rest.
Though th'other twenty Ages have surviv'd,
His Misery is but the longer Liv'd.
Yet both must to that fatal Mansion go,
Where they to none are known, nor any know
All that Man Labours for is but to Eat:
Yet is his Soul not satisfi'd with Meat.
What therefore hath the wise more than the Fo
What wants the poor that can his Passions rule?

r better is a clear and pleas'd aspect;
in meagre looks, which vast desires detect;
h as can never satisfaction find:
this is vanity, and grief of Mind.
be he what he will, he must be Man;
me repleat with Misery: nor can
desperately with such a Power contend,
whom himself, and all the world depend.
Riches, so our cares and fears increase:
discontented Man, where is thy peace!
o knows what's good for thee in these thy Days
Vanity. A Shadow so decays.
can inform thy Soul what will befal,
en thou art lost, in greedy Funeral?

## CHAP. VII.

A N honest Name, acquir'd by vertuous deeds,
The fragrant smell of Precious Oyls exceeds.
u so the Hour of Death, that of our Birth:
hich Fame secures, and Earth restores to Earth.
ter to be at Funerals a Guest;
an entertained at a Nuptial Feast:
all must to the shades of Death descend;
d those that live should think of their last End.
row than Mirth, more to perfection moves:
a sad Countenance the Soul improves.
e wise will therefore join with such as mourn:
t Fools into the Bowers of Laughter turn.
wise mans reprehensions, though severe,
re than the Songs of Fools should please the Ear.
Thorns beneath a Caldron catch the fire,
ze with a noise, and suddenly expire;
h is the immoderate laughter of vain Fools:
is Vanity in our distemper rules.

Oppressions

Oppressions purchases the Judgment blind;
Make wise men mad; a Gift corrupts the Mind
Beginnings in their Ends, their meed obtain:
Humility more conquers than Disdain.
Nor be thou to distracting Anger prone:
By her deformities a Fool is known.
Nor murmuring say: Why are these days of o
Worse than the former? doth the chief of Po
So differently the affairs of mortals sway?
Such questions but thy Arrogance display.
Wisdom, with Ancient Wealth, not got by ca
Great blessings heap on those who breath this A
Both are to mortals a protecting shade,
When bitter storms, or scorching beams invade
But if divided; he who is possest
Of Life-infusing Wisdom, is more blest.
Gods works consider: who can rectifie,
Or make that straight which he hath made awry
In thy prosperity let joy abound;
Nor let adversity thy patience wound:
For these by him so intermixed are,
That no man should presume, nor yet despair.
All perturbations, all things that have been,
I, in my days of vanity, have seen:
How their own justice have the just destroy'd,
And how the vicious have their vice enjoy'd.
Be therefore not too righteous, nor too wise:
For why should'st thou thy safety sacrifice?
Be not too wicked, nor too foolish: why
Should'st thou by violence untimely die?
'Tis best for thee, that thou to neither lean;
But warily observe the safer Mean.
For they shall all their miseries transcend,
Who God adore, and on his will depend.
A wise man is by wisdom fortifi'd:
More strong than twenty which the City guide.

Justice is not to be found on Earth:
good, nor innocent, of humane Birth.
ve not to all that's said an open Ear;
thou thy Servants execrations hear:
thy own heart can tell, that thou hast done
like to others. Thy example shun.
this by wisdom try'd, I seemed wise:
lle from humane apprehension flies.
that which is so far remov'd, and drown'd
ich profundities, by Man be found?
in her search I exercis'd my Mind;
things the Causes, and Effects to find:
wickedness of Folly sought to know;
and Madness from one Fountain flow.
re sharp than Death I found her subtle Art,
o Nets spreads in her Eyes, Snares in her Heart;
Arms inthralling Chains: the prudent shall
pe; the Fool by her enchantments fall.
all the Preacher hath experience made;
reasons, one by one, distinctly weigh'd:
could I not attain to what I most
ir'd to know: in my inquiry lost.
good among a thousand Men have known:
ong the Female Sex of all not one.
ough in perfection God did Man create;
we through vanity degenerate.

## CHAP. VIII.

any equal to the truly wise?
To him that can interpret Mysteries?
wisdom makes the face of Man to shine
th awful Majesty, and Light Divine.
erve the Kings Commands: Remember thou,
in that Duty, thy Religious vow.

Depart

Depart not discontented; nor Dispute
With him, who can with Punishments confute:
For Power is throned in the Breath of Kings:
And who dare say, they charge unlawful things?
He who obeys, Destruction shall eschew:
A wise man knows both when, and what, to do.
For all our Purposes on Time depend,
And Judgment; to produce them to their end.
They wander in the Pensive shades of Night,
Who want the guide of this directing Light:
Surpriz'd by unexpected Miseries;
Nor can Instruction make the foolish wise.
What Guard of Teeth can keep our parting Breath?
Or who resist the fatal Stroke of Death?
None shall return with Conquest from that Fight:
Nor Vice Protection to the vitious yield.
This Vanity I saw beneath the Sun;
The Mighty by abused Power undone:
And though Intomb'd with sumptuous Funeral
In his own City soon forgot by all.
Impiety delights in her misdeeds;
In that Revenge so tardily succeeds.
Although a Sinner, sin a hundred times;
And were his Years as numerous as his Crimes:
Yet God to those his Mercy will extend,
Whose humble Souls are fearful to offend.
But bold Transgressors with destruction meet:
Their shortned Days shall like a shadow fleet.
Among the Sons of Men, this mischief raigns:
Exalted Vice the meed of Vertue gains:
And those afflictions which to Vice are due,
Suppressed Vertue furiously pursue.
Then I commended Life-prolonging Mirth:
To feed upon the Bounty of the Earth,
And drink the generous Grapes refreshing juice
Is all the good our Labours can produce.

is the best of Life: by God alone
bestow'd on Man; and only is his own.

## CHAP. IX.

When I aspir'd to know, how God th'affairs
Of Men dispos'd: observ'd the restless Cares,
the Travels, and disturbed thoughts, which keep
the toiling Brain from the relief of sleep:
then perceived that humane industry
Could not the ways, nor works of God descry.
Though Men endeavour, though the wise suppose
they apprehend; yet none his wisdom knows.
t this have found; that both the just and wise,
their industry, even all their faculties
are in his Rule, and by his Motion move:
or can determine of his Hate or Love,
ll under Heaven succeeds alike to all;
o good and bad, the same events befal;
o pure, impure; to those who Sacrifice,
o those who Piety, and God despise;
o th'innocent, the guilty; such who fear
ngitious Oaths, and those who fearless swear.
What greater mischief rules beneath the Sun,
han this; that all unto one period run?
en, while they live are mad; profanely spend
their flight of time; then to the dead descend.
et those have hope, who with the living dwell:
or living Dogs dead Lyons far excel.
he living know that they at length must die:
hey nothing know who in Earth entrails lie.
What better times can they expect, who rot
silent graves, and are by All forgot?
holish'd is their Envy, Love, and Hate:
rest of all, which they possest of late.

Then

Then take my Counsel; eat thy Bread with joy
Let Wine the Sorrows of thy heart destroy.
Why should unfruitful Cares our Souls molest?
Please thou thy God, and in his favour rest.
Be thy Apparel ever fresh, and fair;
Pour breathing Odours, on thy shining hair:
Enjoy the pleasures of thy gentle Wife,
Through all the Course of thy short-dated Life.
For this is all thy Industry hath won:
Even all thou canst expect beneath the Sun.
Since Time hath Wings, what thou intend'st to do
Do quickly; and with all thy Power pursue:
No wisdom, knowledge, wit, or work, will go
Along with thee unto the Shades below.
I see the swift of foot wins not the Race;
Nor wreaths of Victory the Valiant grace;
The wise, to feed his hunger wanteth Bread;
Riches are not by knowledge purchased;
Nor Popular suffrages Desert advance:
All rul'd by Opportunity and Chance.
Man knows not his own fate. As Birds are tan
With Tramels; Fishes by th'intangling Sain:
Even so the Sons of Men are unawares
Prevented by Destructions secret Snares.
This also have I seen beneath the Sun,
So full of wonder; and by wisdom done:
A little City man'd but by a few;
To which a Mighty King his Army drew,
Erected Bulwarks, and intrench't it round:
A poor wise man within the Walls was found.
Whose wisdom rais'd the Siege: But they ingr
Neglected him who had preserv'd their State.
Then wisdom before Strength should be prefer
Yet is, if poor, despis'd; her words unheard.
Men more should listen to her sober Rules,
Than to his Cryes, who governs among Fools.

Wisdo

Wisdom th'habiliments of War exceeds:
But Folly is destroy'd by her own Deeds.
So as dead flies with their ill savour spoil
th'Apothecaries Aromatick Oil:
Even so a little folly damnifies
The Dignity and Honour of the wise.
A wise mans Heart to his right hand inclines:
A Fool t'his left; and such are his designs.
His own disordered Paths his life defame:
His gesture and his looks a Fool proclaim.

## CHAP. X.

ALthough thy Ruler frown, yet do not thou
Resent his Anger with a Cloudy Brow:
Nor with obedience or thy faith dispense;
For yielding pacifies a great offence.
This in a State no small disorder breeds;
Which from the errour of the Prince proceeds:
When vicious Fools in Dignity are plac'd;
The rich in worth, trod under and disgrac'd.
Yet have I Servants seen on Horses ride:
The Free and Noble lacquey by their side.
Who snares for others sets, therein shall light:
Who breaks a Hedge, him shall the Serpent bite.
The Stones shall bruise him who pulls down a wall:
Who hews a Tree, by his own Axe shall fall.
If th'edge be blunt, in vain his Strength he spends:
But Wisdom all directs to their just ends.
If Serpents bite before the charm be sung,
What then avails th'Inchanters babling tongue?
A wise-mans words are full of grace and power;
A Fools offending lips himself devour.
His words begin in folly; which extend
To Acts of mischief, and in madness end.

He gives his tongues the reins; as if he knew
More than Man knows: th'events that must inf
Who in the endless Maze of Errour treads;
Nor knows the way which to his purpose leads.
Wo to that Land, that miserable Land,
Which gasps beneath a Childs unstai'd Comman
Whose Nobles rise betimes to perpetrate
Their Luxuries; the ruin of the State.
Happy that Land, whose King is Nobly Born:
Whose Lords with Temperance his Court adorn
By Sloths supine neglects the building falls:
The hands of Idleness pull down her Walls.
Feasts are for Laughter made, Wine chears o
But soveraign Money all to all imparts. (heart
Curse not thy Rulers though with Vices fraug
Not in thy Bed-Chamber, nor in thy thought:
For Birds will bear thy whisperings on their Wing
To the wide Ears of Death-inflicting Kings.

## *CHAP.* XI.

SCatter thy Bread upon thy hungry Main:
This thou, in tract of time, shalt find again.
Thy Alms dispense to many; yet to more:
Famine or War perhaps may make thee poor.
Be like the Clouds in bounty; which on all
The thirsty Earth, in showers profusely fall.
Like pregnant Trees, that shed on every side,
Their riper fruit; to none that stoop deny'd.
They shall not sow who for a Calm defer:
Nor shall they reap whom gloomy skies deter.
Know'st thou from whence the strugling Temp
Or how our bones are fashion'd in the womb? (co
Much less his greatness canst comprize; who m
The Globe of Earth, and radiant Heaven displa
T

The Seed of Charity at Sun-rise sow;
And when he sets, into the furrows throw:
Know'st thou if this, or that, increase shall yield?
Or both with grateful Ears invest thy Field?
How sweet is Light! how pleasant to behold,
The mounted Sun descend in beams of Gold!
Yet, though a Man live long; long in delight:
Let him remember that approaching Night
Which shall in endless darkness close his Eyes:
Then will he all, as vanity, despise.
Young man, rejoice; thy hearts desires fulfil;
No other Lord acknowledge but thy will;
Thy Senses freely Feast: yet shalt thou come
To Gods Tribunal, and receive thy Doom:
Decline his wrath, and Sin-inflicting pain:
For both the bud and flower of Youth are vain.
Think of thy Maker in thy better days;
Before the vigour of thy age decays:
Before that sad and tedious time draw nigh,
When thou shalt loath thy life, and wish to die.
Before th'informing Sun, the cheerful Light,
The various Moon, and Ornaments of Night,
In vain for thee their shining Tapers bear:
Or fretting drops of Rain deep furrows wear.
When they shall tremble, who the House defend:
And the strong Columns which support it bend:
The Grinders fail, reduced to a few; (view:
The Watch no Objects through their Casements
Those Doors shut up that open to the Street;
And when th'unarmed Guarders softly meet:
The Bird of dawning raise thee with his voice;
For thou in Women, or their Songs rejoice.
When thou shalt fear the roughness of the way;
When every Peble shall thy passage stay: (white;
When th'Almond-tree his boughs invests with
The Locust stoops: then dead to all delight

Man must at length to his long home descend:
Behold, the Mourners at his gates attend.
Advise; before the Silver Cord grows slack;
Before the golden Bowl asunder crack:
Before the Pitcher at the fountain leak;
Or wasted Wheel besides the Cistern break.
Man, made of Earth, resolves into the same:
His Soul ascends to God, from whom it came.
O Restless Vanity of Vanities!
All is but Vanity, the Preacher Cries.
He who was wise, the People knowledge taught
His Lines with well-digested Proverbs fraught.
He found out matter to delight the mind:
And every word he writ, by Truth was sign'd.
Wise Sentences are Goads; Nails closely driven
By grave Instructors: by one Pastor given.
And now my Son, be thou admonished
By what thou hast already heard, and read.
There is of making many Books no End:
And studious Night th'intentive Spirits spend.
Of all the Sum; fear God, his Laws obey:
Mans Duty; to Felicity the way.
For He shall every work, each secret thing,
Both good and bad, to publick Judgment bring.

# A Paraphrase UPON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

By *G. S.*

*Cum Privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.*

*LONDON*,
Printed for *Abel Roper*, 1676.

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*Tho. Wykes.*

# TO THE KING.

SIR,

I *Presume to invite you to these sacred Nuptials: the Epithalamium sung by a Crowned Muse. Never was there pair of so divine a Beauty, nor united in such harmonious Affections: and infinitely he deserved her love; redeemed at so dear a Price, and inricht with so invaluable a Dowry.*

SIR, *Let me find your Pardon for thus long continuing to make my Allay currant by the impression of your Name. Directed by your propitious Aspect, have I safely steered between so many Rocks; and now, arrived at my last Harbor, have broken up my ruinous Vessel.*

The humblest of your

Majesties Servants,

*George Sandys:*

# TO THE QUEEN.

*CHaſt Nymph, you who extracted are,*
*From that ſwift Thunderbolt of War;*
*Whoſe Innocence, & Meekneſs prove*
*An Eagle may beget a Dove;*
*In this clear Mirror you may find,*
*The Image of your own fair Mind;*
*With each Attractive Excellence,*
*Which Feaſts the more refined ſenſe;*
*The Crowned Muſe from Heaven inſpir'd*
*With ſuch rich Beauties hath attir'd*
*The Sacred Spouſe: for what below*
*The Sun, could more perfection ſhow?*

# A Paraphrase UPON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

## *Cant.* I.

*SPONSA.*

Join thy life breathing lips to mine;
Thy love excels the joy of Wine:
Thy Odors, O how redolent!
Attract me with their pleasing scent;
These sweetly flowing from thy Name,
Our Virgins with desire inflame.
Draw me, my Belov'd, and we
With winged feet will follow thee.
My longing Spouse at length, great King,
Into thy Royal Chamber bring:

Then

Then ſhall our Souls, intranc't with joy,
In thy due praiſe their Zeal imploy;
Thy celebrated loves recite,
Which more than crowned cups delight.
Who Truth and ſacred Juſtice priſe,
To thee their hearts ſhall Sacrifice.
You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
You Branches of that holy Stem,
Though black, in favour I excel:
Black as the Tents of *Iſmael*;
Yet graceful, as the burniſht Throne,
And Ornaments of *Solomon*.
Deſpiſe not my diſcoloured look:
This Tawney from the Sun I took.
My Mothers Sons envy'd my worth,
And ſwoln with malice, thruſt me forth
To Keep their Vines in heat of Day,
While, ah, my own neglected lay.
More lov'd than all of humane Seed,
O tell me where thy Sheep do feed;
Where reſt they, in what grateful ſhade,
When ſcorching Beams the Fields invade!
Why ſhould I ſtray, and tun to thoſe
Who are but thy diſguiſed Foes?

*SPONSUS.*

O Thou the faireſt of thy kind!
I will inform thy troubled Mind.
Follow the way my Flock had led,
And in their ſteps ſecurely tread;
Thy Kids feed on the fruitful plains,
Beſides the Sheep-Coats of our Swains.
Thou love art like thoſe generous Steeds
Which *Pharo* for his Chariot breeds,

ickt in their rich Caparisons,
ow shine thy Cheeks with sparkling Stones.
hich loosely dangle from thine Ears!
hy Neck the Oceans Treasure wears.
will a golden Zone impart,
meled with curious Art.

*SPONSA.*

WHile he the Prince of Bounty feasts,
And entertains his happy Guests;
y Spikenard shall perfume his hair,
hose Odor fills the ambient air.
ll Night his sacred Head shall rest
tween the Pillows of my Breast.
ot Myrrh, new bleeding from the Tree,
o acceptable is to me:
or *Camphire* Clusters when they blow,
hich in *Enggadi*'s Vineyard grow.

*SPONSUS.*

THY Beauty, Love, allures my sight,
And sheds a Firmament of Light.
Either Eye there sits a Dove;
o mild, so full of Artless Love!

*SPONSA.*

THou, my Belov'd art fairer far;
Thou as the Sun, I but a Star.
ome, my Delight, our pregnant Bed
with green Buds and Violets spread:

Our

Our Cedar Roofs are richly guilt,
Our Galleries of Cyprus built.

## *Cant.* II.

*SPONSUS.*

I Am the Lily of the Vale,
The Rose of *Sharons* fragrant Dale:
Lo, as th'unsullied Lily shows
Which in a Brake of Brambles grows;
My Love so darkens all that are
By erring men admir'd for fair.

*SPONSA.*

LO, as the Tree which Citrons bears
Amidst the barren shrubs appears:
So my Belov'd excels the Race
Of Man in every winning Grace.
In his desired Shade I rest,
And with his fruits my Palate feast:
He brought me to his Magazines,
Replenisht with refreshing Wines:
And over me, a tender Maid,
The Ensigns of his love display'd.
With Flagons O revive my Powers,
And strew my Bed with Fruits and Flowers.
Whose tast and smell may Cordial prove,
For, ah, my Soul is sick with Love:
Beneath my head thy left Arm place,
And gently with thy Right imbrace.

SPON

*SPONSUS.*

YOU Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
You Branches of that Holy Stem,
I by the mountain Roes, and by
The Harts which through the Foreſt fly,
Adjure you that you ſilence keep,
Nor, till ſhe call, diſturb her ſleep.

*SPONSA.*

IS it a Dream! or do I hear,
The Voice that ſo delights mine Ear!
Lo, he o're Hills his ſteps extends,
And bounding from the Cliffs deſcends.
Now like a Roe, out-ſtrips the wind,
And leaves the breathed Hart behind.
Behold! without my Deareſt ſtays,
And through the Lattice darts his Rays.
Thus, as his looks, his words invite:
O thou the Crown of my Delight.
Ariſe my Love, my fair One, riſe,
O Come, delay our Joy envies.
Lo, the ſharp Winter now is gone,
The threatning Tempeſts over-blown;
Hark, how the Airs Muſicians ſing,
And carrol to the flowry Spring.
Chaſt Turtles, hous'd in ſhady Groves,
Now murmur to their faithful Loves:
Green Figs on ſprouting Trees appear,
And Vines ſweet ſmelling Bloſſoms bear.
Ariſe my Love, my fair one riſe,
O Come, delay our Joy envies.

O thou my Dove, whom Terror locks
Within the Cranies of the Rocks;
Come forth, now like thy self appear,
And with thy Voice delight mine Ear:
Thy Voice is Musick, and thy Face
All conquers with resistless Grace.
My lov'd Companions, for my sake,
These Foxes, these young Foxes take:
Who thus our tender Grapes destroy,
And in their prosperous Rapine joy.
I am my Loves, and He is mine;
So mutually our Souls combine!
He, whose affection words exceeds,
His Flock among the Lilies feeds.
Return to me my only Dear;
Stay till the Morning Star appear;
Stay till Nights dusky shadows flie
Before the Days illustrious Eye.
Run like a Roe, or Hart, upon
The lofty Hills of *Bitheron*.

---

# *Cant.* III.

*SPONSA.*

STretcht on my Restless Bed, all night,
I vainly sought my Souls Delight;
Then rose, the City searcht: No Street,
No Angle my unwearied feet
Untraced left: Yet could not find
The only solace of my Mind.
When lo, the Watch who walk the round,
Me in my Souls distemper found:

Of whom, with passion, I enquir'd;
How you the Man so much desir'd?
For many steps had farther past,
But found my Love, and held him fast:
Fast held, till I the so long sought,
Had to my Mothers Mansion brought.
In that adorned Chamber laid,
Of her, who gave me life, I said:
You Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
You Branches of that holy Stem;
I by the Mountain Roes, and by
The Hinds, which through the Forest fly;
Adjure you that you silence keep,
Nor, till he call, disturb his sleep.

*CHORUS.*

WHat Beauty from the Desert comes,
Like Spires of Smoak rais'd from sweet gums!
With Aromatick Powders fraught,
By Merchants from *Sabæa* brought.

*SPONSA.*

BEhold the Bed he rests upon,
The Royal Bed of *Solomon:*
Twice thirty Souldiers, who excel
In Valour, Sons of *Israel*,
So dreadful to their Enemies,
Their bright Swords mounted on their thighs.
His Person guard from the affright,
And Treasons of concealing Night.
King *Solomon* a Chariot made,
Of Trees from *Lebanon* convay'd:

The

The Pillars Silver, and the Throne,
With Gold of Indian Ophir ſhone:
With *Tyrian* Purple ceil'd above,
For *Sions* Daughter pav'd with Love.
Come Holy Virgins, O come forth,
Behold a Spectacle of worth!
Behold the Royal *Solomon*,
High mounted on his Fathers Throne,
Crown'd with the Crown his Mother plac'd
On his ſmooth Brows, with Gems enchac'd,
At that ſolemniz'd Nuptial Feaſt,
When Joy his raviſh't Soul poſſeſt.

## *Cant.* IV.

### *SPONSUS.*

HOW fair art thou, how wondrous fair!
Thy Dove-like Eyes in ſhades of hair;
Whoſe dangling Curls appear like flocks
Of Climing Goats from *Gileads* Rocks:
Thy Teeth like Sheep in their return
From *Chiſon*, waſht, and ſmoothly ſhorn.
None markt for barren, none of all
But equal Twins at once let fall.
Thy Lips like threds of Scarlet ſhow,
Whence graceful accents ſweetly flow:
Thy Cheeks like Punick Apples are,
Which bluſh beneath thy flowing hair:
Thy Neck like *Davids* Armory,
With Poliſht Marble rais'd on high;
Whoſe Walls a thouſand Shields adorn,
By Worthies oft in Battel born:

hy Breasts are Twins, Twins of the Roe;
here grazing where the Lilies grow.
to the Mountains will retire,
Where bleeding Trees perfumes expire:
ntil the Morning fleck the sky,
nd Nights repulsed Shadows fly.
ow beautiful thy looks appear!
every part from blemish clear!
y Spouse, at length let us be gone;
ave we the fragrant *Lebanon:*
ook down from *Amana*, Look down
om *Sheners* top and *Hermons* Crown:
rom Hills where dreadful Lyons rave,
nd from the Mountain *Leopards* Cave.
hou who my Spouse and Sister art;
ow hast thou ravished my heart!
ruck with one glance of thy bright Eyes!
ne Hair of thine in Fetters ties!
hy Beauty, Sister, is divine,
hy love, my Spouse, more strong than Wine.
hy Odors, far more redolent
han Spices from *Panchaia* scent:
hy Lips drop Honey, from below
hy Palate Milk and Honey flow.
hy Robes a sweeter Odor cast,
han *Lebanon* with Cedars grac't.
y Love, by mutual vows assur'd,
Garden is with strength immur'd:
Crystal Fountain, a clear Spring,
ut up and sealed with my Ring:
n Orchard stor'd with pleasant Fruits;
mgranat Trees, there spread their Roots,
Where sweetly smelling Camphire blows,
nd never dying Spikenard grows;
ees Spikenard, Crocus newly blown,
eet Calamus and Cinamon:

Those Trees which sacred Incense shed,
The Tears of Myrrh, and Aloes bled
From bitter wounds; with all the rare
Productions which perfume the Air.

*SPONSA.*

THose living Springs from thee proceed,
Whose Drills our Plants with moisture feed:
Like Crystal Streams which issue from
The Fountain-fruitful *Lebanon.*
You cooler Winds blow from the North,
You dropping Southern Gales break forth:
On this our Garden gently blow,
And through the Land rich Odors throw.
Come Love, Come with a Lovers hast,
Our riper fruits and spices tast.

## *Cant.* V.

*SPONSUS.*

MY Spouse, my Sister, thou who art
The Joy and Treasure of my heart:
I to my Garden have retir'd,
Reapt Spices which perfumes expir'd;
Sweet Gums from Trees profusely shed,
On dropping Combs of Honey fed;
Drunk Morning Milk, with new prest Wine:
O Friends, whom like desires combine;
Eat, drink, drink freely: nor remove,
Till you be all inflam'd with Love.

*SPONSA*

*SPONSA.*

ALthough I ſleep my Paſſions wake,
For he who knockt, thus ſadly ſpake:
My Love, my Siſter, thou more mild
Than galleſs Doves, my undefil'd,
O let me enter! Night hath ſhed
Her Dew on my uncovered Head;
Which from my drenched Locks diſtils,
And with a frozen numneſs chills.
Can I aſſent to thy requeſt,
Diſrob'd and newly laid to reſt?
Shall I now cloath my ſelf again?
And feet ſo lately waſht, diſtain?
But when I had his hand diſcern'd,
Drawn from the latch, my bowels yern'd.
I roſe, no longer could defer
To unlock the Door; when liquid Myrrh,
Thence dropping, on my finger fell,
And breath'd an Odoriferous ſmell.
But ah, when opened he was gone:
His grief ſetcht from my heart a groan.
In vain I ſought my Souls Belov'd;
I call'd him, O too far remov'd!
The Watch and thoſe who walk the round,
In this purſuit the Afflicted found:
Smote, wounded, and prophanely tore
The Sable Veil my Sorrow wore.
You Virgins of fair *Solyma*,
I charge you, if you meet him, ſay,
That I his Spouſe am ſick for Love,
And with your tears ſoft pitty move.

*CHORUS.*

O Thou of all our Sex most fair,
Can none with thy belov'd compare!
Doth he so much our Loves transcend
That we alone should him intend!

*SPONSA.*

LO! in his face the blushing Rose,
Join'd with the Virgin Lily, grows:
Among a Myriad he appears
The Chief, and Beauties Ensign bears.
His head adorn'd with burnisht gold,
Which Curls of shining hair infold,
Black as the newly pruned Crow:
His Eyes like Doves by Fountains show,
Late bathed in a Rivolet
Of Milk, alike exactly set:
His Cheeks, sweet Spice, and flowers confer,
His Lips, like Roses dropping Myrrh.
His Hand, the wondering Eye invites,
Like Rings that blaze with Chrysolites:
His Belly, polisht Ivory,
Where Saphires in blew branches lie:
His Legs, like Marble Pillars, plac'd
On Bases with pure gold inchac'd:
His Looks, like Cedars planted on
The Brows of lofty *Lebanon:*
His Tongue, the Ear with Musick feeds:
And he in every part exceeds.
You Daughters of *Jerusalem,*
Such is my Friend, my praises Theam.

*Cant.*

# *Cant.* VI.

*CHORUS.*

FAir Virgin, parallel'd by none,
O whither's thy Beloved gone!
Direct our forward Zeal, that we
May join in this purſuit with thee.

*SPONSA.*

BEhold, the more than life deſir'd,
Down to his Garden is retir'd:
There gathers Flowers, Feaſts in the Shade,
On Beds of bruiſed Spices laid.
Our mutual flame all flames exceeds:
My Dear among the Lilies feeds.

*SPONSUS.*

NOT Regal *Terza*, *Iſraels*
Delight, thy Beauty, Love excels:
Not thou, Divine *Jeruſalem*,
That art of all the World the Gem:
Nor Armies with their Enſigns ſpread,
To threaten with amazing Dread.
O turn from me thy wounding Eyes!
In every glance an Arrow flies!
Thy dangling Hair appears like flocks
Of climbing Goats from *Gileads* Rocks:
Thy Teeth, like Sheep in their Return
From *Chiſon*, waſht and ſmoothly ſhorn;

None markt for barren, none of all
But equal Twins at once let fall;
Thy Cheeks like Punick Apples are,
Which blush beneath thy flowing Hair.
They boast of many Queens, great store
Of Concubines, and Virgins more
Than can be told: my Undefil'd
Is all in one; the only Child
Of her fair Mother: and brought forth
To shew the World an unknown Worth.
Queens, Virgins, Concubines, beheld,
Admir'd, and blest th' Unparallel'd.

*CHORUS.*

WHo's this, who like the Morning shews,
When she her Paths with Roses strews!
More fair than the replenisht Moon,
More Radiant than the Sun at Noon:
Not Armies with their Ensigns spread,
So threaten with amazing dread.

*SPONSUS.*

I To my pleasant Gardens went,
Where Nutmegs breath a fragrant scent,
To see the generous Fruits which grac'd
The pregnant vale, with Springs inchac'd:
To see the Vines disclose their Jems,
And Granats blooming on their Stems.
Then unaware, and half amaz'd,
Me thought my ravisht Soul was rais'd
Up to a Chariot, swift as Winds,
Drawn by my Peoples willing Minds.

*CHORUS.*

*CHORUS.*

REturn fair *Shulamite*, return
To us, who for thy abſence mourn.
What ſee you in the *Shulamite* !
Two Armies prevalent in fight.

# *Cant.* VII.

*SPONSUS.*

O Princeſs, thou than life more dear,
How beautiful thy feet appear ;
When they, with purple Ribands bound,
In golden Sandals print the ground !
Thy Joints, like Jewels, which impart
To wondring Eyes the Workmans Art :
Thy Navel, like a Mazer, fill'd
With Juice from rareſt fruits diſtill'd :
Thy Belly, like a heap of wheat,
With never fading Lilies ſet :
Thy Breaſts two Roes, new weaned, ſhow,
Which fell at once from one fair Doe :
Thy Neck, an Ivory Tower diſplays :
Thine Eyes, which ſhine with equal Rays,
Like *Heſhbons* Pools by *Bathrabim*,
Where ſilver-ſcaled Fiſhes ſwim :
Thy Noſe, preſents that Tower upon
The face of flowry *Lebanon* ;
Which all the pleaſant plain ſurvays,
Where *Abana* her ſtreams diſplays ;

Thy Head, like Carmel, cloth'd with ſhade;
Whoſe Treſſes Tyrian fillets bray'd.
The King, from Cypreſs Galleries,
This Chain of ſtrong Affection ties.
How pleaſant! O how exquiſite!
Thy Beauty fram'd for ſweet delight!
Thy Stature, like an upright Palm;
Thy Breaſts, like Cluſters dropping Balm.
I will aſcend the Palms high Crown,
Whoſe Boughs Victorious Hands renown,
And from the ſpreading Branches Root,
Will gather her delicious fruit.
Thy Breaſts ſhall like ripe Cluſters ſwell,
Thy Breath like new pull'd Citrons ſmell:
Choice Wines ſhall from thy Palate ſpring,
Moſt acceptable to the King:
Which ſweetly ſhall deſcend, and make
The Dumb to ſpeak, the Dead to wake.

*SPONSA.*

I My Belov'd, am only thine,
And thou by juſt exchange art mine;
Come, let us tread the pleaſant Fields,
Taſt we what fruit the Country yields,
And in the Villages repoſe
When ſhades of Night all Forms incloſe.
Then with the early Morn repair
To our new Vineyard; ſee if there
The tender Vines thruſt forth their Gems,
And Granats bloſſom on their Stems.
There, where no Froſts our Spring deſtroy,
Shalt thou alone my Love enjoy.
How ſweet a ſmell our Mandrakes yield!
Our Gates with various fruits are fill'd:

Fruits

Fruits that are old, fruits from the Tree
New gathered, all preſerv'd for thee.

# *Cant.* VIII.

*SPONSA.*

O Had we from one Mother ſprung!
Both at her Breaſts together hung!
Then ſhould I meet thee in the Street,
With unreproved kiſſes greet:
And to my Mothers Houſe conduct,
Where thou thy Siſter ſhouldſt inſtruct:
There would I ſpiced Wines produce,
And my Pomegranats purple Juice;
Thy left Arm for my Pillow plac'd,
And ſtrictly with thy right embrac'd.
You Virgins, born in *Sions* Towers,
I charge you by the chief of Powers,
That you a conſtant ſilence keep,
Nor till he call, diſturb his ſleep.

*CHORUS.*

WHo's this, whoſe feet the Hills aſcend
From Deſerts, leaning on her Friend!

*SPONSA.*

My Belov'd firſt raiſed thee
From under the Pomecitron Tree:

Thy

Thy careful Mother, in that Shade,
With anguish, her fair Belly laid.
Be I, O thou my better Part,
A Seal impreſt upon thy Heart:
May I thy Fingers Signet prove,
For Death is not more ſtrong than Love:
The Grave not ſo inſatiate,
As Jealouſies enflame debate.
Should falling Clouds with Floods conſpire,
Their Waters could not quench Loves fire:
Nor all in Natures Treaſury,
The Freedom of Affection buy.
We have a Siſter immature,
That hath no Breaſts, as yet obſcure;
What Ornaments ſhall we beſtow,
When Mortals her Endowments know?

*SPONSUS.*

ON her, if ſtrongly built to bear,
We will a Silver Palace rear;
Or, if a Door, to deck the ſame,
Will Leaves of carved Cedar frame.

*SPONSA.*

I Am a firm Foundation,
For my Belov'd to build upon;
My Breaſts are Towers: I, his Delight,
His object and ſole Favourite.

*SPONSUS.*

Ate in *Baal-Hamon Solomon*
Let forth his Vineyard: every one
r Fruits and Wines there yearly made,
Thouſand ſilver Sheckles paid.

*SPONSA.*

THis Vineyard, this which I poſſeſs,
With diligence I daily dreſs.
hou *Solomon* ſhalt have thy due:
wo hundred more remain for you,
Out of the ſurplus of our gains)
Who in our Vineyard took ſuch pains.

*SPONSUS.*

O Thou that in the Gardens liv'ſt,
And life infuſing counſel giv'ſt
o thoſe that in thy Songs rejoice,
o me addreſs thy cheerful Voice.

*SPONSA.*

COme my Belov'd, O come away!
Love is impatient of Delay:
un, like a youthful Hart, or Roe,
n Hills where precious Spices grow.

# A Paraphrase UPON THE LAMENTATIONS OF *JEREMIAH.*

## *CHAP.* I.

HOW like a Widow, ah! how desolate
This City sits! thrown from the pride of State!
ow is this Potent Queen, who laws to all
e neighbouring Nations gave, become a Thrall!
ho Nightly tears from her salt Fountains sheds:
hich fall upon her Cheeks in liquid Beads.
all her Lovers, none regard her woes:
d her perfidious Friends increase her Foes.
*dah* in exile wanders: ah! subdu'd
vast afflictions, and base servitude.
nong the Barbarous Heathen finds no rest:
home, abroad, on every side oppreſt.
! see how *Sion* mourns! Her Gates, and ways,
unfrequented on her solemn Days.

Her

Her Virgins weep; her Priests lament her fall:
And all her sustenance converts to gall.
A wretched Vassal to her Salvage Foes:
Her numerous Sins the Authors of these Woes.
Behold, how they, who by her losses thrive,
Into Captivity her Children drive!
O *Sions* Daughter, all thy Beauty's lost!
Thy chased Princes are like Harts imbost,
Which find no water; and infeebled fly
Before the Eager Hunters dreadful Cry.
*Jerusalem* in these her Miseries,
And Days of Mourning, sets before her Eyes
Those vanish't Pleasures which she once enjoy'd;
Her People now by hostile Swords destroy'd:
Whil'st none afford Compassion to her woes;
Her Sabbaths scorn'd by her Insulting Foes.
*Jerusalem* hath sin'd; is now remov'd
For her uncleanness: those who lately lov'd,
As much despise; her nakedness descry'd:
Who sighs for shame, and turns her face aside.
Pollution stains her skirts; yet her last end
Remembred not: for this without a Friend
Stupendiously she fell. Great God behold
My Sorrows, since the Foe is grown so bold!
Hath ravish't all wherein she took delight;
His Insolence contending with his Might.
Ah! she hath seen th'uncircumcis'd profane
Thy Temple, whose approach thy Laws restrain.
Her People, sighing seek for Bread; who give
Their wealth for food, that their faint Souls may
Consider Lord; O look on the forlorn! (live
Who am to all the World a general scorn.
You Passengers, though this concern not you.
Here fix your Steps, and my strange Sufferings view
Was ever sorrow like my Sorrow known!
Which God hath on me in his fury thrown!

e from the breaking Clouds his flames hath caſt;
Which in my Bones the boyling Marrow waſt:
ath ſet ſnares for my feet, thrown to the ground;
eft deſolate, and fainting with my wound.
Who of my Sins hath made a yoke, to check
y Inſolence; and caſt it on my Neck.
y Strength hath broken; to my Enemies
bdu'd my Powers: now, ah! too weak to riſe.
e, in the mid'ſt of me, hath trodden down
y mighty Men; and thoſe of moſt Renown.
s Troops on my ſtrong youth like Torrents ruſh't:
s in a Wine-Preſs, *Judah*'s Daughter cruſh't.
r this I weep! my Eye, my galled Eye,
iſſolves in Streams: for he who ſhould apply
alm to my wounds, far, O far off is fled!
y Children deſolate; their Foe, their head.
r Hands ſad *Sion* rais'd; no Comfort found:
*hovah* charg'd her Foes to giur'd her round.
*ruſalem*, O thou of late belov'd;
ow like a Menſtruous Woman art remov'd.
e Lord is juſt: 'tis I that have rebell'd;
d by my wild revolt his Grace expell'd.
ar, and behold my woes: my Orphans torn
m my forc'd Arms, and into exile born.
o my boaſting Lovers call'd for aid:
t they their vows infring'd, my truſt betray'd.
y Prieſts and Princes, while they ſeek for Bread
o feed their hungry Souls, augment the Dead.
d look on me! my heart rouls in my Breaſt:
y Bowels toil, like Seas with Storms oppreſt.
ave provok't thy Vengeance with my Sin:
ithout the Sword deſtroys, and Dearth within.
y ſighs no pitty move: my cruel Foes
oy thy Wrath, and glory in my Woes.
t that preſaged Time will come, when they
ll equal Sorrows to thy Juſtice pay.

O set their impious deeds before thine Eyes;
And press them with my weighty Miseries:
(The Birth of Sin) which break into complaint;
My groans are numberless, my Spirits faint.

## *CHAP.* II.

HOW hath *Jehovah*'s wrath, O *Sion*, spread
A Vail of Clouds about thy Daughters head!
From Heaven to Earth thy beauty, *Israel*, thrown!
Nor in his fierce displeasure spar'd his own!
How hath he swallow'd *Judah*'s Mansions! ras't
His Holds! and to the ground his Bulwarks cast!
The Land in his relentless rage profan'd;
And with the Blood of her own Princes stain'd!
He, in his Indignation, hath the Horn
Of *Israel* from his bleeding forehead torn.
Before the Foe, O forc't to flie with shame!
His wrath to *Jacob* a devouring flame.
Foe-like hath bent his Bow; his Hostile hand
Advanc't, and slain the Beauty of the Land:
All that the eye attracted with Desire;
And pour'd his anger forth like floods of Fire.
Against thee, *Solyma*, converts his Powers:
Sad *Israel*, and his Palaces, devours.
His strong built Fortresses to ruins turns:
Whil'st *Judah*'s Daughter for her Children mourns.
His Tabernacle He with Violence
Hath now demolish't, like a Garden Fence.
None *Sions* Feasts and Sabbaths celebrate;
Both King and Priest obnoxious to his hate.
Detests his Sanctuary, and forsakes
His flameless Altar: while the Enemy takes
His Palaces and Walls, fill'd with their Cries:
As late by us in our Solemnities.

The

he ruin of *Jerusalem* designs:
nd levels the Foundation with his Lines.
or his fierce hand withdraws: the tottering walls
nd stooping Turrets, languish in their falls.
er Gates sink to the Earth, with shiver'd bars:
er King and Princes Slaves, or slain in Wars.
ll Laws surcease. *Jehovah* to her Seers
o more by Visions or by Dreams appears.
er Elders sit on Earth, with silent Woe;
nd Dust upon their Silver Tresses throw:
n sack-cloath mourn. Her Virgins hang their heads,
ike drooping Flowers that bow to their cold Beds.
y Bowels toil; mine Eyes with tears are drown'd;
y bleeding Liver pour'd upon the Ground:
o see my tender Babes, unpittied, lie
n flinty Pavements, and through famine die:
While others to their weeping Mothers say:
give us Food, our hunger to allay!
hen, fainting by the bloodless wound of Death,
n their infolding Arms sigh out their Breath.
ow shall my tongue express, O how compare
hy matchless Sorrows, to asswage thy Care;
istressed *Sions* Daughter! for thy breach
s like the Seas; whose rage no bounds impeach.
ain tales, and foolish, have thy Prophets told;
or would they thy exiling Sins unfold:
alse Burthens, and false Prophecies, invent;
he fatal Authors of thy Banishment.
he Passengers, they wry their heads aside;
iss at thee, clap their hands, and thus deride:
s this their only Joy? which they of all
he world the Beauty and Perfection call? (say;
hy Foes make mouths, scoff, grind their teeth, and
ow have we swallow'd our desired prey:
his is that Day we did so long expect,
Wherein our hopes have had their wish't effect.

God hath accomplished his old Decree;
We thy oft-menaced Destruction see:
Hath ruin'd without pity; made a Scorn
To thy Triumphant Foe, and rais'd his Horn.
To him their hearts now cry: O *Sions* Towers!
All Day, all Night, let tears descend in Showers.
O never give thy labouring Thoughts repose!
Nor let the humid Night thy Eye-lids close!
Arise, and cry; cry from the Nights first hour:
Thy Heart before thy God, like water, pour.
O raise thy Hands to Heaven; lest Famines force
Thy Childrens Souls from their pale Corps divorce.
Lord, see thy Massacres! shall Cursed Wombs
Become their new-born Childrens fatal Tombs!
Thy Priests and Prophets by the Sword are slain;
And with their Blood thy Sanctuary stain.
Lo! in the Streets old Men and Infants lie:
My Virgins and bold Youth by slaughter die.
Thou with their Blood thy Vengeance didst im-
Thy burning Fury without pitty slew. (brew;
As in a solemn Day, thy Terrors have
Inviron'd me: thy Anger cloys the Grave.
Those whom I swadled, in my Bosom bred;
The Barbarous Foe hath sent unto the Dead.

## *CHAP.* III.

LO, I, the Man, who by the wrath of God,
Have seen afflictions storms, and felt his Rod!
He hath depriv'd me of the chearful Light;
Inveloped with Shades more dark than Night:
Against me his revengeful Forces bent;
Nor sets his Anger with the Suns descent.
My flesh hath wasted; wrinkled my smooth skin
With Sorrows Age, and broke my Bones within.

Against

inst me digg'd a Trench, cast up a Mound;
th Travels bitter gall besieg'd me round.
rison'd where no beams their brightness shed:
e that dark Region peopled by the Dead.
every side my Flight with Bars restrains;
d clogs my galled Legs with massy Chains.
ho stops his Ears against my Cries and Prayers:
ith Stone immures, and spreads my Path with (snares.
like a Bear, or Lyon, lies in wait:
verts, in pieces tears, leaves Desolate.
me, as at a mark, his Bow he drew:
hose Arrows in my Blood their Wings imbrew.
lets the People circle me in Throngs;
ho all the Day deride, with spiteful Songs. (fed:
ith Wormwood made me drunk, with gall hath
y Teeth with gravel broke, with Ashes spread.
y Soul to Peace is such a Stranger grown;
if I never better Days had known.
hen I my wrongs to memory recal;
y Miseries, my Wormwood, and my Gall;
y Passions thus exclaim: Ah! Perished
all my hopes! from me my strength is fled!
rethoughts my Soul have humbl'd: trod to Earth
y Pride; and given my Hopes a second Birth.
as thy abundant goodness, Lord, that all
d not together in one Ruine fall.
y Mercies with the rising Light renew:
d thy Fidelity, as large as true.
y Soul is arm'd with stedfast Confidence:
e thou my Portion art, and strong Defence.
those, how gracious, who on thee relie!
ho seek thee with unfainting Industry!
s good to hope, and rest upon thy Truth:
s good to bear thy yoke in early youth.
ne he silent sits; nor will distrust
y Promise, when he hides his head in Dust.

His cheek submits to blows, by all revil'd:
Yet knows at length thou wilt be reconcil'd.
When God with grief hath fixt thee to the ground
His Mercy will pour balm into thy wound.
For He delights not in our Misery;
On those to trample who in fetters lie:
Hates that the weak should be oppreſt by might;
Or Justice suffer in the Judges sight.
O tell, what can befal beneath the Sun,
That is not by the Lords appointment done?
Both good and bad from Him proceeds: why then
Grudge you at punishment; vain sinful Men?
Turn we to God by tryal of our ways:
To Heaven our hearts, our hands, and voices, raise.
We have transgress'd, rebell'd; no pardon gain
The Food of Wrath; by thee pursu'd and slain.
Thou hast with Clouds thy self inclos'd of late:
Through which no Prayers of ours can penetrate
With Men, the refuse and off-skouring made:
Whom all our Foes with open mouths upbraid.
Fill'd with vastation, ruins, snares, and fears;
While for my Childrens loss I melt in Tears.
Nor shall those briny Rivers cease to flow,
Till God look down with pity on our woe.
Mine Eye, ah! wounds my heart; when I behold
My Cities Daughters to Afflictions sold.
Those who thy Beauty, *Solyma*, deface,
My Soul like a retrived Partridge chace:
Cut from the living, in a Dungeon thrown;
And over-whelmed with a Pile of Stone.
Storms o're my head their rouling Billows toſt:
Then cry'd I, ah! I am for ever loſt!
Thou from the Dungeon, Lord, my cries didst hear
O never from my sighs divert thine Ear!
Thou stood'st besides me in that horrid Day:
And said'st; Take courage; nor thy fear obey.

My cause, thou Lord, hast pleaded in this strife:
And from their greedy jaws redeem'd my Life.
Thou that hast seen my wrongs, restore my right:
Thou hast their vengeance seen, and cursed spight.
The malice heard which their false tongues disclose:
The thoughts and machinations of my Foes.
When they sit down, and when they rise, I still
Become their Musick, and their Laughter fill.
Rewards according to their works disburse: (Curse.
Their Hearts with Sorrow wound, blast with thy
Curse, destroy: nor, Lord thy wrath restrain;
Till none beneath the Arch of Heaven remain.

## CHAP. IV.

HOW is our Gold grown dim! of all the most
Refin'd and pure, hath now his Lustre lost.
That Marble, which the Temple beautifi'd;
Torn down by impious Rage, and cast aside.
The wretched Sons of *Sion*, ah! behold!
Of late so precious; more esteem'd than Gold:
How slighted! to how low a value brought!
Like Earthen Vessels by the Potter wrought.
The Monsters of the Sea, and Salvage Beasts,
Their young ones gently foster at their Breasts:
My Daughters, ah! more cruel are than these:
Or than the desert-haunting Estriges.
Their Children cry for Bread, but none receive:
Whose thirsty tongues to their hot palats cleave.
Who fed Deliciously, now sit forlorn:
And those who Scarlet wore, on Dung-hills mourn.
The Punishments, as did their sins, excel
That which from Heaven on wicked *Sodom* fell,
Devour'd with sudden flames. No Creature found
To whom his wrath could add another wound.

Her Nazarites, late pure, as falling Snow; (flow
More white than Streams which from stretcht ude
Not Rubies of the rock such red insphear'd;
Nor polisht Saphires like their Veins appear'd:
Their faces now more black than Cinders grown
To such as meet them in the Streets, unknown.
Whose wither'd Skins, more dry than sapless wood
Cleave to their fleshless Bones, for want of Food.
O far less wretched they, whose parting Breath
Breaks through their wonds, than those who starv
For they in lingring torments pine away: (to death
And find not Death so cruel as Delay.
Soft-hearted Mothers live by horrid spoil:
And their beloved Babes in Caldrons boil.
On these with weeping Eyes, and hearts that bleed
The famisht Daughters of my People feed.
The Lord his vengeance now accomplish't hath
And poured forth the Viols of his wrath:
Forsaken *Sion* sets on fire; whose Towers
And Palaces the hungry flame devours.
You Kings that sway the many-Peopled Earth;
All who from groaning Mothers take your birth
O would you have believ'd, that thus the Foe
Should have triumph't in her sad overthrow!
Her Priests & Prophets sins, who should have taugh
By their Example, have her ruine wrought:
With humane flesh her flaming Altars fed;
And blood of Innocents profusely shed.
Who blindly wander; so defil'd with gore,
That none would touch the Garments which the
Depart, they cry'd, Depart, and touch us not: (wore
Depart O you whom foul pollutions spot.
Thus chid, they stray'd, and to the Gentiles fled
Yet said, ere long we shall from hence be led.
For this, the Lord hath scatter'd in his Ire;
Nor ever shall they to their homes retire:

Thei

Their unregarded Priests slain by the Foe;
Who would no pity to the aged show.
Yet vainly we, in these our Miseries,
With expectation have consum'd our Eyes;
And fostered flattering hopes: built on their word
Who can no aid to our Extreams afford.
Like cruel Hunters they our steps pursue:
While we in Corners lurk from publick view.
That Fatal Day draws near; wherein we must
Descend to Death, and mingle with the Dust.
Not Eagles fearful Doves so swiftly chace;
As they with winged feet our foot-steps trace:
Pursue o're Mountains; watch at every strait;
And to intrap us in the Desert wait.
The Lords Anointed, even our nostrils Breath,
They have insnar'd, and rendred up to Death.
Of whom we said; Among the Heathen we,
Beneath his Wings, shall live in exile free.
Daughter of *Edom*, thou that dwelst in *Hus*,
Exalt thy Joy: This Cup to thee from us
Shall swiftly pass: thy brains inebriate so,
As thou thy nakedness shalt boldly show.
Yet when thy Sins deserved Punishment,
O wretched *Sions* Daughter, shall be spent:
*Jehovah* will thy Banishment repeal;
Foment thy wounds, and all thy bruises heal.
Then he on *Edoms* Issue shall impose
Our yoke, and her deformity disclose.

## *CHAP.* V.

REmember Lord the Afflictions we have born:
See how we are to all the World a Scorn!
Our Lands and Houses Foreigners possess:
Our Mothers, Widdows; and we Fatherless.
To us our Wood the greedy Stranger sells;
And dearly purchas'd water from our wells.

Our necks with heavy burthens are oppreſt:
All Day we toil, at Night depriv'd of Reſt.
We, in the *Egyptian* and *Aſſyrian* Lands,
Are forc't to beg our bread with ſtretcht-out hands.
Our Fathers, who tranſgreſt, in Death remain:
And we the preſſure of their ſins ſuſtain.
Who were our Vaſſals, now our Soveraigns are:
And none ſurvive to comfort our deſpair.
With peril of our lives we ſeek our food;
The Sword in pathleſs Deſerts thirſts for blood:
While Storms of Famine mutiny within;
And like a Furnace tan the ſapleſs skin.
In *Judah*'s Cities Virgins they deflour:
In *Sion*, raviſht Wives their wrongs deplore.
They crucifie our Princes in their rage;
Nor honour the aſpect of reverend Age.
Our Youth inforce to grind, with laſhes gall:
And Boys beneath their cruel Burthens fall.
No Judge on high Tribunals now appears:
No Mulick draws our Souls into our Ears.
Joy, from our broken hearts exiled, flies:
Our mirth is chang'd to mourning Elegies.
The Crown from our eclipſed Brows is torn:
By all, except thy puniſhments, forlorn.
Wo to our Sins! for theſe we waſte our years
In Servitude. We drown our Eyes with tears
For thee deſerted *Sion*: Foxes dwell
Among thy ruins! who our woes can tell!
Yet, Lord, thou ever liv'ſt: Thy Throne ſhall laſt,
When Funeral Flames the World to Cinders waſte.
O why haſt thou ſo long forgot thine own!
Wilt thou forſake us as if never known!
O call us back, that we thy face may view:
Thoſe happy Days we once enjoy'd, renew.
But thou haſt caſt us off to tread the path
Of Exile: made the Object of thy wrath.

# A Paraphrase UPON THE SONGS Collected out of the OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

## *EXODUS* XV.

THE Praise of our triumphant King, *As the 8. Psalm.*
And of his Victory we sing:
Who in the Seas with horrid force
O'rethrew the Rider and his Horse.
My Strength, my God, my Argument,
My Fathers God, hath safety sent.

To

To him will I a Mansion raise;
There celebrate his glorious Praise.
His Sword hath won Eternal fame;
And great *Jehovah* is his Name.
Lo *Pharaoh*'s Chariots, his proud Host,
Are in the swallowing Billows lost.
God, in the fathomless Profound,
Hath all his choice Commanders drown'd.
Down sunk they, like a falling stone,
By raging Whirl-Pits overthrown.
Thy pow'rful Hand these Wonders wrought;
Our Foes by Thee to ruine brought.
Thou all that durst against thee fight,
Hast crush't by thy prevailing Might.
Thy Wrath thy Foes to Cinders turns,
As Fire the Sun-dri'd Stubble burns.
*Part. 2.* Blown by thy Nostrils breath, the Flood
In heaps, like solid Mountains, stood.
The Seas divided Heart congeal'd;
Her sandy Bottom first reveal'd.
Pursue, o'retake, th'Ægyptians cry'd;
Let us their wealthy Spoil divide;
Our Sword these Fugitives destroy,
And with their Slaughter feast our Joy.
Thou blew'st; those Hills their Billows spread
In mighty Seas they sunk like Lead.
What God is like our God! so high!
So excellent in Sanctity!
Whose glorious Praise such terror breeds!
So wonderful in all thy Deeds!
Thy Hand out-stretcht; the closing Womb
Of Waves gave all his Host one Tomb.
But us, who have thy Mercy try'd
In our Redemption, thou wilt guide:
Guide by thy Power, till we possess
The Mansion of thy Holiness.

Our Foes shall this with terrour hear; *Part. 3.*
Sad Palestine grow pale with fear.
Those who the *Edomites* command,
And *Moabs* Chiefs shall trembling stand.
The Hearts of *Canaan* melt away.
Like Snow before the Suns bright Ray.
Horror shall seize on all; not one
But stand like Statues cut in Stone:
Until thy People pass; even those,
Whom thou hast ransom'd from their Foes.
Thou shalt conduct, and plant them, where
Thy fruitful Hills their Shoulders rear:
By thy Election dignifi'd;
Where thou for ever shalt abide.
Thy Reign, eternal King, shall last,
When Heaven and Earth in vapours wast.
While *Pharaoh*'s Chariots and his Horse
'Twixt Walls of Seas their way inforce:
Thy Hand reduc'd th'obedient Waves,
Which clos'd them in their rouling Graves:
But *Israel* through the bottom sand
Securely past, as on dry Land.

## DEUTERONOMY. XXXII.

LEnd, O you Heavens, unto my voice an Ear: *As the first*
And thou, O Earth, what I shall utter, hear. *Psalm.*
My words shall fall like Dew, like *April* showers
On tender Herbs, and new-disclosed Flowers;
While I the Goodness of our God proclaim:
O celebrate his great and glorious Name!
Our Rock, whose Works are perfect. Justice leads,
And equal Judgment walks the Way he treads.
In him unstain'd Sincerity excels;
The God of Truth, in whom no falshood dwells.

But

But you are all corrupt, perverse; nor bear
Those Marks about you, which his Children wear.
O Fools! depriv'd of intellectual Light!
Do you your great Preserver thus requite?
Your Father? He who made you? did select
From all the World, and with his Beauty deck'd?
Remember; ask the Ancient: They will tell
What in old times, and Ages past, befel:
When the most High did distribute the Earth,
With liberal hand, to all of humane birth:
When yet you were not, He, according to
Your numerous Race, design'd a Seat for you.
Part. 2. His People are his Portion: *Jacob* is
Th'Inheritance alone reserv'd for His.
He, when he wandred through a desert land,
And in a horrid Wilderness of sand;
Conducted, taught him his high Mysteries;
And kept him as the Apples of his Eyes.
As the old Eagle on her Aiery spreads
Her fostring Plumes; renews their downy Beds,
Feeds, trains them for the flight, subdues their fears,
And on her soaring Wings her Eaglets bears:
So he sustain'd, So led him; He alone:
No stranger-Gods to *Israel* then were known.
Whom like a Horse the towring Mountains bore,
That those rich fields might feast him with their
With Honey the hard rocks suply'd his want; (store.
And pure Oil drill'd from Cliffs of Adamant:
Him with the Milk of Ewes, with Butter fed;
With fat of Lambs, and Rams in *Bashan* bred;
With flesh of Goats, with Wheats pure Kernels fil'd;
And drank the Blood, which from the grape distil'd.
Part. 3. But *Jesurun* grew fat; kickt like a Horse,
Full of high feeding, and untamed force:
For sook his God, who made, sustain'd, adorn'd;
And that strong Rock of his Salvation scorn'd:

With

With barbarous Gods, and execrable Rites,
His Jealousie and Wrath at once excites.
To Devils they profanely sacrific'd;
Gods made with hands, before their Maker priz'd:
Gods brought from foreign Nations; strange & new:
Gods, which their Ancestors nor fear'd, nor knew.
Their Father, their firm Rock, remembred not;
And Him, who had created them, forgot.
This having seen with burning Eyes, the Lord
His Daughters, and degenerate Sons, abhor'd:
Said, from these Rebels I will hide my face,
And see the end of this unfaithful Race.
Since they with Gods, that are but Gods in Name,
My Soul with so great Jealousie inflame;
And through their vanities my wrath incense;
I, by the like will punish their offence.
Their Glory to an unknown Nation grant,
And in their room a foolish People plant.
A fire is kindled in my wrath which shall *Part. 4.*
Even in the depth of Hell devour them all:
Polluted Earth with her productions burn;
And aiery Mountains into ashes turn.
One misery another shall invite,
And all my Arrows in their bosoms light:
Famine shall eat them, hot Diseases burn;
And all by violent deaths to Earth return.
The teeth of salvage Beasts their blood shall spill;
And Serpents with their fatal poyson kill.
The Sword without, and home-bred Terrors shall
Devour their lives. Their Youth untimely fall;
Betrothed Virgins, such as stoop with Age,
And sucking Babes, shall sink beneath my Rage.
Scatter I would like Chaff by Tempests blown,
Nor should their Memory to Man be known:
If not withheld by their insulting Foe;
Lest he should triumph in their overthrow:

And

And boasting say; This our own hands have done,
Our Swords, the Gods which have their battel won.
Part. 5. A Nation which hath no Intelligence:
Uncapable of counsel; void of sense.
O that my Words could to their hearts descend;
To make them wise, and think of their last End!
How would One man a Thousand put to flight!
And Two a Myriad overthrow in Fight!
But that their Strength hath sold them to their Foes,
And left them naked to their deadly blows.
For, though our Enemies should judge, their Powers
Are faint to His; their Rock no Rock to ours:
Their Vine of *Sodom*, of *Gomorrha*'s Fields;
Which Grapes of Gall, and bitter clusters yields.
Poison of Dragons is their deadly Wine;
To which cold Asps their drowsie venom join.
Is not all this unto my Sight reveal'd?
Laid up in store? and with my Signet seal'd!
To me belongs Revenge and Recompence:
Which I will in the time decreed dispense.
The Day is near which their destruction brings;
And Punishment now flies with speedy Wings.
Part. 6. God will his People judge; at length relent;
And of his Servants miseries repent:
Then when they are of all their power bereft,
No strength, no hope of humane succour left.
And say, Where are the Gods of your defence,
Those Rocks of your presuming confidence;
Whose flaming Altars you so often fed
With fat of Beeves, and Wine profusely shed?
Now let them from their crowned Banquets rise,
And shield you from your furious Enemies.
Behold! I am your God; I, only I,
Assisted by no foreign Deity.
I kill, revive; I wound and heal; no hand
Or power of Mortals can my strength withstand.

to the Heavens I made, my arms extend;
nounce, I ever was, and have no end.
Whet I my glittering Sword; if I advance
y hand in Judgment; woes past utterance,
d vengeance, equal to their merits, shall
on my Foes, and those who hate me, fall.
e hungry Sword shall eat their flesh, like Food,
y thirsty Arrows shall be drunk with blood:
r Captives slain, and for the blood they spilt,
ill with horror recompence their guilt.
u wiser Nations, with his People joy;
r he will all their Enemies destroy:
s Servants vindicate from their proud Foe;
d to their Land, and them, his Mercy show.

## JUDGES V.

YOUR great Preserver celebrate: *As the 8. Psalm.*
He who reveng'd our wrongs of late;
When you, his Sons, in *Israels* Aid
Of life so brave a Tender made.
You Princes, with attention hear;
And you who awful Scepters bear;
While I in sacred Numbers sing
The Praise of our eternal King.
When he through *Seir* his Army led,
In *Edoms* fields his Ensigns spread;
Earth shook, the Heavens in drops descend;
And Clouds in tears their substance spend.
Before his Face the Mountains melt:
Old *Sinai* unknown fervor felt.
When *Israel Sangars* Rule obey'd,
And *Jael*, that *Virago*, sway'd;
She bold of heart, He great in War;
Yet to the fearful Traveller

All

All ways were then unsafe: who crept
Through Woods, or past when others slept.
The Land uncultivated lay:
When I arose, I *Deborah*,
A Mother to my Countrey grew;
At once their Foes, and fears subdue.
Part. 2. When to themselves new Gods they chose,
Then were their Walls besieg'd by Foes.
Did One of Forty Thousand wear
A Coat of Steel? or shook a Spear?
You, who with such alacrity
Led to the Battel; O how I
Affect your Valour! with me raise
Your voices; Sing *Jehovahs* Praise.
Sing You who on white Asses ride,
And Justice equally divide:
You, who those Ways so fear'd of late,
Where now no Thieves assassinate:
You lately from your Fountains bar'd,
Where you their clattering Quivers heard:
There, with united joy record
The righteous Judgments of the Lord.
You who your Cities repossess,
Who reap in peace, his Praise profess.
Arise, O *Deborah*, arise;
In Heavenly Hymns express thy Joys.
Arise, O *Barak*; Thou the Fame
And Off-spring of *Abinoam*;
Of *Israel* the renowned Head,
Captivity now captive lead.
Part. 3. Nor shall the noble Memory
Of our strong Aids in silence die:
The Quiver-bearing *Ephramite*
Marcht from his Mountain to the Fight:
Those who on *Amalek* confine,
The small Remains of *Benjamin*:

From

From *Machir*, Princes; Not a few
Wise *Zebulun* with Letters drew:
The valiant Chiefs of *Issachar*,
With *Deborah*, Troopt to this War;
Who down into the Valley tread
The way which noble *Barak* led.
But *Reuben* from the rest disjoin'd
By Hills and Floods, was so in mind.
Did'st thou these glorious Wars refuse,
To hear the bleating of the Ewes?
O great in Council! O how wise!
That couldst both Faith and Fame despise.
*Gilead*, of thundring Drums afraid,
Or slothful, beyond *Jordan* staid.
*Dan* his swift-sailing Ships affects,
And publick Liberty neglects:
While *Ashur* on his Cliffs resides,
And fortifies against the Tides.
But *Zebulun*, and *Nepthali*,
Who never would from danger flie,
Were ready, for the publick good,
On Tabors top to shed their blood.
Then Kings, Kings of the *Canaanites*, *Part 4.*
On *Taanach* Plains addrest their Fights;
Where swift *Megiddo*'s Waters ran:
Yet neither Spoil nor Trophee wan.
The Heavens 'gainst *Sisera* fought; The Stars
Mov'd in Battalia to those Wars:
By ancient *Kishon* swept from thence;
Whose Torrent falling Clouds incense.
Thou, O my joyful Soul, at length
Hast trod to Dirt their puissant Strength.
Their wounded Horse with flying haste
Fall head-long, and their Riders cast.
Thus spake an Angel; Cursed be
Thou *Meroz*, all who dwell in thee;

That basely would'st no aid afford,
In that great Battel to the Lord.
*Cinœian Hebers* Wife, thou best
Of Women, be thou ever blest;
Blest above all: Let all that dwell
In Tents, thy Act, O *Jael*, tell.
She brought him Milk, above his wish;
And Butter in a Princely Dish.
A Hammer, and a Nail she took,
This into *Sisera*'s Temples strook.
He fell, fell down, down to the Floor;
Lay where he fell, bath'd in his Gore;
Lay groveling at her feet: and there
His wretched Soul sigh'd into Air.
Part 5. His Mother at her Window staid,
And thrusting out her shoulders said;
Why are his Chariots Wheels so slow!
Nor yet my Son in Triumph show!
When her wise Ladies standing by,
(Yea she her self) made this reply;
Have not their Swords now won the Day?
Have they not shar'd the wealthy Prey?
Now every Souldier for his pains
An Hebrew Dame or Virgin gains:
While *Sisera*, chosing, lays aside
Rich Robes, in various Colours dy'd;
Rich Robes with curieus Needles wrought
On either side, from *Phrygia* brought:
The Thread spun from the Silk-Worms Womb,
Such as a Conquerer become.
Great God! So perish all thy Foes;
Love such as love thee: O let those
Shine like the Sun, when he displays
I'th' Orient his increasing Rays.

## 1 SAMUEL II.

GOD hath rais'd my head on high: *As the 29. Psalm.*
O my Heart, inlarge thy joy!
God hath now my Tongue unti'd,
To retort their ſcorn, and pride.
In thy Grace I will rejoice;
Praiſe thee, while I have a voice.
Who ſo holy as our Lord!
Who but he to be ador'd!
Who ſuch Wonders can effect!
Who ſo ſtrongly can protect!
Be no longer arrogant,
Nor in Folly proudly vaunt:
God our ſecret thoughts diſplays;
All our works his Ballance weighs.
Giants Bowes his Forces break;
He with ſtrength inveſts the Weak.
Who were full, now ſerve for bread;
Thoſe who ſerv'd, infranchiſed.
Barren Wombs with Children flow;
Fruitful Mothers childleſs grow.
God frail Man of life deprives; *Part 2.*
Thoſe who ſleep in Death, revives:
Leads us to our ſilent Tombs;
Brings us from thoſe horrid Rooms:
Riches ſends; ſends Poverty:
Caſteth down, and lifts on high.
He from the deſpiſed Duſt,
From the Dunghil takes the Juſt;
To the height of Honour brings;
Plants them in the Thrones of Kings.
God, Earths mighty Pillars made;
He the World upon them laid.

He his Servants feet will guide:
Wicked Souls, who ſwell with Pride,
Will in endleſs Darkneſs chain;
Since all humane ſtrength is vain.
He ſhall grind his Enemies;
Blaſt with Lightning from the Skies:
Judge the habitable Earth,
All of high and humble birth:
Shall with ſtrength his King renown,
And his Chriſt with Glory crown.

## II. SAMUEL I.

*As the Pſalm.* 39. THY Beauty, *Iſrael*, is fled,
Sunk to the Dead.
How are the Valiant fal'n! the Slain
Thy Mountains ſtain.
O let it not in *Gath* be known;
Nor in the ſtreets of *Aſcalon!*

Leſt that ſad Story ſhould excite
Their dire delight:
Leſt in the Torrent of our woe
Their pleaſure flow:
Leſt their triumphant Daughters ring
Their Cymbals, and curs'd *Pæans* ſing.

You Hills of *Gilboa*, never may
You Offrings pay;
No Morning Dew, nor fruitful ſhowers
Cloth you with Flowers:
*Saul*, and his Arms there made a Spoil;
As if untoucht with ſacred Oil.

The

The Bow of noble *Jonathan*
Great Battails wan:
His Arrows on the Mighty fed,
With Slaughter red.
*Saul* never rais'd his Arm in vain;
His Sword ſtill glutted with the Slain.

How lovely! O how pleaſant! when
They liv'd with Men!
Than Eagles ſwifter; ſtronger far
Than Lions are:
Whom love in life ſo ſtrongly ty'd,
The ſtroke of Death could not divide.

Sad *Iſraels* Daughters, weep for *Saul*;
Lament his fall:
Who fed you with the Earths increaſe,
And crown'd with Peace:
With Robes of *Tyrian* Purple deckt,
And Gems, which ſparkling light reflect.

How are thy Worthies by the Sword
Of War devour'd!
O *Jonathan*, the better part
Of my torn Heart!
The ſalvage Rocks have drunk thy blood:
My Brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
To Man, Man bore!
No Woman, when moſt paſſionate,
Lov'd at that rate!
How are the Mighty fal'n in fight!
They, and their Glory ſet in Night!

## 2 SAMUEL VII.

*As the 4. Psalm.*

MY Lord, my God, O who am I!
Or what is my poor Family,
That thou ſhould'ſt crown,
With *P*ower renown,
And raiſe my Throne on high!

As this were little; in my place
Haſt promis'd to confirm my Race.
Do men, O Lord,
To men afford
Such, ſuch tranſcendent Grace!

Not to be hop'd for, nor deſir'd;
Not to be utter'd, but admir'd:
My Thoughts to me,
Than they to thee,
Leſs known, when moſt retir'd.

Theſe great things did'ſt Thou, to fulfil
Thy Word and never-changing Will.
Into my Sight
This knowing Light,
Thy Wiſdoms Beams, diſtil.

In Goodneſs, as in *P*ower compleat:
No God but thee: O who ſo great!
All this of old
Our Fathers told;
And often did repeat.

What

What Nation breaths, who can or dare
With thee, O *Israel*, compare?
For whom alone
God left his Throne,
As his peculiar Care.

To amplifie his Name; to do
Such great, such fearful things for you:
Such Wonders wrought;
From *Ægypt* brought;
From men, from gods withdrew.

Establisht by divine Decree;
That thou might'st be our God, and we
For evermore
Thy Name adore;
As consecrate to Thee.

Now, Lord, effect what thou hast said; *Part 2.*
The *P*romise to thy Servant made.
Confirm by Deed,
What to his Seed
Thy Word long since displaid.

Great God, O be thou magnifi'd!
Whose Hands the strife of War decide:
Let *Davids* Race,
Before thy Face
For ever fixt abide.

Thou saidst (who *Israel* dost protect)
I will my Servants House erect.
My Thoughts indu'd
With gratitude
These *P*rayers to Thee direct.

Thou Lord, in Goodness infinite!
Whose Word and Truth like Twins unite.
Thy Promise hath
Confirm'd my Faith,
And fill'd me with delight.

Be then my House for ever blest;
Of thy dear Presence still possest.
Thus hast thou said;
This Promise made:
O with thy Grace invest!

## ESAY V.

*As the 9. Psalm.*

NOW I, to my Beloved, will
A Song of my Beloved sing:
He hath a Vineyard on a Hill,
Which all the Year enjoy'd the Spring.
This he inclosed with a Mound,
Pickt up the Stones which scatter'd lay:
With generous Vines plants the rich Ground;
Dig'd, pruin'd, and weeded every day.
To press the Clusters made a Frame,
Plac'd in a new erected Tower:
But when th'expected Vintage came,
For good, the Grapes prov'd wild and sowr.
You who on *Judah*'s Hills reside,
Who Citizens of *Salem* be;
Do you the Controverse decide,
Between my Vineyard judge, and me.
Though partial Judge. Could I have more
To my ungrateful Vineyard done?
Yet such unpleasant Clusters bore,
Unworthy of the soil, or Sun.

Then

Then know; This Vineyard, late my Joy,
Manured with ſuch diligence;
Wild Bores, and Foxes ſhall deſtroy,
When I have trampled down her Fence.
Then ſhall ſhe unregarded lie,
Undig'd, unpruin'd, with Brambles ſpread:
No gentle Clouds ſhall on her dry
And thirſty Womb their moiſture ſhed.
That ancient Houſe of *Iſrael*,
The great *Jehovahs* Vineyard is:
They who on *Judah*'s Mountains dwell,
Thoſe choice, and pleaſant Plants of his:
From whom he Juſtice did expect,
But Rapine, and Oppreſſion found:
Thought they ſweet Concord would affect;
When all with Strife, and Cries abound.

## ESAY XXVI.

OUR *Sion* ſtrongly is ſecur'd, *As the 2. Pſalm.*
Which God himſelf hath fortifi'd;
High Bulwarks rais'd on every ſide,
And with immortal Walls immur'd:
Her Gates at their approach diſplay,
Who Juſtice love, and Truth obey.

Who fix on him their confidence,
He will in conſtant Peace preſerve.
O then with Faith *Jehovah* ſerve;
Your ſtrong and ever ſure Defence:
Who hurls the Mighty from their Thrones,
And Cities turns to Heaps of ſtones.

Their

Their Structures levels with the Floor,
Which Sepulchres of Dust inclose:
Trod underneath the Feet of those,
That were of late Despis'd and *Poor*.
Strait is the Way the Righteous tread;
By Thee at once inform'd and led.

For we thy Judgments, Lord, expect,
And only on thy Grace rely:
To thy great Name and Memory
Th' Affections of our Souls erect.
My Soul pursues thee in the Night,
And when the Morn displays her Light.

*Part 2.* Didst thou thy Judgments exercise,
Then Mortals should the Truth discern:
And yet the Wicked would not learn;
But thy extended Grace despise:
Among the Just to Injustice sold;
Nor will thy Majesty behold.

Shouldst thou advance thine Arm on High,
Though wilful-blind, yet should they view
The Shame and Vengeance which pursue
All those, who thy dear Saints envy:
Those vindicating Flames, which burn
Thy Foes, shall them to Cinders turn.

Thou our eternal peace hast wrought,
And in our works, thy Wonders shown.
Though other Lords, besides our own,
Had us to their subjection brought;
Yet, through thy only Goodness, we
Remembred both thy Name and Thee.

Dead

Dead are they, never more to rise
From those dark Caves of endless Night;
Nor ever shall the chearful Light
Revisit with their closed Eyes.
Thy Vengeance hath expel'd their Breath,
And clos'd their Memories in Death.

Thou, Thou hast given us wounds on wounds; *Part 3.*
In punishing thy Glory shown:
Far from thy chearful *Presence* thrown;
Even to the Worlds extreamest bounds:
Amidst our stripes, and sighings, we
Addrest our zealous *Prayers* to Thee.

As Women groaning with their Load,
The time of their Delivery near,
Anticipating pain with fear,
Shreek in their *Pangs*; So we to God:
So suffer'd, when in thy Disgrace;
So cry'd out, when thou hid'st thy Face.

For we, with Sorrow's burthen fraught,
*Pain*, and anxiety of Mind,
Brought only forth an empty Wind;
Nor our desir'd Delivery wrought.
We neither could repulse our Foes,
Nor give a period to our Woes.

The Lord thus to his *People* spake;
Thy Dead shall live; those who remain
In peaceful Graves, shall rise again.
O you who sleep in Dust, awake;
Now sing: on you my *Plants* I'le shed
My Dew; the Graves shall cast their Dead.

Go,

Go, hide thee in thy inward Rooms
A little, till my Wrath paſs by:
To puniſh Mans impiety,
The Lord from Heaven in Thunder comes:
The Earth then ſhall your Blood reveal,
Nor longer ſhall the Slain conceal.

## ESAY XXXVIII.

*As the Pſalm.* 39. IN the ſubſtraction of my years,
I ſaid with Tears;
Ah! now I to the Shades below
Muſt naked go;
Cut off by Death before my Time;
And like a Flower cropt in my Prime.

Lord in thy Temple I no more
Shall Thee adore:
No longer with Mankind converſe,
In my cold Herſe.
My Age is paſt ere it be ſpent;
Removed like a Shepheards Tent.

My frail Life, like a Weavers thred,
My Sins have ſhred:
My vital powers Diſeaſes waſte
With greedy haſte:
Even from the Evening to the Day
I languiſh, and conſume away.

And

And when the Morning Watch is paſt,
Think that my laſt.
Thou like a Lion break'ſt my bones,
Nor hear'ſt my groans:
Even from the Dawning to the Night,
Death waits to cloſe my failing Sight.

Thus Swallow-like, like to a Crane,
My Woes complain:
Mourn like a Turtle-Dove, but late
Rob'd of his Mate.
My dim eyes to Thee erect:
The Weak O ſtrengthen, and protect!

What praiſe can reach thy Clemency, *Part 2.*
O thou Moſt High!
Thy Words are ever crown'd with Deeds;
Joy Grief ſucceeds.
My bitter pangs at length are paſt;
And long my peaceful days ſhall laſt.

My lively vigour doſt reſtore,
Increaſt with more:
My Years prolong'd, now flouriſhing
In their new Spring:
Thou haſt with Joy dry'd up my Tears;
And with my Grief exil'd my Fears.

Thy Love hath drawn me from the Pit,
Where Horrors ſit:
My Soul-infecting Sins thou haſt
Behind Thee caſt.
The Grave cannot thy Praiſe relate;
Nor Death thy Goodneſs celebrate.

Can

Can they expect thy Mercy, whom
Cold Earth Intomb?
The Living must thy Truth display;
As I this Day.
This Fathers to their Sons shall tell,
While Souls in humane Bodies dwell.

The Lord as ready was to save,
As I to crave:
I therefore to the warbling string
His *Praise* will sing:
And in his House, till my last Day,
My grateful Vows devoutly pay.

## *JONAH* I.

*As the 9. Psalm.*

ON Thee my captiv'd Soul did call;
Thou, who art present every where,
From the dark Entrails of the Whale,
Didst thy intombed Servant hear,
Thy Hand into the Surges threw,
The Seas black arms forthwith unfold;
Down to the horrid Bottom drew,
And all her Waves upon me rould.
Then said my Soul; For ever I
Am banisht from thy glorious sight:
And yet thy Temple with the Eye
Of Faith review'd, in that blind Night.
The Floods my Soul involv'd below;
The swallowing Deeps besieg'd me round:
And Weeds, which in the bottom grow,
My Head with Funeral Dresses bound.
I to the roots of Mountains div'd,
Whom bars of broken Rocks restrain:

Yet

t from that Tomb of death reviv'd,
And rais'd to see the Sun again.
when my Soul began to faint,
My Vows and *P*rayers to thee prefer'd:
e Lord my passionate complaint,
Even from his holy Temple heard.
ose who affect false vanities,
The Mercy of their God betray:
t I my Thanks will sacrifice,
And Vows to my Redeemer pay.

## *HABAKKUK* III.

GReat God, with terror I have heard thy Doom; *As the 72. Psalm.*
J The fearful punishments that are to come:
t in the midst of those devouring Years,
en when thy Vengeance shall exceed our Fears,
y Work in us revive; confirm our Faith,
d still remember Mercy in thy Wrath.
d came from *Theman*, and the Holy-one
om *Parans* Mountain, where his Glory shone:
hich fil'd the Heav'ns themselves with brighter
dall the Earth replenisht with his Praise. (Rays;
s Brightness as the Suns: his Fingers Streams
f Light project; his Power hid in those Beams.
vouring Pestilence before him flew,
d wasting Flames his dreadful Steps pursue.
en fixt his Feet, and measur'd with his Eyes
e Earths Extent: pale Fears her Sons surprise,
e ancient Mountains shrunk; eternal Hills
opt to their Bases; All Amazement fills.
s Glory and his Terror he displays,
his unknown and everlasting Ways.
w th'afflicted Tents of *Cushan* quake,
d *Midians* Cortines in that Tempest shake.

When

Part 2. When thou, O Lord, the Rivers didſt divide;
And on the Chariots of Salvation ride,
Through the congeſted Billows of the Seas:
Was it becauſe thou waſt diſpleas'd with theſe?
According to thy Oath thou drew'ſt thy Sword;
Thy Oath ſworn to our Tribes; thy conſtant Word.
From cloven Rocks new Torrents took their flight,
And airy Mountains trembled at thy ſight:
The over-flowing Streams inforce their Ways;
The Deeps to Thee their Hands and Voices raiſe;
The Sun and Moon obedient to Command,
Till then in reſtleſs Motion, made a Stand.
Thy Darts and flaming Arrows, ſwift as Sight;
Confound thy Foes, but give thy People Light.
He, in his Fury, marched through the Land;
And cruſht the Heathen with a vengeful Hand.
Th'Anointed, with thy Sword, their Leaders ſlew;
The Joints diſclos'd, where Heads of Princes grew.
With thy transfixing Spear their Subjects ſtrake:
Who like a black and dreadful Tempeſt brake
Upon our Front, with purpoſe to devour,
And triumph over our deſpiſed Power.
He through the roaring Floods his People guides:
Through yielding Seas on fiery Horſes rides.
Part 3. When I thy Threatnings heard, my entrails ſhook;
And my unnerved knees each other ſtrook.
My lips with panting ſwell, my cheeks grow wan;
Through all my bones a ſwift Conſumption ran.
O where may I repoſe in that ſad Day,
When armed Troops upon my Country prey!
Although the Fig-tree ſhall no bloſſoms bear;
Nor Vines with their pure blood the penſive chear:
Although the Olive no requital yield;
Nor Corn apparel the deſerted Field:
Though then our Flocks be raviſht from the Fold,
And though our Stalls no well-fed Oxen hold:

Yet

Yet will not I despair, but chearfully
Expect, and in thy known Salvation joy.
For thou my Strength and my Protection art:
My feet, more nimble than the flying Hart,
Ascend the Hills; where I, with holy fire,
Will sing thy Praises to my solemn Lyre.

## LUKE I.

MY ravisht Soul extols his Name, *As the* 8.
Who rules the Worlds admired Frame: *Psalm.*
My Spirit, with exalted Voice,
In God my Saviour shall rejoice:
Who hath his glorious Beams displaid,
Upon a poor and humble Maid.
Me all succeeding Ages shall
The blessed Virgin-Mother call.
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;
His Sanctity past humane thought.
His Mercy still reflects on those
Who in his Truth their Trust repose.
He with his Arm hath Wonders shown:
The Proud in their own pride ore-thrown;
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects:
The Lowly from the dust erects.
The Hungry are his welcome Guests;
The Rich excluded from his Feasts.
He mindful of his Promise, hath
Maintain'd, and crowned *Israels* Faith:
To *Abraham* promis'd, and decreed
For ever to his holy Seed.

## LUKE I.

*As the 46. Psalm.*

O Praiſe the Lord, his Wonders tell,
Whoſe Mercy ſhines in *Iſrael*;
At length redeem'd from Sin and Hell.

The Crown of our Salvation,
Deriv'd from *Davids* Royal Throne,
He now hath to his People ſhown.

This to his Prophets did unfold;
By all ſucceſſively foretold,
Until the infant World grew old.

That he our wrongs would vindicate,
Save from our foes inveterate hate,
And raiſe our long depreſt eſtate.

To ratifie his ancient Deed,
His promis'd Grace, by Oath decreed,
To *Abraham*, and his faithful Seed.

That we might our Preſerver praiſe,
Walk purely in his perfect ways,
And fearleſs ſerve him all our days.

His path thou ſhalt prepare, ſweet Child,
And run before the Undefil'd;
The Prophet of th' Almighty ſtil'd.

Our knowledge to inform, from whence
Salvation ſprings: from penitence,
And pardon of each foul offence.

Through

Through mercy, O how infinite!
Of our great God, who clears our ſight,
And from the Orient ſheds his Light.

A leading Star t' enlighten thoſe,
Whom Night, and ſhades of Death incloſe;
Which that high Tract to glory ſhows.

## *LUKE* II.

O Thou who art inthron'd on high, *As the 34. Pſalm.*
In peace now let thy Servant die,
Whoſe hope on thee relies:
For thou, whoſe words and deeds are one,
At length haſt thy Salvation ſhown
To theſe my raviſht Eyes.

By thee, before thy Hands diſplai'd
The Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,
Unto the World decree'd,
A Lamp to give the Gentiles Light;
A Glory, O how infinite!
To *Iſraels* faithful Seed.

*Gloria Deo in excelſis.*

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# *Deo Opt. Max.*

O Thou who All-things haſt of Nothing made,
Whoſe Hand the radiant Firmament diſplaid,
With ſuch an undiſcerned ſwiftneſs hurl'd
About the ſtedfaſt Centre of the World:
Againſt whoſe rapid courſe the reſtleſs Sun,
And wandring Flames in varied Motions run;
Which Heat, Light, Life infuſe; Time, Night, & Day
Diſtinguiſh; in our Human Bodies ſway:
That hung'ſt the ſolid Earth in fleeting Air, (pair.
Vein'd with clear Springs, which ambient Seas re-
In Clouds the Mountains wrap their hoary Heads;
Luxurious Vallies cloth'd with flowry Meads:
Her Trees yield Fruit and Shade; with liberal Breaſts
All Creatures She (their common Mother) feaſts.
Then Man thy Image mad'ſt; in Dignity,
In Knowledge, and in Beauty, like to Thee:
Plac'd in a Heaven on Earth: without his toil
The ever-flouriſhing and fruitful Soil
Unpurchas'd Food produc'd: all Creatures were
His Subjects, ſerving more for Love than Fear.
He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell
From his Obedience, all at once rebel,
And in his Ruine exerciſe their Might:
Concurring Elements againſt him fight:
Troops of unknown Diſeaſes; Sorrow, Age,
And Death, aſſail him with ſucceſſive rage.
Hell let forth all her Furies: none ſo great,
As Man to Man. Ambition, Pride, Deceit, (reign'd:
Wrong arm'd with Power, Luſt, Rapine, Slaughter
And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.
Then Hills beneath the ſwelling Waters ſtood;
And all the Globe of Earth was but one Flood:

Yet

Yet could not clense their Guilt: the following race
Worse than their Fathers, and their Sons more base.
Their God-like Beauty lost; Sins wretched Thrall:
No spark of their Divine Original
Left unextinguisht: All inveloped
With Darkness; in their bold Transgressions dead.
When thou didst from the East a Light display,
Which rendred to the World a clearer Day:
Whose Precepts from Hels jaws our steps withdraw;
And whose Example was a living Law:
Who purg'd us with his Blood; the Way prepar'd
To Heaven, & those long-chain'd-up Doors unbar'd.
How infinite thy Mercy! which exceeds
The World thou mad'st, as well as our Misdeeds!
Which greater Reverence than thy Justice wins,
And still augments thy Honour by our Sins.
O who hath tasted of thy Clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I!
My grateful Verse thy Goodness shall display.
O Thou who went'st along in all my way;
To where the Morning with perfumed Wings
From the high Mountains of *Panchæa* springs:
To that New-found-out World, where sober Night
Takes from th'Antipodes her silent flight;
To those dark Seas where horrid Winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn Floods in Icy Chains:
To *Libyan* Wasts, whose Thirst no showres asswage,
And where swoln *Nilus* cools the Lions rage.
Thy Wonders in the Deep have I beheld;
Yet all by those on *Judah*'s Hills excell'd:
There where the Virgins Son his Doctrine taught,
His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought:
Where I by Thee inspir'd his Praises sung;
And on his Sepulchre my Offering hung.
Which way so e're I turn my Face, or Feet;
I see thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.

Met

Met on the *Thracian* Shoars; when in the ſtriſe
Of frantick *Simoans* thou preſerv'dſt my Life.
So when *Arabian* Thieves be-laid us round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.
That falſe *Sidonian* Wolf, whoſe craft put on
A Sheep ſoft Fleece, and me *Bellerophon*
To Ruin by his cruel Letter ſent,
Thou didſt by thy protecting Hand prevent.
Thou ſav'dſt me from the bloody Maſſacres
Of faithleſs *Indians*; from their treacherous Wars;
From raging Feavers, from the ſultry breath
Of tainted Air; which cloy'd the jaws of Death.
Preſerv'd from ſwallowing Seas; when towring Waves
Mixt with the Clouds, & opened their deep Graves.
From barbarous Pirats ranſom'd: by thoſe taught,
Succeſsfully with *Salian* Moors we fought.
Then brought'ſt me Home in ſafety; that this Earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my Birth:
Bleſt with a healthful Age; a quiet Mind,
Content with little; to this Work deſign'd:
Which I at length have finiſht by thy Aid;
And now my Vows have at thy Altar paid.

*Jam tetigi Portum, —— Valete.*

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*FINIS.*